THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dec. '83

$1.75

A Read-aloud Christmas Story

Alabama's Ray Perkins

Purdue's High-Lysine Corn Recipes

Should You Buy a Satellite Dish?

Electronic Gift Guide

Martin Sheen as Kennedy

Erma Bombeck

Today Show's Willard Scott

L... Y... nx fo... mas

Fiction by Dorothy Thomas

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The formulation of these herbal ingredients follows the natural rhythm of the gastro-intestinal tract. It does not work against it. It promotes directly the peristaltic action of the lower bowel, and a single thorough normal elimination occurs usually within 8 to 10 hours in most people. This natural laxative formulation works gently and thoroughly to restore your carefree youthful spirit. (The source for this information is the University of Wisconsin Pharmacy Library.)

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Swiss Kriss Tabs	Senokot Tablets (senna only)
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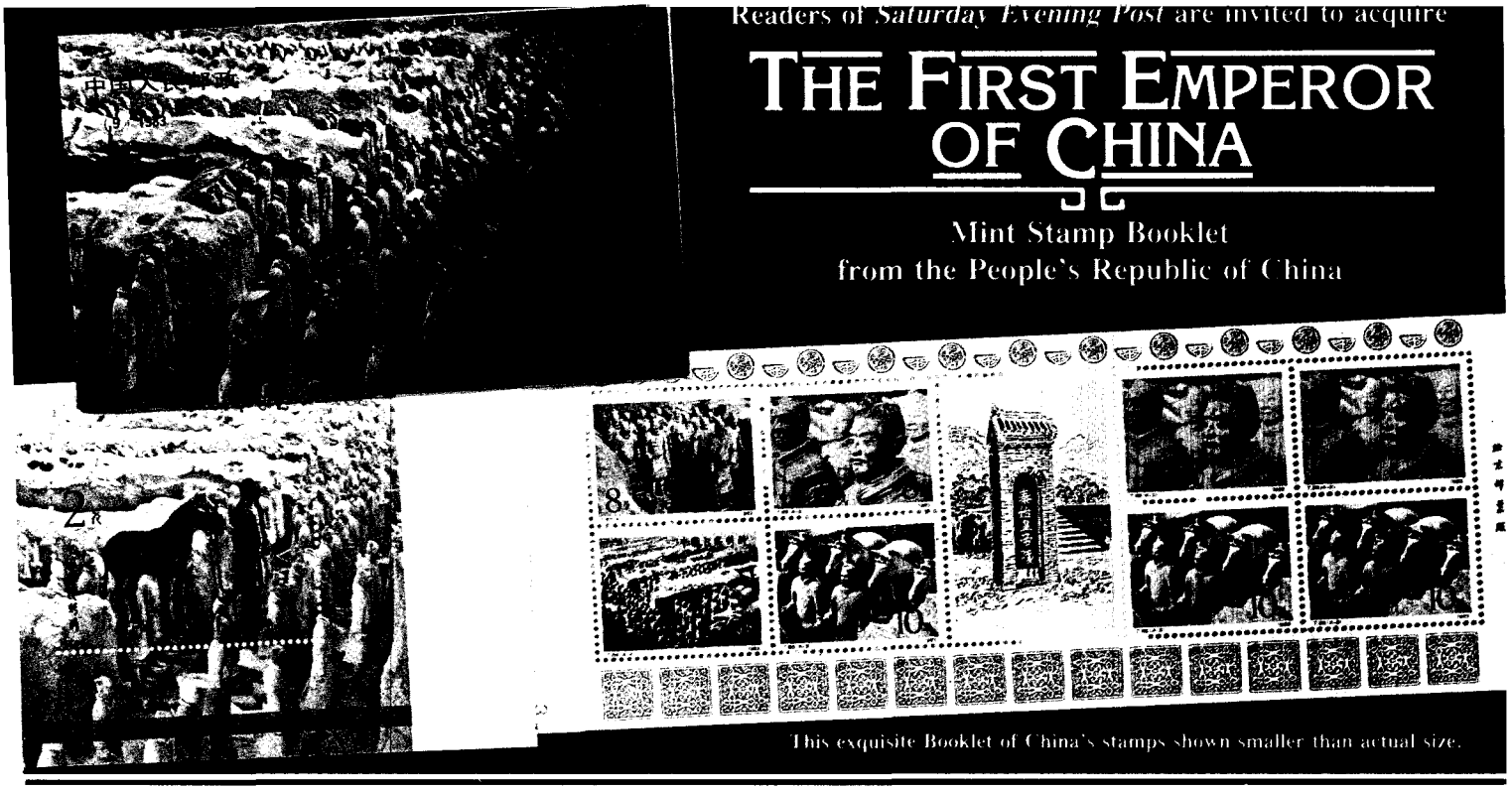
Readers of *Saturday Evening Post* are invited to acquire
THE FIRST EMPEROR OF CHINA
Mint Stamp Booklet
from the People's Republic of China
This exquisite Booklet of China's stamps shown smaller than actual size.

The most startling archeological discovery of the 20th century honored on new Chinese stamps available at face value ... the very price you would pay at any post office in China!

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For two thousand years, these silent warriors stood guard over the tomb of *The First Emperor of China* . . . Qin Shi Huang, builder of the Great Wall. Then, in 1974, amazed archeologists unearthed the front line of warriors — revealing for the very first time one of the most startling wonders of the ancient world.

In 1983, the People's Republic of China is honoring *The First Emperor of China* in a beautiful Stamp Booklet — which contains eight post office fresh mint stamps and a coveted Souvenir Sheet, plus fascinating historical information in both Chinese and English.

These stamps are destined to be China's most important issues of 1983. As such, they will be greatly sought after by knowledgeable stamp collectors the world over who recognize that China's stamps are among the world's most beautiful and desirable issues.

Significantly, *The First Emperor of China* Mint Stamp Booklet is available to you at the *face value* price of only $1.70 each . . . *the very same price you'd pay at any post office in China*. Sets of two First Day Covers, postmarked at Beijing, and bearing four of the new stamps *plus* the Souvenir Sheet are also available . . . at the official issue price of only $1.70. (There is a modest shipping and handling charge of 30c for each Booklet and First Day Cover set ordered.)

But, do act promptly, for supplies are limited — and in years to come these historic Stamp Booklets and First Day Covers may be difficult to acquire. Return the attached Order Form by December 31, 1983 to: China Stamp Agency in North America, One Unicover Center, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82008-0003.

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Reliant K. A product of The New Chrysler Technology.

; for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway and California estimates lower.
ort classifications of domestic compact cars and recent issues of NADA Used Car Guides.

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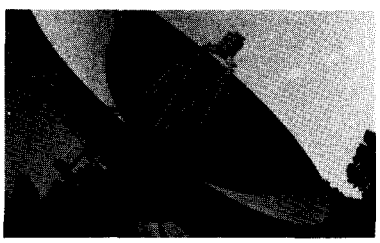
Don't Cross Mr. T—or he'll dot your eye. . .but only in "The A-Team"; *in real life he turns out to* be Mr. EZ. **30**

Light Up Your Larynx—The new laryngoscope is far less likely to gag you than that necktie you find under the Christmas tree. **52**



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

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(Cover by Scott Gustafson)

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN: 0048-9239), incorporating Country Gentleman, is published monthly in 1983, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June and July/Aug. by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, IN 46206, and at additional mailing offices.

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Membership Subscription Prices: U.S. and possessions: 1 year, $12.00. Canada: $15.00. All other countries: $17.00. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, circulation and business offices are located at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. **Postmaster: Send address changes to The Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 3400, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621.** Allow six weeks for change of address.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork or photographs.

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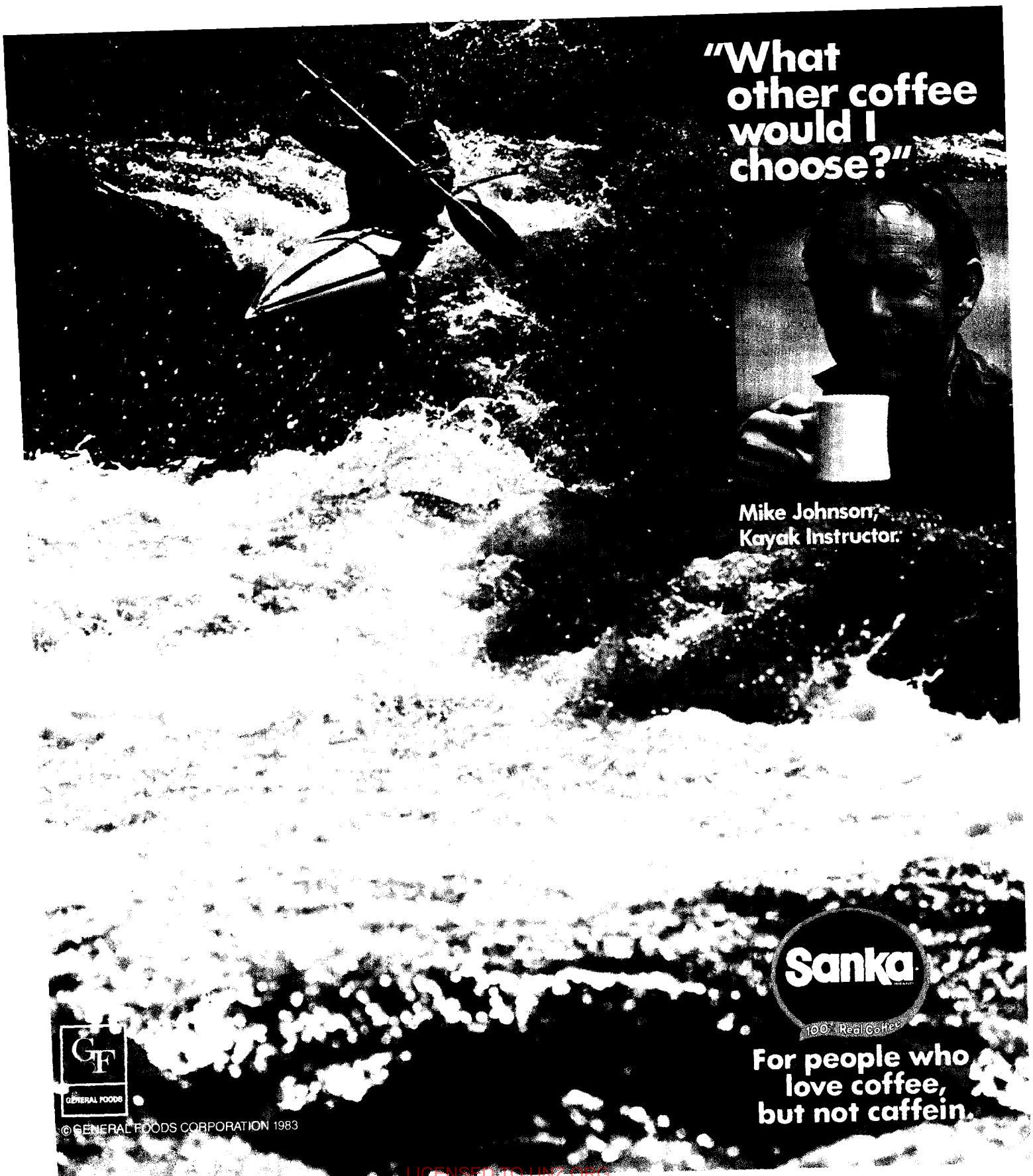

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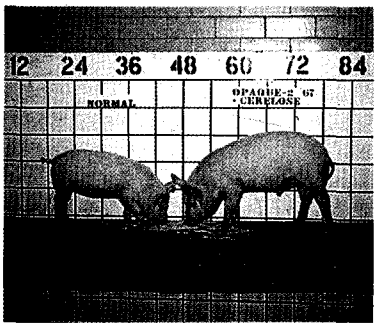

High-Lysine Corn—makes better soufflés, muffins and pancakes. **14**

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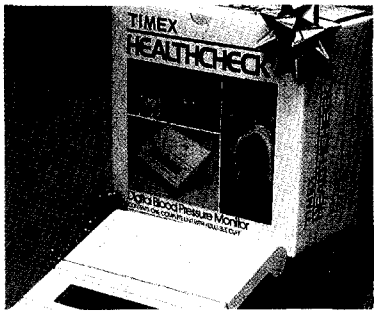

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Letters

Beautiful Dreamer

Thanks for printing the "Oral Roberts' 'Impossible Dream,'" about graduating M.D.'s in Tulsa. In the era that we live in, it seems the news media in general are more anti-religious.

The very strength of this nation is in dependence upon God.

Rev. Sam White
Taft, California

O Tempora! O Mores!

I would like to express my appreciation to you for an excellent magazine. In this day and age of compromise and loose morals, it is refreshing to find a magazine that refuses to fall prey to the pressures of progress. Promiscuity seems to be the password of "progress."

Thank you for your honest, all-encompassing look at society—people's values, their problems, their faith, their concerns and their needs.

May God richly bless you and your magazine for continuing to stand for what you believe without compromise.

Merrie Lindsay
Address Unknown

Knocking on Woody

We enjoy you very, very much!

But the article in the September '83 issue entitled "If the Impressionists Had Been Dentists," by Woody Allen, surely is not funny, not at all. Knowing the horrible suffering of Vincent Van Gogh and of his loving brother Theo, of Toulouse-Lautrec and others, I think that the whole story is tasteless, to say not more. Sorry that such an article would appear in your magazine.

Mrs. Ruth L. Angst
Zurichstrasse 106 Europe

Inspired by Art

Your optimistic, wholesome magazine is fantastic!

I was so impressed with the article by Art Williams entitled "Dare Mighty Things" in the October '83 issue that I am ordering a one-year subscription for the 71 store directors in our chain and 113 additional department leaders to be sent to their homes.

continued on following page

EDITORIAL
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The article by Art Williams is truly an inspiring article, and I am challenging our leaders to use it as a guideline in leading the 4,000 great partners/employees in our company and encourage them to use the talents that God has blessed each of us with.

Bruce G. Brookshire
Tyler, Texas

Backing Ben

I much appreciated your editorial defense of Ben Franklin in reply to Virgil Thomsen's letter. The epitaph that you printed has a deeply touching air to it. Anyone in search of real peace of mind should find comfort in those few words.

As for Mr. Thomsen's use of that gentleman in his letter, I smile. It's passing strange how one segment of the American public set their great heroes of the past in one convenient mold while another lot sets them in a completely opposite one. You showed wisdom in letting Ben Franklin speak for himself.

Personally I bear him no grudge. Too much has been written already about what a character he was. In Mr. Thomsen's case, I rather winced at the way in which he did it. He might consider that if he wants to go into a Revised and Corrected Edition then he had best look to the Author, as Ben Franklin did. It would be dreadful to end up on the Eternal Garbage Heap as a Plagiarized Edition.

Daniel Finch
Wallaceburg, Ontario, Canada

Special Advice

I am about to undergo surgery for prostate cancer.

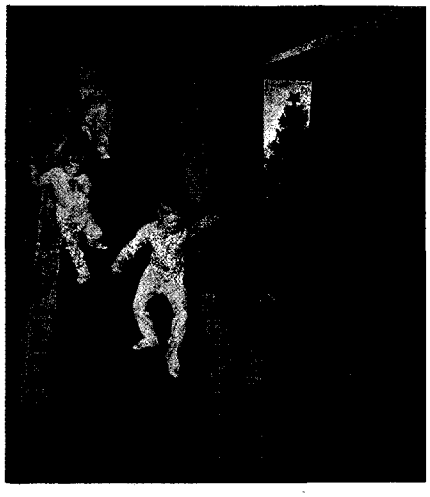
After reading your fine article, may I add to your recommendations? Our family doctor examined my prostate twice over a period of three months when I complained of reduced and more frequent urine flow. He reported it felt all right, but since my condition was deteriorating, he sent me to a urologist. The specialist detected a hard cell and a biopsy confirmed cancer. Recommendation—consult a specialist first.

O. Wendell Wood
Liberty Corner, New Jersey

Cover Critic

Do enjoy the *Post*, but why such awful pictures on the cover? I've had three now, and all I see is some man's picture. Why not some scenery or pictures like Rockwell used to do for the old *Post*? I know he died, but somewhere there must be an artist that can do some nearly as well. I just hate pictures of people on covers anyway. Don't know 'em and don't care to read about all these statesmen, etc. I liked the old ones I used to get, and I'd frame 'em for the kids as gifts. But who wants to keep some fellow's picture no one knows, really. Do some better covers soon.

E. Peterson
Litchfield, Minnesota



For our cover critic, here is one of our favorites from the archives, the December 1955 cover by John Falter.

'Tis the dawn before Christmas, and all through the house, little creatures are stirring. . . . Well, at 6:11 a.m. by John Falter's clock, this house will rock with cries that Saint Nick has been here. As the Jolly Old Elf didn't quite say when he flew up the chimney: Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good morning!

Gravity Boots Hang Up

Thank you for your interest in Gravity Guidance, Inc., and inversion which you expressed in your above-mentioned article.

However, although the following statement in your article is accurate, the implication is improper: "Although he (Dr. Martin) began marketing his Gravity Guiding System in 1960, not until release of Paramount Pictures' *American Gigolo*, in which Richard Gere used special contraptions called Inversion Boots, did the medical world sit up and take notice."

Dr. Martin began selling Cum Gravity Discs in 1960 which raised the feet above the head. Inversion Boots, which embody the main concept of our current product line, were not invented until 1965. The Oscillation Beds pictured in the article were not invented until 1969.

Although it is true to say that we did have products which allow you to be inverted (Cum Gravity Discs) in 1960, the implication in view of the photos and discussion is inaccurate. There were no Oscillation Beds or Inversion Boots and no means to hang people by the ankles until after 1965 (Inversion Boots) and 1969 (Oscillation Beds) respectively.

I apologize for the apparent confusion and again thank you for the interest in our line of products.

Bryce N. Martin
Pasadena, California

A Reel Omission

In your article on President Reagan's past movies, you left out the one that, in my opinion, was his greatest—that of Drake McHugh in *King's Row*, with Ann Sheridan and Robert Cummings. His acting was superb, especially in the part where Drake regained consciousness after a train accident and discovered that his leg had been needlessly amputated.

Betty Schumack
Rushford, Minnesota

Gum Disease Solution

From Bermuda, I enjoy watching your "Lifecare Digest" on the "700 Club" feature.

In the September 1983 issue of the *SatEvePost* I noticed two or three references to the Keyes method of keeping mouths healthy using a combination of baking soda, hydrogen peroxide and salt.

Permit me to draw to your attention the research work of Dr. Harald Loe, former dean of the dental school at the University of Connecticut and now dental director of the National Institute of Dental Research at NIH in Bethesda, Maryland. Some years ago I had the privilege of studying under his tute-

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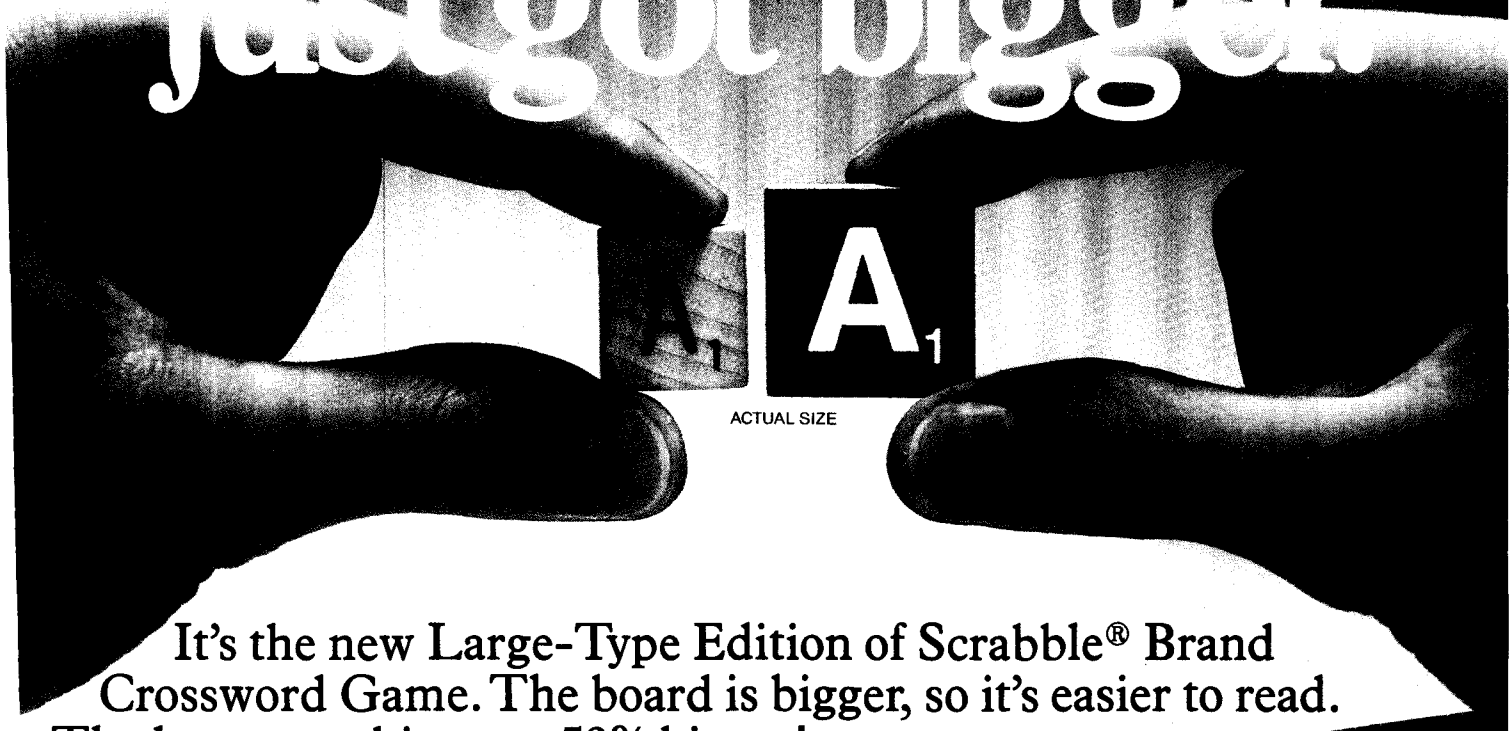
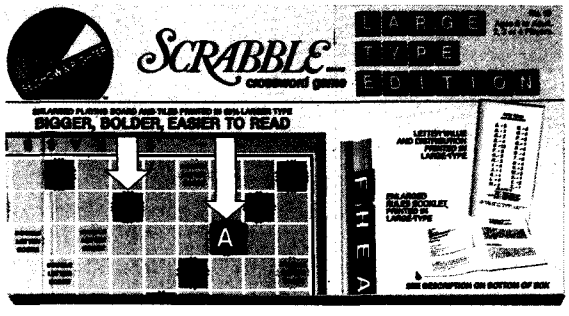
One of America's biggest favorites just got bigger.



It's the new Large-Type Edition of Scrabble® Brand Crossword Game. The board is bigger, so it's easier to read. The letters are bigger—50% bigger! The rule book is bigger, too—twice as big! So buy the Large-Type Edition of Scrabble® for yourself or to give as a gift. It's easy to see why it'll be a big hit.



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W. Goebel Porzellanfabrik, Rödental, W. Germany
Sole manufacturer of the world famous "M.I. Hummel" figurines, plates and bells.

lage and learned of the extensive research he had done with chlorhexidine in Scandinavia. Briefly, the chemical is used in its gluconate form as a mouthwash and has produced fantastic results in plaque control and the eradication of gingivitis. It has also been found to be most useful in the healing of deep periodontal pockets after root planing and currettage. Because of its ready availability in this country (it is manufactured in England by ICI under the trade name of Hibitane in a 5% conc.), we prescribe it to our patients with instructions to mix one part of the concentration with 25 parts of water and to use it as a mouthwash two to three times daily. It does have two distinct disadvantages—it tastes awful (but the patients soon get used to it and later swear by it) and if the teeth are not kept cleansed thoroughly with a toothbrush and toothpaste regularly it has been known to cause an easily removeable stain, like a cigarette or tea stain around the necks of the teeth.

Most of Dr. Loe's early research was done in Scandinavia, and many American dentists are unaware of his great contributions. Those of us who have been using this chemical for more than eight years in this country can speak in nothing but glowing terms of the fabulous results that such a simple procedure has produced. Permit me to recommend your attention to this worthy project by contacting the gentleman himself at Bethesda. I think you will be more than gratified with the experience.

Hal E. Leyland, D.D.S
Nassau, N.P. Bahamas

The Cancer Brigade

I just read the article "Of Mice and Men" and it sounds very interesting.

I am a retired farmer and have an empty barn that could be put to use for caring for the white mice. However, our barn is not heated during winter but we could keep the mice in our basement over winter if the barn would be too cold for white mice. My wife and I have cared for many animals and we would like to volunteer for this project if we are not too far away.

Norbert Jackels
Kaukauna, Wisconsin

My 14-year-old son asked me to write to you about the article in the *Post* on research with white mice. He would like to be involved in this project. He is a freshman in high school and is very interested in what you are doing.

Mrs. Dan Phillips
Poquoson, Virginia

As a high school biology and chemistry teacher in the Hatch Valley High School, I am very interested in working with the white mice with the genetic leukemia. I would appreciate information concerning this project.

Patty Halsell
Hatch, New Mexico

Thank you, Mr. Norbert Jackels, Mrs. Dan Phillips, Miss Patty Halsell and all others who volunteered to feed the mice. Anyone who is interested in helping in this effort to fight cancer, but doesn't want to feed mice, please help by sending a pre-Christmas, tax-deductible contribution to help buy mice and chow for those who do (see page 106).

Checks should be made before year end to:

The Benjamin Franklin
Literary and Medical Society
1100 Waterway Blvd.
Indpls, IN 46202.

If Ben were alive today, we think he'd be saying of cancer, "Together we can lick this problem," or "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately." Cancer is happening to all of us. Thank you, thank you for helping. Merry Christmas.

Likes Paul Harvey

I bought the October issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* because of the article about my favorite news broadcaster, Paul Harvey. What a pleasant surprise when I found the article on my favorite football coach, Joe Paterno.

Thank you so much for two great articles on two great men!

Mrs. Lillian Brewer
State College, Pennsylvania

October Map Game

We are proud of our wide spot in the road, and greatful to the *Post* for putting us on the map in "Where do you think you are?"

Joe for all 13 of us at
Sand Springs, Montana

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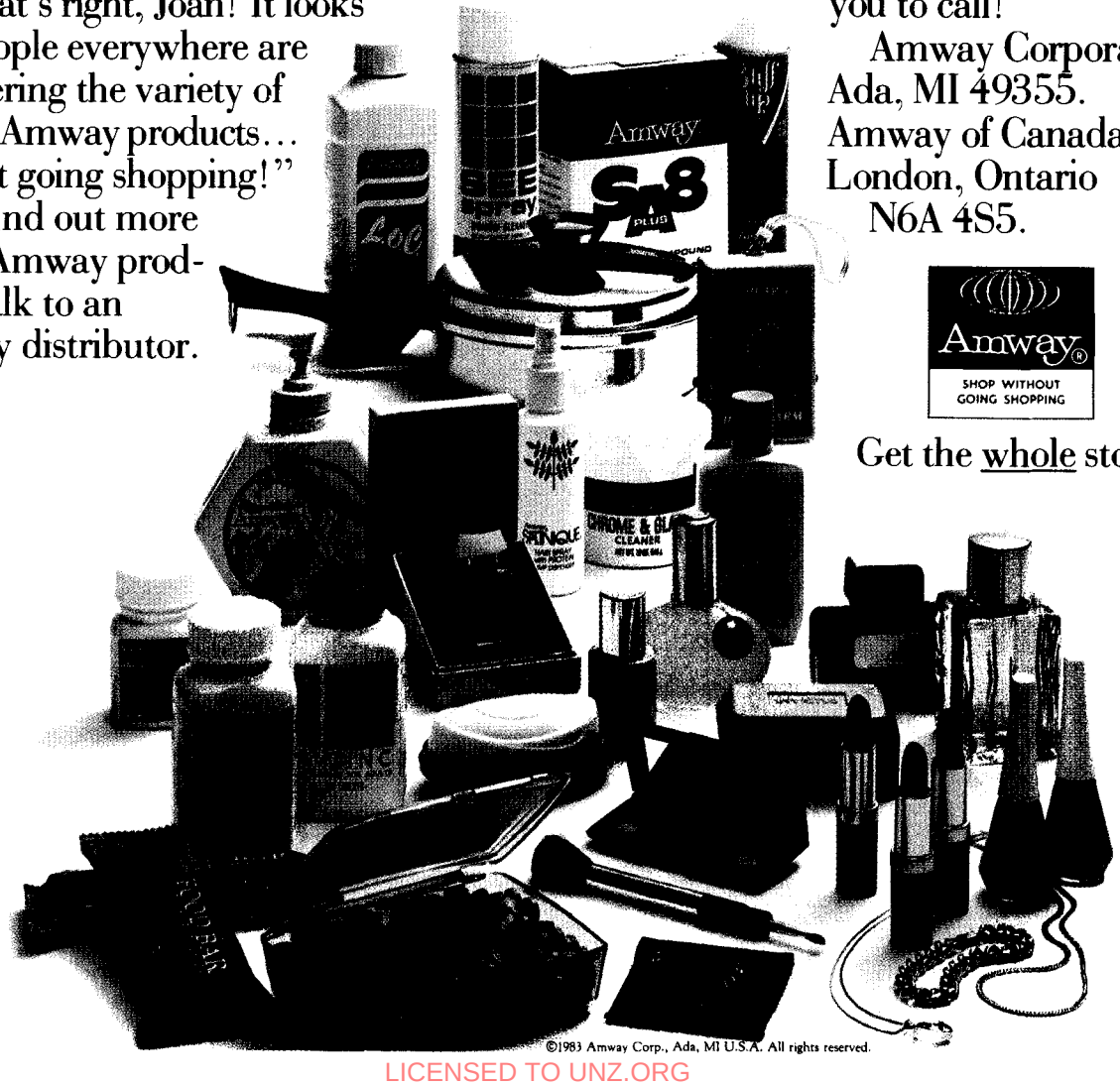

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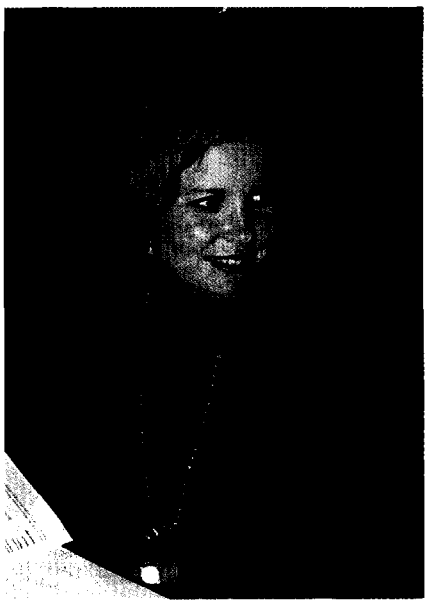
Post People

Sharon Rockefeller, daughter of Illinois Senator Charles Percy, has been married to West Virginia Governor John D. "Jay" Rockefeller IV since April Fool's Day, 1967. She cares for their four children, ages 3 to 13, and rounds out her day as chairman of the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. "Without it, I'd be frustrated," she says. "I just couldn't call being Jay's wife a full-time job."



In addition to writing his latest book, *Dr. Dobson Answers Your Questions,* well-known author, educator and medical researcher ***James Dobson*** has collaborated with wife Shirley (and gospel singer Gloria Gaither) to create *Let's Make a Memory*, a unique book about family traditions. It includes games, projects, celebrations, gifts and even recipes designed to make holidays as well as ordinary days something special to remember.

Over the past ten years astronaut ***Jack Lousma*** has spent an inordinate amount of time going in circles. From piloting *Skylab 3* on its 59½-day flight in 1973 to commanding the third orbital test flight of the spaceship *Columbia*, Colonel Lousma has logged 1,619 hours circling the earth, not counting 11 hours in two separate spacewalks outside the *Skylab* space station.

Holly Coors

Luckily, ***Heather Locklear*** is lovely to look at, because we'll be looking at her more and more in both "T.J. Hooker" and the eternal hit "Dynasty." Her credits will soon include her first movie role, in the film *Firestarter.*

Jean Pierre Pierre-Bloch, charming deputy mayor of Paris, recently represented his city in the re-enactment of the signing of the Treaty of Paris. Co-sponsored by Indiana University, the American Legion and the Benjamin Franklin Literary and Medical Society, the historic event gave the French *femmes* an opportunity to admire our Benjamin Franklin double and American ladies to fall for the charismatic M. Pierre-Bloch, who looks surprisingly like another politician, Casey of the Norman Rockwell *Post* cover painting (left).

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At Buick, we're proud that we can still offer an automobile like the 1984 LeSabre.

It's elegant, and very generously proportioned. Both outside and inside.

The LeSabre offers plenty of room. For your family. Or your business associates. Or your golf clubs.

Once you're relaxed in its plush seats, you'll find LeSabre offers more than comfort and luxury–it offers peace and quiet.

We think the LeSabre is one of today's biggest automotive values.

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And sit serenely in judgment.

Official Car of the XXIIIrd Olympiad Los Angeles 1984

BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

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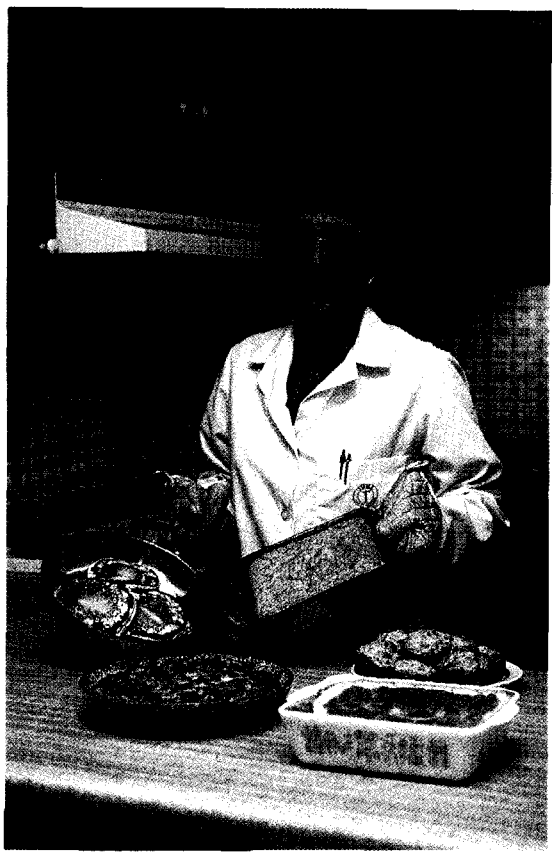
PURDUE HIGH-LYSINE CORN RECIPES

The best of both worlds would be a high-fiber and high-lysine diet. Thanks to Purdue University's Dr. Edwin Mertz this nutritionists' utopia may soon be realized.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Synopsis: Indiana University dermatologists use lysine and a low-arginine diet to suppress herpes recurrences, thus eliminating a major discomfort, embarrassment and disfigurement that many Americans experience today from fever blisters and genital herpes.

Our Society laboratory and one in Budapest, Hungary (see page 106), have worked on the theory that high lysine supplementation might suppress cancers. It has been hypothesized that some cancers may come from a herpes type of virus.



Nutritious dishes to put high-lysine corn in your diet: muffins, corn pie, cornmeal pancakes, corn bread and soufflé (nearest camera), my favorite.

Well, it couldn't happen at a better time—high lysine cornmeal—just when we're looking for ways to increase the lysine and decrease the arginine in our diets.

My cup runneth over. Surely we will soon be able to tell whether a high-lysine/low-arginine diet might prevent cancers and whether it does indeed prevent replications of the herpes virus in humans.

We have Purdue University and in particular, Dr. Edwin Mertz and his colleague, geneticist Dr. Oliver Nelson, to thank for this discovery. They certainly deserve a Nobel Prize for their contribution to mankind and we hope they receive it.

The potential of high-lysine corn to prevent the malnutrition deaths of millions of children whose diet is primarily maize has already been proven in South America and Africa, where children die from lack of this essential amino acid. In these continents, high-lysine corn, which contains 100 percent more lysine, can make the difference between life and death. Humans do not synthesize any lysine in their bodies, but it is essential for growth and for life.

Since Dr. Norman Borlaug won the Nobel Prize for developing short-stem wheat that brought India out of starvation, surely Drs. Mertz and Nelson equally deserve the prize for this comparable breakthrough.

As our *Post* readers know, our interest in lysine began when the chairman of our dermatology department at Indiana University was having good success over a ten-year period in treating herpes patients with high-lysine/low-arginine diets.

Subsequently, our mail has convinced us that we have helped many people by letting them know about this simple and safe remedy. I'll share this letter with you because letters like this reinforce my determination to accelerate our investigation:

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I must write and tell you what taking L-lysine has done for me. For two years I was having facial herpes badly. It came every two months. One batch would just cease for a while and another attack would occur. I was in a terrible state as it went into my throat and I could not eat or swallow without the greatest difficulty. I went to a doctor and he said he couldn't help me or recommend anything. Then one morning my telephone rang and a friend of mine asked me if I had *The Saturday Evening Post*. She said there was an article in there that sounded so authentic that I should read it. She brought it to me (in a heavy rain). I read it eagerly and went to the drug store immediately and bought a bottle (right off the counter) and started taking one after each meal. And following the diet given. It seemed to check it right away and I haven't had an attack since—a year now. I had been eating a lot of peanuts and whole wheat products. I ate nothing else but whole wheat bread, crackers and cereals. I am so grateful to you for your article. I have been passing the word to everyone I know. The druggist told me that they have a terrific run on

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L-lysine, can hardly keep it in stock. So many others must have had the same thing and to think it had been there all the time and I didn't know about it! Thanks again for your great work. Keep it up. I will help in anyway I can. I am 80 years old.

Mildred G. Werner
Wells, Minnesota

With so many people being helped by high-lysine/low-arginine ratios, we should have large numbers of people on this regimen to decrease the pool of active herpes infections in our population. In addition, we are experimenting with cancer-prone mice on high-lysine/low-arginine diets to see if high-lysine increases the body's auto-immune mechanisms to prevent cancers.

The good news is that this high lysine cornmeal makes delicious dishes. The flavor is better and it contains more glutin so that the corn bread holds together without crumbling as much when it is spread. It is sweeter tasting, too.

We would like for you to begin trying these recipes. Since the product is not yet available in supermarkets or stores, the first 500 of our members who write for two-pound bags of the high-lysine cornmeal will receive them at no cost. Just address your request to: High-Lysine Corn, The Saturday Evening Post Society, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Hopefully, the large cereal manufacturers will put this product on the market in the near future.

High-Lysine Corn Meal Soufflé
(Makes 4-5 servings)

3 cups skim milk
2 tablespoons vegetable oil or margarine
1 cup high-lysine cornmeal
1 egg yolk
4 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

Scald the milk. Add the margarine. Slowly add the meal, stirring constantly. Cook 1 minute after adding the last of the meal, still stirring add the beaten egg yolk. Beat the egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff and fold into the cornmeal mixture. Pour into a coated 2-quart casserole. Bake 35 to 40 minutes at 350° F. Serve immediately.

Broccoli & Corn Casserole
(Makes 6 servings)

½ cup high-lysine cornmeal
2 medium bunches broccoli
2¾ cups nonfat buttermilk
1 tablespoon low-sodium baking powder
5 large egg whites
3 tablespoons frozen apple-juice concentrate
Cheese sauce

Cook the broccoli flourettes in a covered saucepan using a small amount of water until tender, about 5 minutes. Drain. Pour the buttermilk into a pan with the cornmeal. Stir until blended. Cook over low heat until thickened. Add the apple-juice concentrate and the baking powder. Cool slightly. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold gently into the cornmeal mixture. Cover the bottom of a casserole with half the broccoli. Add a layer of cornmeal mixture. Arrange a second layer of broccoli and cover with the remaining cornmeal. Bake at 375° F. for 45-50 minutes, or until cooked through. Serve with farmer or hoop cheese sauce.

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So you get gentle, predictable relief. Without cramps.

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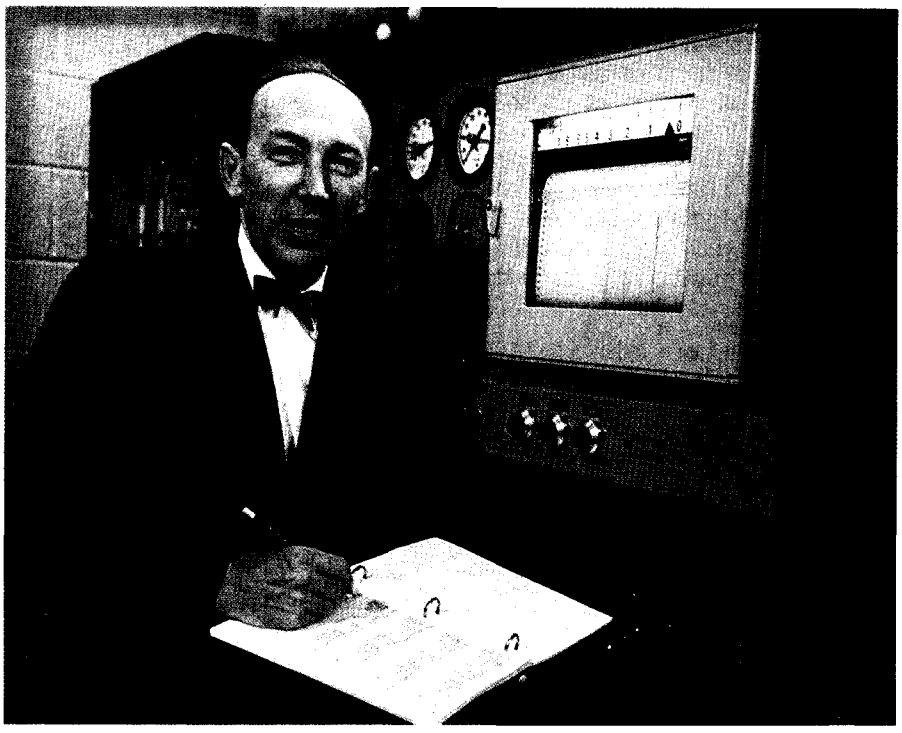


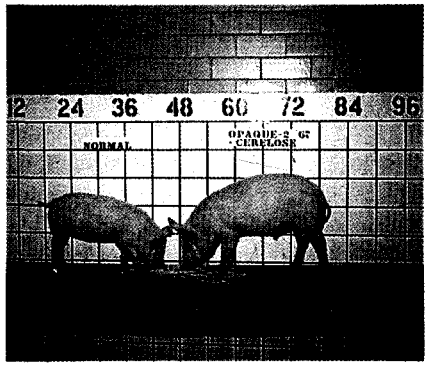
Dr. Edwin Mertz is our favorite candidate for the Nobel Prize for his discovery of high-lysine corn. Dr. Mertz modestly credits his co-worker, Dr. Oliver E. Nelson, and others, including a small family-owned seed company which persevered to develop the seed corn and the producers of the amino acid analyzer. Dr. Mertz first read the exciting results of his lysine breakthrough on the amino acid analyzer shown above. "After 15 years of tedious work, the equipment suddenly made the discovery possible," he says. "We couldn't have succeeded without it."

Cheese Sauce

1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup farmer cheese, grated
1 cup low-fat milk
¼ teaspoon curry powder
Dissolve the cornstarch in the milk until it is smooth. Cook over low heat until thickened. Add cheese and curry powder. Stir until cheese is melted and smooth.

Cornbean Pie
(Makes 6 servings)

Crust:
2 cups high-lysine cornmeal
2 tablespoons nutritional yeast
3 tablespoons oil
½ cup water and 1 teaspoon Gayelord Hauser's® Swiss Broth or ½ cup vegetable stock
Filling:
1 medium-size onion, chopped
½ cup carrots, chopped
½ cup celery, chopped
1 teaspoon garlic powder
½ cup green peppers, chopped
1 tablespoon oil
1 cup kidney beans, cooked
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 tablespoon cumin
½ cup tomatoes, chopped
2 tablespoons Tamari® soy sauce
⅓ cup farmer cheese, grated
Preheat oven to 350° F. Mix together all ingredients for crust and pat into a coated 9″ pie plate. Sauté onion, carrots, celery, garlic and green peppers in oil about 5 minutes. Add beans and spices and put into cornmeal crust. Combine tomatoes with Tamari® and pour over the beans. Bake about 25 minutes. Remove from oven, sprinkle with cheese and bake 5 minutes longer.



These pigs came from the same litter. The larger pig had been given high-lysine corn and gained five times more weight in a 45-day period than his twin, who was fed regular corn.

Mexican Cornbread
(Makes 6-8 servings)

1 cup high-lysine cornmeal
½ cup whole-wheat flour
2 teaspoons unsulphured molasses
2 teaspoons low-sodium baking powder
½ teaspoon salt substitute
1 egg
1 egg white
1 cup milk
1 onion, grated
2 jalapeno peppers, chopped
¼ cup unsaturated oil
1 cup sharp cheese, grated
Mix all the ingredients and pour into a coated, hot 8″ x 8″ pan. Bake at 375° F. for 40 minutes or until brown and crisp on top. Eat hot.

Corn-Bread Stuffing
(8 to 10 cups of stuffing)

High-lysine corn bread, broken into crumbs
1 cup onion, finely chopped
1 cup celery, finely chopped
1 cup margarine, melted
2 cups soft whole-wheat bread crumbs
½ teaspoon white pepper
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
½-1 cup hot water
Make the corn bread unless you have some left over. You will need 8 to 10 cups of crumbs, depending on how the stuffing is to be used. Sauté the onion and celery in the hot shortening until the celery is almost tender. Add the corn bread, bread crumbs and seasonings and toss lightly to mix. Sprinkle the hot water over the top. (If you prefer a dry stuffing, add ½ cup. Increase the amount of water for a more moist dressing.) Toss until blended. Taste for seasoning and use as directed.

Cornmeal Pancakes
(Makes 4 servings)

½ cup high-lysine cornmeal
½ cup whole-wheat flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon margarine
⅓ cup buttermilk
1 egg
2 tablespoons cranberry-orange relish for topping
Blend together in mixing bowl the cornmeal, flour and baking powder. Make a well in the center and add buttermilk and egg. Beat just to moisten the flour. Beat in melted margarine. Bake on nonstick griddle.

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High-Lysine Cornbread
(Makes 6-8 servings)

3 cups high-lysine cornmeal
1 teaspoon salt substitute
3 tablespoons unsaturated oil
2 cups boiling water
1 cup milk
1 egg, beaten
3 teaspoons low-sodium baking powder

Mix the cornmeal, salt substitute and oil together. Pour boiling water over the corn meal mixture and stir until well mixed. Add the milk to the mixture and set aside to cool, about 40 minutes. When cool, stir in the egg and baking powder. Pour into a hot, coated 8″ x 8″ pan or muffin tins. Bake at 425° F. for 30 to 40 minutes. Eat hot.

Most recipes which call for flour, such as for stews, thickenings, gravies, etc., can be made by replacing one half of the flour with high-lysine cornmeal. It can also be mixed with other grains in cooked cereals such as cream of wheat, oatmeal or oat bran.

All of our recipes were made from high-lysine cornmeal which was obtained from Crow's Hybrid Corn Company, the company to which Dr. Mertz gives full credit for having patiently developed it. This small family-owned company persisted with its effort to make something practical out of the discovery long after the other hybrid seed companies had given up. Hybrid corn is judged by the amount of bushels per acre it can produce, and the Crow family has, each year, improved the yield of the high-lysine seed. They did it by assigning one researcher, Dr. Lester Schaible, to work full-time on this important problem.

In 1946, during his first year as a professor at Purdue University, Dr. Edwin Mertz began his corn studies. Wheat, rice and corn are the three most prominent grain crops in the world. Since grains provide 70 percent of the world's protein consumption, Dr. Mertz reasoned that by improving the protein level of corn he could help solve the world food shortage problem. All previous attempts at breeding protein improved corn varieties had been unsuccessful.

The most serious deficiency in corn is its low level of lysine, an essential amino acid that man, pigs, chickens and other nonruminant animals do not synthesize and *must* obtain from their food. Scientists around the world had been working on making a better corn for years.

In 1961 Dr. Mertz was joined in his search by geneticist Dr. Oliver E. Nelson. Two years later, in November 1963, their research team noted a spontaneous mutation that produces a highly desirable, nutritive effect.

They isolated the gene that causes the mutation and called it *opaque-2*. Dr. Mertz and his associates found that the gene, when introduced into an ordinary strain of corn, could nearly double the kernels' lysine content.

Not only was there an increase in the lysine content, but happily there was also a significant increase in tryptophan, another important amino acid.

The development of hybrid high-lysine corn had begun. The laboratory tests proved the high-lysine corn was indeed a dramatic im-

continued on page 112

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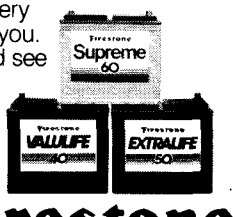

Firestone

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THE GOODS ON HOLIDAY GOODIES

Low sugar and salt desserts that will have Santa and your hungry little elves begging to be first for seconds.

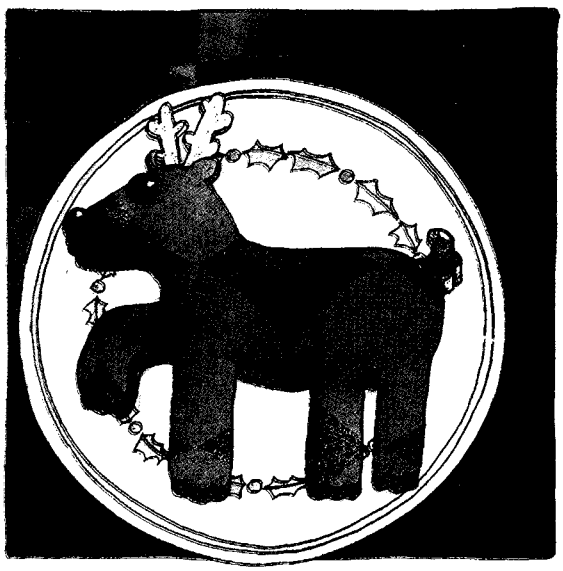
by Michael Allen

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

It's tastebud temptation time again: That time of year we turn from stuffing the stockings to stuffing our innards. Unfortunately, we find each year that we require less stuffing to stuff our midriffs into our Santa Claus costume.

But *this* holiday season we're going to knock the stuffing out of tradition. For we've devised a wonderful way to keep our diet under control. It's all done by substituting healthful ingredients for harmful, both in our favorite recipes as well as in several that we hope will become favorites. Among the substitutions in these good goodies for the holidays, you will find:

- Whole-grain flours—in place of white flour (to maintain your fiber intake and add B vitamins that will help you cope with the stresses of last-minute Christmas shopping).
- Low-sodium baking powder—in place of regular baking soda.
- Honey in small amounts, dried fruits, applesauce and fruit juices—instead of sugar (which many experts blame for the high increase in depressions during the holidays).
- Foods high in complex carbohydrates—in place of foods high in simple sugars or simple carbohydrates.
- Egg whites—substituted for whole eggs.
- Unsalted nuts—substituted for salted nuts.



- Raw nuts—instead of roasted nuts.
- Other spices—instead of salt.
- Oat bran—all the better to lower the cholesterol.

You'll find these substitutions in the recipes below. Hang them on your kitchen reminder board and have yourself and your family and friends a merry little high-fiber Christmas and a healthful New Year. Your frame of mind and your bathroom scales will know the difference better than your tastebuds will.

Almond Pear Crisp

(Makes 4 servings)

3 cups fresh pears, sliced
⅓ cup Mother's Oat Bran® cereal
¼ cup Quaker Oats (Quick® or Old Fashioned®), uncooked
¾ cup toasted almonds, chopped
¼ teaspoon ginger, ground
3 tablespoons vegetable oil margarine, melted
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup honey

Heat oven to 375° F. Place pears into 8- or 9-inch pie plate. In medium bowl, combine oat bran cereal, oats, almonds, cinnamon and ginger. Add margarine; mix well. Sprinkle evenly over pears; drizzle with honey. Bake 20 minutes or until golden brown. Serve warm.

Nut Brownies

(Makes 16 brownies)

⅓ cup vegetable oil margarine
½ cup carob chips or drops
½ cup honey
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup Mother's Oat Bran® cereal, uncooked
⅓ cup whole-wheat flour
½ cup nuts, chopped

Heat oven to 350° F. Coat 8-inch square baking pan lightly with vegetable oil. In medium saucepan, melt margarine and carob chips over medium heat, stirring constantly. Cool. Add honey, egg and vanilla; mix well. Add oat-bran cereal, flour and ¼ cup nuts. Sprinkle the remaining nuts on the top. Bake about 16 minutes for a chewy brownie; 18 for a more cake-like brownie. Cool; cut into squares.

Pumpkin Pie

2 cups Libby® Pumpkin
2 eggs
2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon cloves
1 13½ oz. can Pet® evaporated milk
½ cup honey

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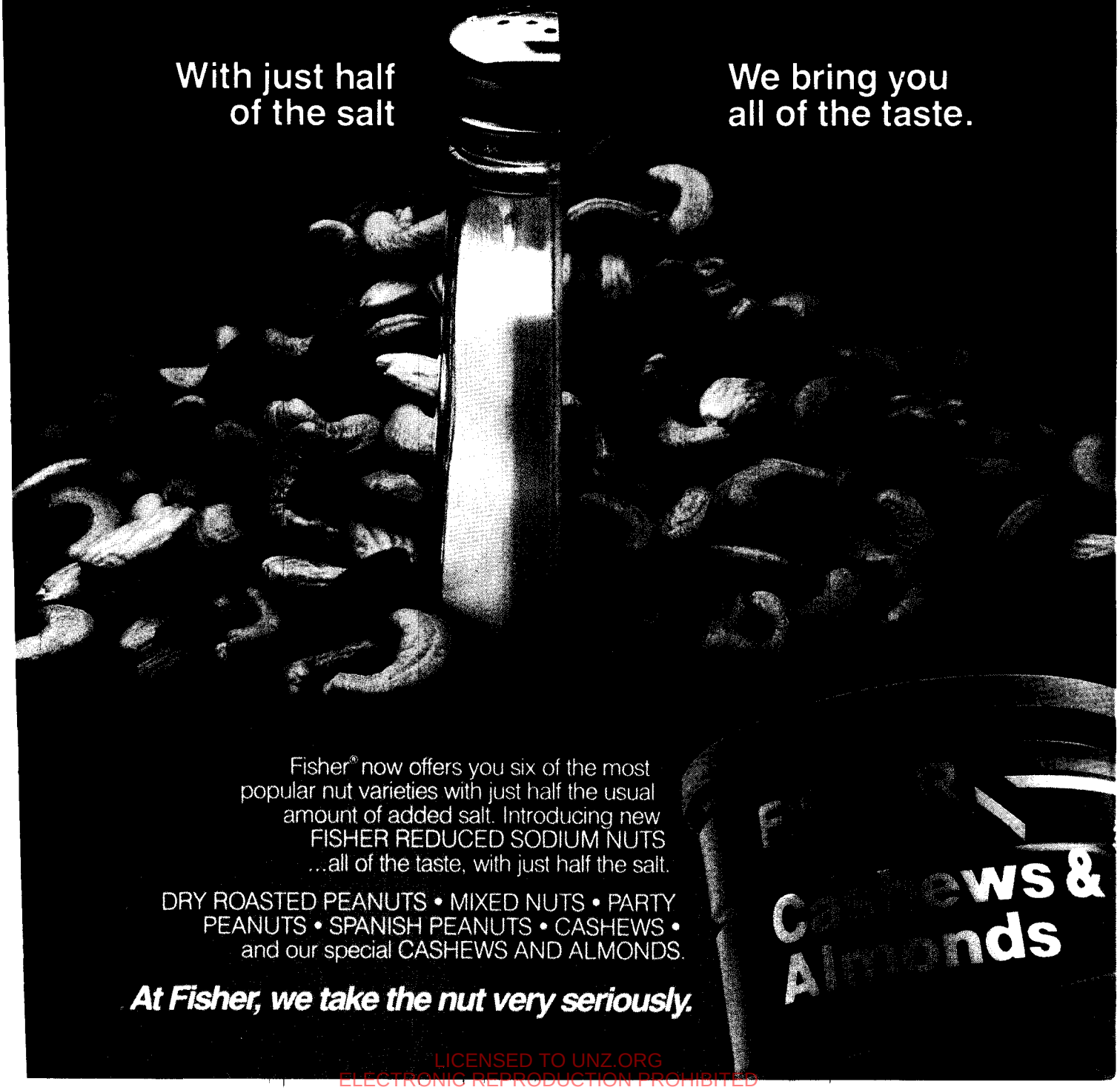
With just half of the salt

We bring you all of the taste.



Fisher® now offers you six of the most popular nut varieties with just half the usual amount of added salt. Introducing new FISHER REDUCED SODIUM NUTS ...all of the taste, with just half the salt.

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Combine all the ingredients and mix well. Pour into unbaked pie shell and bake at 425° F. for 15 minutes. Reduce heat and continue to bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes or until an inserted knife comes out clean.

Pie Crust

1½ cups whole-wheat flour
½ cup unbleached flour
½ cup corn-oil margarine
¼ teaspoon salt substitute
⅛ cup plus approximately 3 tablespoons ice water

Combine flour and salt. Add the margarine and cut in until the mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Add the ice water until the mixture holds together. Turn onto a lightly floured board. Knead 10 times lightly. Roll out the crust.

Brown Rice Crispy Treats

½ cup peanut butter
⅓ cup honey
½ cup pecans, chopped
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups Erewhon® Crisp Brown Rice

Combine the peanut butter and the honey. Add the vanilla and the cinnamon. Stir in the rice crispies and the nuts. Wet your hands and form the mixture into balls about 1 inch in size. Place in the freezer until firm.

Carob Fudge

1 cup peanut butter
½ cup honey
¾ cup carob powder
½ cup sesame seeds
½ cup coconut, flaked
½ cup dried apples, chopped

Over medium heat, combine the peanut butter and honey until a creamy texture is achieved. Add the carob powder. Stir well. Add the remaining ingredients and mix until everything is well combined. Press the mixture into an 8½" by 11" pan or roll into balls. Refrigerate for several hours before serving.

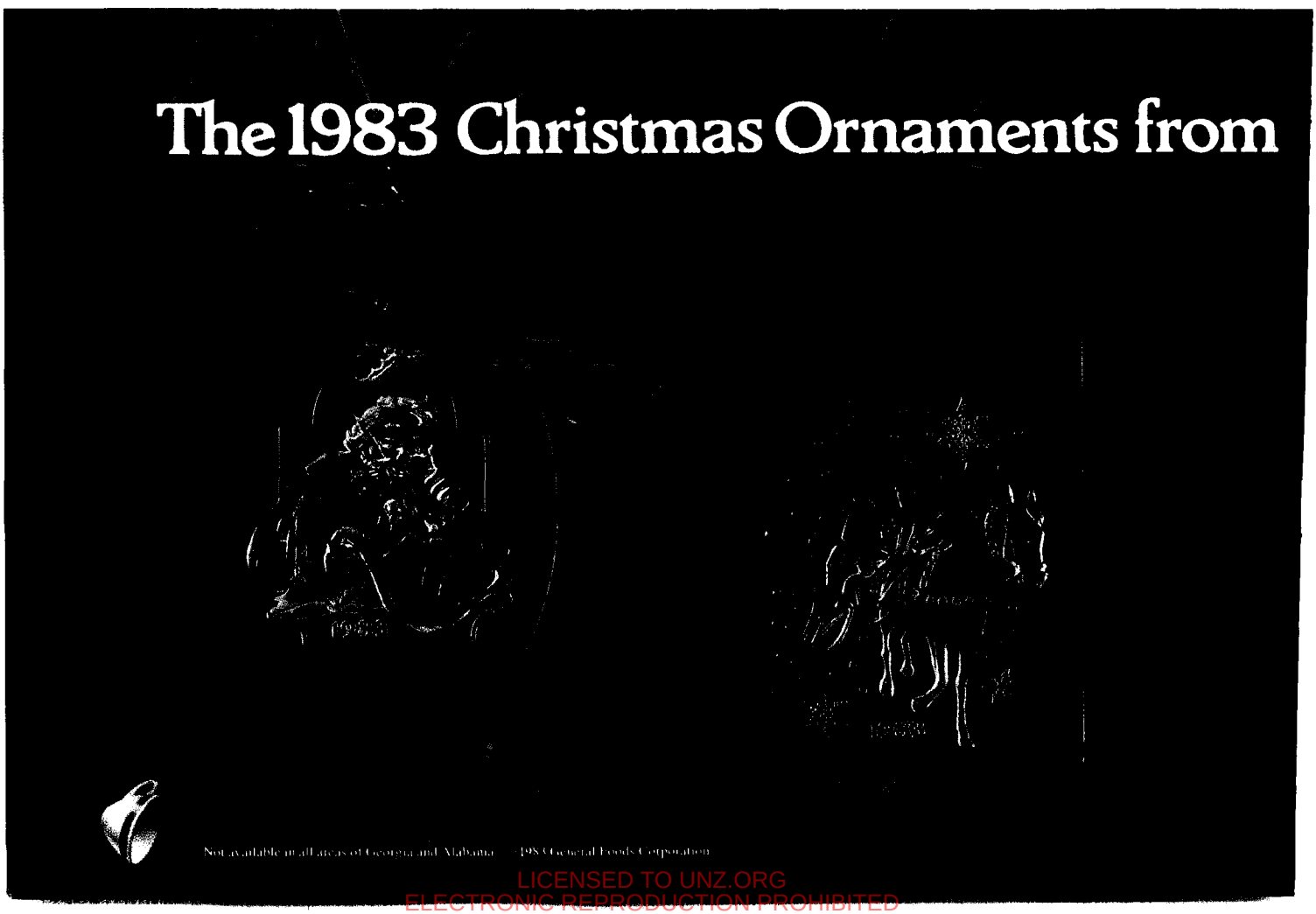
Jonny Ohs

¼ cup corn-oil margarine
1 egg
2 egg whites
2 teaspoons vanilla
½ cup whole-wheat flour
1½ teaspoons low-sodium baking powder
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup pitted dates, chopped
1 cup coconut, unsweetened, shredded or chopped in blender
1 cup black walnuts, chopped
½ cup raisins

In bowl, mix margarine, eggs and vanilla until smooth. In another bowl combine flour, baking powder and cinnamon. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture and blend. Add the dates, coconut, nuts and raisins to the mixture. Form dough into two rolls, wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator or freezer until firm enough to slice, about two hours. Cut rolls into slices and bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 350° F. about 15 minutes or until very lightly browned along bottom.

Sunny Snack Cookies
(Makes 30-40 cookies)

1¾ teaspoons low-sodium baking powder
1 teaspoon coriander
2 cups whole-wheat flour
½ cup water
¼ cup corn oil
1½ cup applesauce
1 whole egg



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2 egg whites
3 cups old-fashioned rolled oats
¼ cup wheat germ
¼ cup Kellogg's All Bran®
2 cups sunflower seeds, roasted, unsalted
1 tablespoon molasses

Sift first three ingredients together (leaving momentarily in sifter). Combine oil, applesauce molasses, water and eggs in a bowl. Stir in the dry ingredients. Drop by the teaspoonful onto a lightly oiled cookie sheet. Bake at 375° F. 12 to 15 minutes.

Fig Bread

2 cups stone ground whole-wheat flour
1 tablespoon low-sodium baking powder
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 teaspoons walnut oil
1 egg, beaten
1 cup pureed figs, (dried or fresh)
½ cup walnuts, chopped

Sift together flour, baking powder and ginger. Combine oil, lemon juice, egg and fig puree in bowl. Blend in sifted dry ingredients. Fold in walnuts. Turn into lightly oiled 8" x 4" loaf pan. Bake at 350° 1 hour. Cool 15 minutes before removing from pan.

Honey-bran Fruitcake

1 package active dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
¼ cup honey
1 cup cooked sweet potatoes, mashed
⅓ cup orange juice
¾ cup whole-wheat flour
¾ cup unbleached flour
¾ cup Kellogg's All Bran® bran flakes, crushed
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¾ cup raisins
¾ cup dried apples, chopped
1½ teaspoon orange rind, finely grated
1 cup pecans, chopped
½ cup almonds, chopped

In medium bowl, sprinkle yeast over warm water and stir until dissolved. Stir in one teaspoon honey and let stand until it bubbles. Combine remaining honey and sweet potato in small saucepan. Heat until slightly warm; then stir potato mixture and orange juice into the yeast mixture. Add flour, bran flakes and cinnamon. Beat until well blended. Stir in raisins, apples and orange rind. Spoon into lightly greased 8" x 4" loaf pan.

Decorate cake with pecan halves placed in a daisy pattern on the top. Allow to stand in warm place for 30 minutes. Bake at 300° F. for 1 hour and 15 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Allow to cool in pan for 10 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on wire rack.

Blueberry Yogurt
(Makes 4-6 servings)

1 cup blueberries, unsweetened
2 cups plain yogurt
1 cup cottage cheese, preferably small curd
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 tablespoons frozen concentrated apple juice

Stir all the above ingredients together until they are well mixed. Then chill them and serve in parfait glasses. This dessert is excellent topped with granola.

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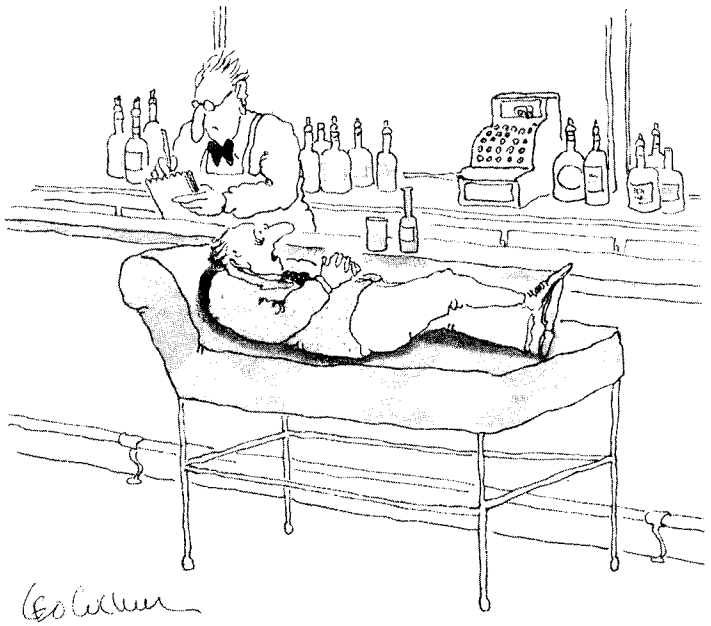
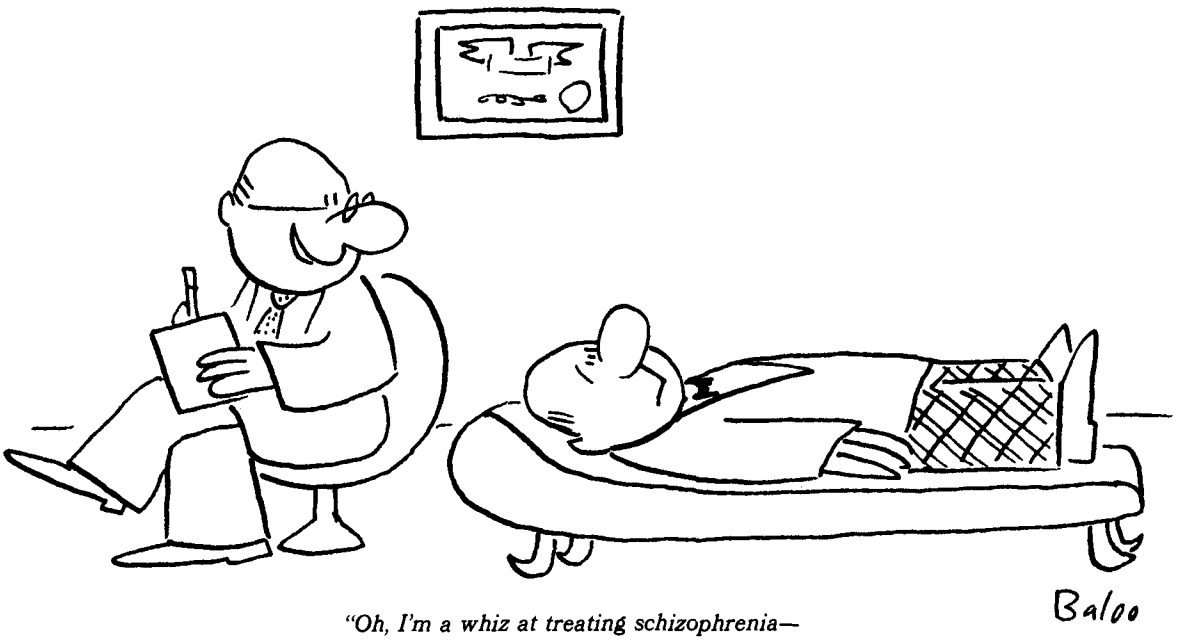
FREUDIAN QUIPS

"It's dark in here—let there be light!"



"Hello. You have reached the subconscious of Harold B. Twilby. I'm not in right now, but if you'll leave your message. . ."



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Consumer Products Division

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Norman Rockwell

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TV BY THE DISH

Home satellite television receivers are sprouting across the nation in astonishing numbers, but whether one of these "mushrooms" should or could sprout in your yard may depend on your neighbors.

by Ted Dyer

Cable televison companies view the unsightly devices with horror, while subscription services such as Home Box Office and Showtime condemn them as instruments of thievery. Zoning boards abhor them as monstrosities, and attempts have been made in Washington, D.C., to legislate them out of existence.

But to the millions of Americans not served by cable companies, and countless others in this television-crazed nation straining to savor all that the tube has to offer, home satellite receivers are a godsend.

The home satellite television receiver, a 6- to 16-foot dish just like those used by cable companies, is the source of all this gnashing of teeth. While a few are neutral on the subject of the emerging satellite television industry, nobody disputes its popularity. Home satellite receivers are sprouting across the nation in astonishing numbers. Conservative estimates put the number of American dish owners at 250,000, and industry spokesmen claim that about 50,000 units are sold every month.

In fact, it is a good time to consider joining an industry that has known nothing but exponential growth during its 2½ years of existence.

The lure of private dish ownership is obvious. There is such an embarrassment of programming riches that space limitations prohibit a full description. Every conceivable type of program is available, which is not surprising since some 121 channels from 17 orbiting satellites can be plucked from the sky.

Like movies? In October, a month chosen at random, about 375 were shown, most at an assortment of times. Anything available on HBO, Showtime or The Movie Channel belongs to the dish owner free of charge.

For sports junkies, satellite TV provides a new raison d'etre. Besides ESPN, the 24-hour sports channel, dish owners receive Home Sports Entertainment (HSE), a regional service in the Southwest, and the USA Cable Network. Baseball fans are treated to everything on the networks, a weekly offering on USA and more than 100 games on each of the "superstations"—the Atlanta Braves on WTBS, the Chicago Cubs on WGN and the New York Mets on WOR.

In October, 98 college-football broadcasts were aired, and that figure excludes those on the regular

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networks. ESPN, HSE, USA and WTBS are the main suppliers, with a station known as the Black Entertainment Network providing a look at small Southern colleges. Also, if a dish owner is bugged by the regional football broadcast foisted on him by the regular networks, he can scan the sky for another network feed. ABC, CBS and NBC put their programs on satellite to get them to affiliates, and mushroom owners get them all.

And since the feed comes without local commercials, viewers receive a fascinating glimpse of variety-show hosts, sports broadcasters and news announcers. The camera runs while they prepare for broadcast or wait between commercials, and their frenzied efforts, raunchy banter and foul dispositions are there for the satellite viewer to see. For this reason, Johnny Carson is no longer on satellite.

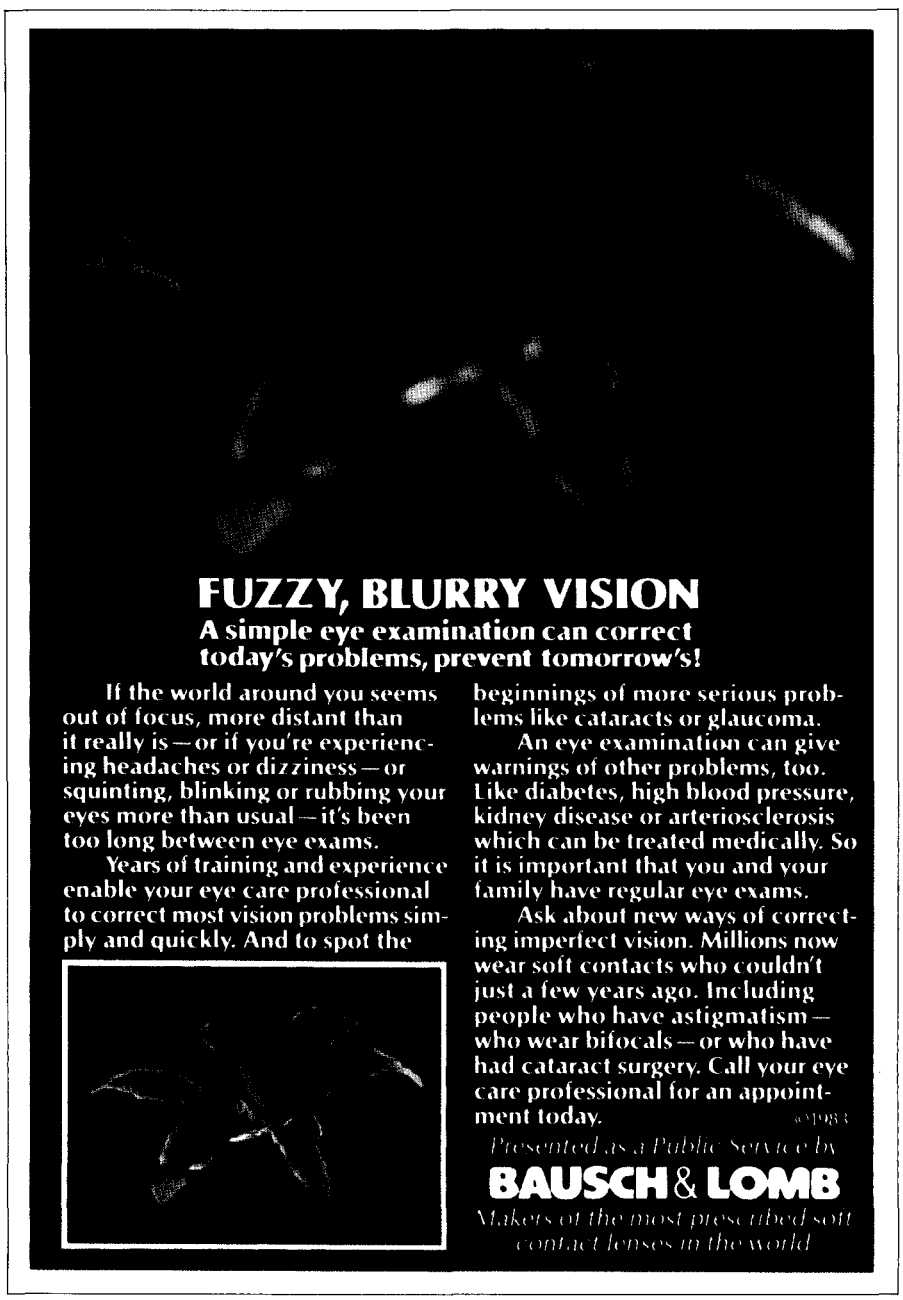
Another plus for mushroom owners is news. For the corporate climber, there is Dow Jones Cable News, Financial News Network, Reuters News-View, BizNet and something called Quotrader, which is designed to work in conjunction with home computers. General news shows include both Ted Turner productions, Cable News Network and CNN Headline News; Satellite News Channel; and something called C-SPAN, which provides coverage of the U.S. House of Representatives in addition to Senate hearings.

Besides receiving more movies, sports and news than regular viewers, dish owners savor something denied their cable serviced counterparts: erotic programming. Although legal problems complicate things, there are two services currently fanning the nation's amorous flame. The Playboy Channel provides hard R-rated entertainment, while X-rated fare appears courtesy of Bluemax, a station that sells subscribers a decoding box to unscramble its steamy signal. *Playboy* magazine's nemesis, *Penthouse*, also intends to enter the erotic TV market, and plans are under way for another entry called The Pleasure Channel.

In short, such a profusion of programming clogs the sky that even the most rabid televison addict will be satiated. There are stations for minorities, various nationalities, the religious, consumers, children and music lovers of all types. And with a little luck and a big mushroom, the satellite viewer can pull down signals from European space birds.

All these video goodies are available for prices ranging from $2,000 to $4,000. Three main components make up the unit: a curved "dish" between 6 and 16 feet wide that pulls down a signal about as strong as that emitted by a citizens' band radio and focuses it to a point in front of the dish where a low-noise amplifier is suspended. The LNA boosts the anemic signal and sends it to the amplifier, where it is converted into something acceptable for television.

Although dishes come in a variety of designs and a wide range of materials, there are no essential differences between them. But if you live by the sea, for example, a rust-resistant mesh model may be selected to accommodate the sea water and sharp winds. The electronic equipment purchased will depend largely upon what is available in a given area and how many features are desired. As with stereo equipment, a fat price tag means more bells and whistles. Other critical factors are warranty and service, since getting a satellite dish repaired is not merely a matter of phoning a local repairman. Spend time examining the offerings of various manufacturers and be sure to purchase a package suitable to local climate and conditions. In addition, test the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various products by focusing on a weak station—such as The Weather Channel on Satcom F3—and seeing which produces the clearest picture.

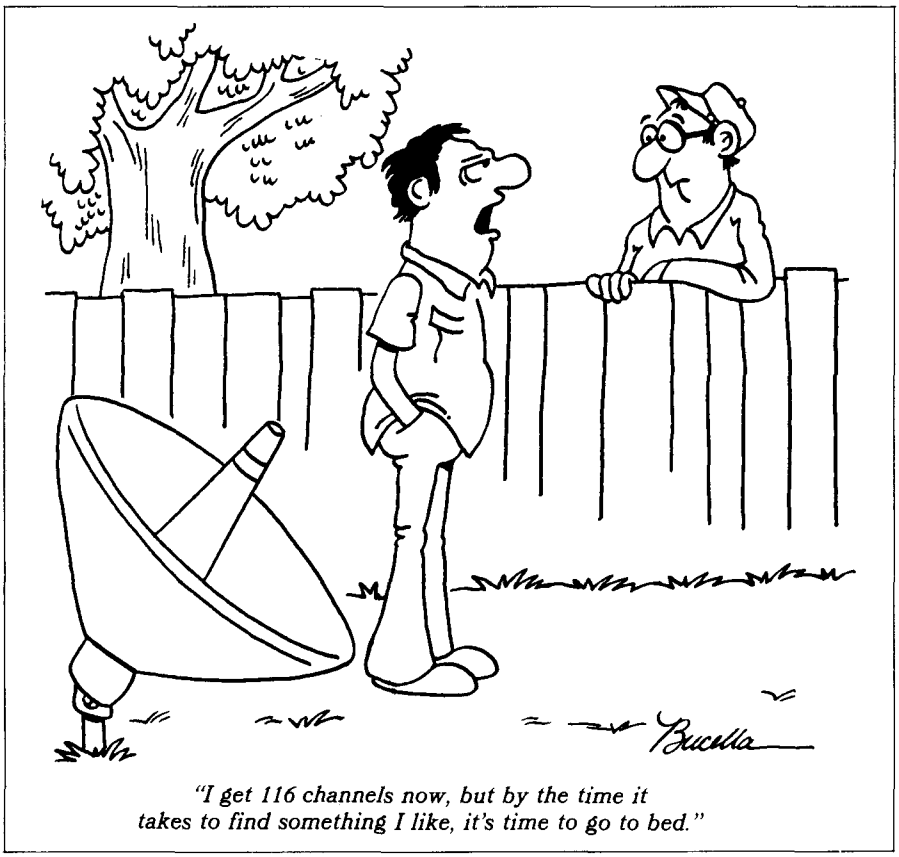
Reception quality depends on geography. The 17 space satellites orbit 22,300 miles above the equator and remain stationary relative to land masses. Since the satellites with the bulk of the programming hover over the Pacific Ocean between Hawaii and California, significant reception problems exist for the eastern extremities of the nation.

The Northeast generally gets poor reception, and if you live in Maine or the southern tip of Florida, forget satellite televison unless you reap great joy from fiddling with delicate electronic equipment. Not only is the signal faintest at the nation's extremities, but the dish must be angled toward the ground. That angle means more interference from ground noise and microwave transmissions. Since the signals fall directly on the Midwest, that area receives the best reception in the nation. Those living in Kansas, Nebraska or Iowa can sit back and grin, since not only are they treated to the best signal, but they have a near vertical look angle. This does not mean East Coast viewers should write off satellite television, merely that they must purchase bigger dishes and be prepared to battle interference.

One of the ways to deal with this problem is to rent or lease a dish. Although this arrangement is still uncommon, the idea is catching on, since many families cannot afford the initial outlay. If you lease a dish, you let the company worry about the installation and equipment maintenance.

Omega Satellite Products Company of Indianapolis, Indiana, is one such company. For $39.95 per month plus a $250 installation fee, a dish is yours on a 66-month contract. Customers must pass a credit check and be homeowners with homeowner's insurance. This spares the customer the burden of analyzing his property to find a clear path to the satellites or probing for microwave interference. Also, he is saved the difficulty of choosing the correct equipment package.

"There are a lot of newcomers putting together systems that I wouldn't take if they gave them to me," says Merle Frey, Omega's vice president. "One of the keys to our system is that if you don't like it or aren't satisfied with the picture, we pull it out, no questions asked. We make it simple for people."



"I get 116 channels now, but by the time it takes to find something I like, it's time to go to bed."

Unfortunately, equipment purchase and operation are not the only things burdening the consumer. The first complication is legal. Cable television companies understandably view satellite television as enemy No. 1 because an earth-station owner has no need whatever for their services. And the premium services without advertising, such as HBO, the most vitriolic member of the opposition, are especially perturbed. Not only is their programming viewed for free, but many productions are owned by cable companies. So an offensive was launched to cripple the satellite TV industry by passing restrictive legislation in Congress. But a lobbying organization called SPACE (the Society for Private and Commercial Earth Stations) defeated these attempts.

SPACE has always maintained that mushroom owners should pay the premium services. HBO has refused money offered from dish owners, and attorneys for SPACE cite this as grounds for antitrust action. Legal problems exist largely because no laws address the issue directly; it is a classic case of technology outstripping the law.

Will the battle raging between the cable and satellite industries affect the dish owners? Not really. Even if the satellite industry should lose the battle, the victors will ravage manufacturers, who have the money, not consumers. And practically speaking, the battle has already been won. Even if the manufacture of satellite equipment was halted, some 250,000 units are already operating. Is HBO going to scour the countrysides of Arkansas, Iowa and Kansas looking for earth stations? Not likely. In any event, it appears that the thriving satellite industry has sufficient power to prevail. Buy a dish and let the barristers negotiate the morass of legal complications.

Of more concern to viewers is the threat by HBO and others to scramble their signals and provide special decoding devices to cable companies. But thus far, there has been much bluster and no action. The problem for subscription services is partly technological. It would cost great green gobs of money to scramble and then provide thousands of descramblers, and picture quality would suffer. Also, there are signs that HBO and its ilk are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall,

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and some effort will be made to accommodate dish owners.

Since the threat to scramble has yielded nothing but inflamed rhetoric, few are worried. Besides, few mushroom owners would suffer if two or three of their channels were garbled. And no domino effect among nonsubscription services would follow. Since most stations appearing on cable are advertiser-supported, they are delighted by the additional viewers, as are the owners of religious and other specialty stations. Also, a move to scramble would give SPACE an opportunity to push the antitrust issue. "Very probably, instead of being on the defensive, we'll go on the offensive in the next few months," says Fred Finn, a lawyer for SPACE. "We don't think it is acceptable to scramble, thereby denying the signal to people who want to pay for it."

But one threat facing the prospective dish owner cannot be dismissed: zoning. If there is a rock on which the ship of satellite television will crash, zoning is a rather large outcropping.

For rural areas, where the bulk of the nation's earth-station owners reside, zoning hassles do not exist. But in cities and especially in suburban developments, a zoning board or an annoyed neighbor can end one's dream of television heaven. Zoning laws, building codes and city ordinances vary widely. Some communities are writing ordinances specifically for satellite dishes; some place restrictions on how close they can be placed next to property lines; some prohibit rooftop or yard installation; and some even impose size limitations. And all have ordinances that apply to satellite technology.

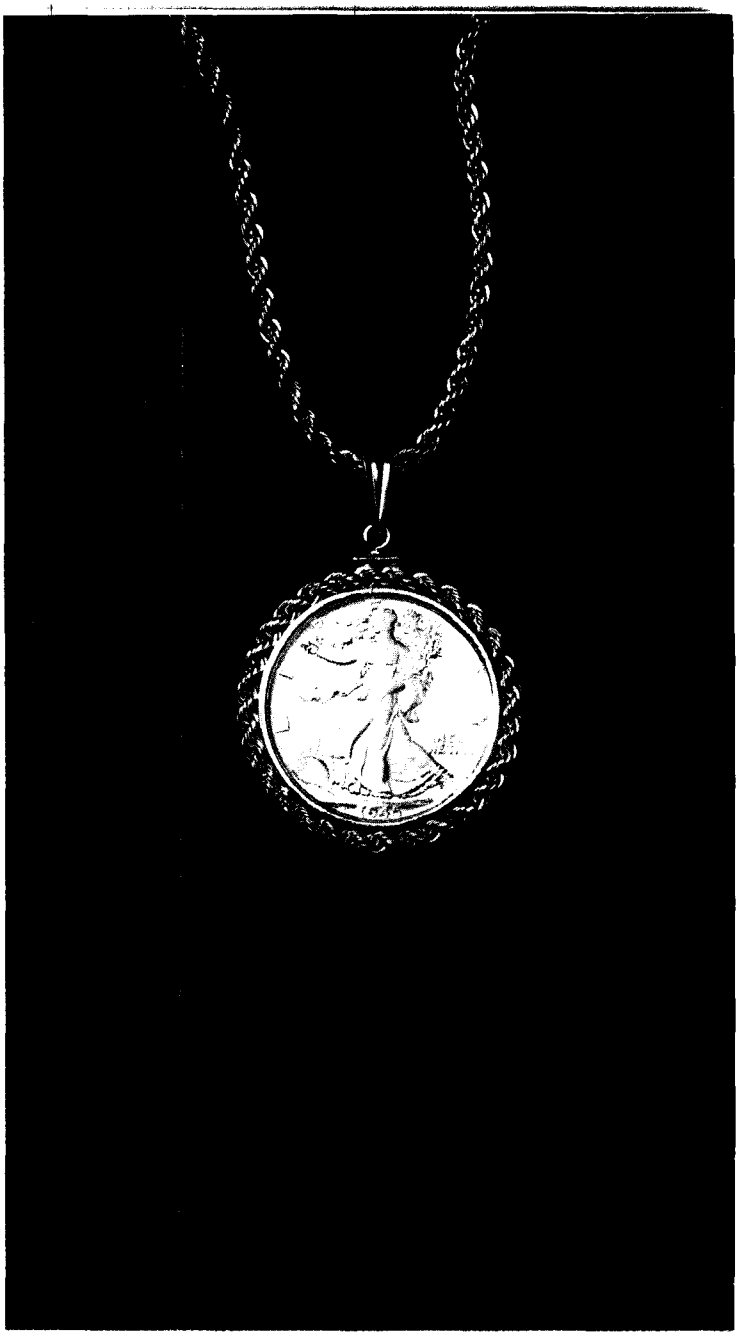
Take the case of Adelle Sperling, an Alabama eye doctor who must receive 50 hours per year of instruction on new developments in her field. She installed a dish in her front yard—the backyard was heavily wooded—to receive a program called Eyesat in order to meet her requirements. Eyesat notwithstanding, neighbors complained to the local zoning board that the dish was an eyesore. Sperling had to remove her mushroom.

To counsel the besieged dish owner, SPACE has produced a manual called "The Satellite Earth Station Zoning Book" that maps out battle strategy. It even includes two model ordinances for use by zoning boards. ($25 from SPACE, 1920 N. Street, N.W., Suite 510, Washington, D.C. 20036.)

One's local dealer will know if local government heaps obstacles in a dish owner's path. If so, approach the zoning board with options. For example, dishes can be color-coordinated to make them unobtrusive. Mesh units are especially good for this. A dish could be highlighted with a floral design or a mural. Also, they can be hidden by trees or buildings or placed some distance from neighbors' windows.

Neighbors should be consulted in any event, especially if the local zoning board has yet to confront the issue. If nobody complains, there may never be a problem. The problem will diminish as technological advances shrink dish size; in fact, a whole new system called DBS—featuring small dishes made possible by stronger signals from space—may someday change the entire face of the industry.

Until the equipment problems are mastered and the zoning and legal squabbles are settled, dish owners will have their worries. But 50,000 proud new owners each month say that satellite television is worth the trouble.



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DON'T CROSS MR. T

With his all-steel torso, mean scowl and Mandinka haircut, just to look at him can break a body in half—but this born-again star of "The A-Team" is really a pussycat at heart.

by Roger Elwood

Mr. T, formerly Lawrence Tero, is six feet tall and weighs 216 pounds. His eyes are magnetic, drawing you into them as he looks straight at you. His speech shows the kind of "education" that has come not from book learning but from years of surviving as best he could amid the poverty and gang rumbles of Chicago's tough South Side.

That often brutal past seemed like ancient history as he sat in his air-conditioned trailer on location for NBC's "The A-Team" at sweltering Indian Dunes, California. He wore some heavy gold chains as well as a not inconsiderable number of diamonds. Ever since his role as Sylvester Stallone's antagonist in *Rocky III*, the specter of poverty has been banished forever; the specter, yes, but not the memory.

With "terrible" Mr. T to back them up, "The A-Team" with George Peppard and Melinda Culea shot its way to first place in the A.C. Nielsen ratings.

"I was a typical ghetto kid," Mr. T recalled, "but my mother's love was God's instrument to keep me from going really bad." She had enough of that love to encompass not only this son but ten other sons and daughters.

"My father left us when I was about five years old. My mother never remarried, never brought another man into the house. She was chosen by God to raise us right.

"Some people can't stay together with one or two children. It could have been easy for her to leave, but she didn't. She would walk five miles to the welfare station to bring back a little bag of groceries—powdered milk, eggs, that kind of stuff. And she would work long hours at the most humble jobs not so much for herself but for the rest of us."

This remarkable woman was a wellspring of wisdom. She would sit in a rocking chair, with her children gathered about, listening. They didn't have much to wear; their meals were basic—but those satisfying moments together would be remembered better than the unpleasant ones.

"She made us realize how important it was to be the best we can at whatever we were doing," Mr. T recalled. "If you can't be a pilot in the sky, then be a scrub in the valley, but be the best scrub you can."

Mr. T did that. When his job as a gym instructor for underprivileged children fell through from lack of funding in 1975, he became a security guard and then a bodyguard for the rich and famous. But he wasn't just a bodyguard. His business card read "Bodyguard Extraordinaire . . . next to God, there is no better protector than I." The likes of Leon Spinks, Steve McQueen and Muhammad Ali paid up to $5,000 a day to walk safely in his ample shadow.

Mr. T's mother also taught her children to look beyond their immediate circumstances. "A prisoner who looks at the stars is free; the one who looks at the mud is enslaved," he added. "As long as my mind's free, I can't be dominated."

That freedom of mind is, in part, what has brought Mr. T to his present success. As one Hollywood veteran remarked, "He is totally an individualist. No one can insist upon him doing anything he doesn't want to do. Some would call him pigheaded; I just think that he has the strength of his convictions."

Despite, or perhaps because of his intransigent ways, Mr. T has accumulated a vast, although unsolicited, following. Owing mainly to his popularity, NBC's "The A-Team" pulled more viewers this summer than the Miss America Pageant or the NFL Football Post Game Show.

The material things with which Mr. T likes to surround himself are probably more a reaction to the extreme poverty of his past than an indication of anything egocentric. People who go from poverty to wealth want, perhaps to excess, what they simply couldn't have earlier. Accordingly, he owns whole boxes of diamonds, gold chains and other valuables which seem to be emblems that proclaim his freedom from poverty; his home is a plush apartment in Westwood, an affluent suburb of Los Angeles; and so on. He could retire now and have no financial worries for the rest of his life.

But all this is just part of the story, the material part; there is quite another.

"I can't hold a typical conversation without mentioning God," Mr. T said. "God will come into it somewhere. If I happen to be at a business luncheon, I'm going to be talking about God. If I'm at the gym, I'll be talking about Him.

"I'm a messenger; that's my duty. My duty is to go out and spread

continued on following page

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"I now help care for a little boy named David who lives in a cold Bolivian village.

"Since I became his sponsor, I know David has daily meals, warm clothing and a chance to go to school. And the kind of love that every child needs.

"But all that I have given seems like nothing when I think of the new meaning sponsoring a child has given to my life.

"You can know the richness, the joy of giving to a child who needs your help.

"You can know it in time for Christmas.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"All it costs is $18 a month, but you help give a child so much.

"Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

"You needn't send any money now.

"First learn about the child who needs you.

"Just send the coupon.

"We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you about his way of life—his age, health, interests and family background.

"We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can exchange letters and share a very special part of his life.

"After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

"Simply send in your check or money order for $18 within 10 days. Or return photo and background materials and can ask someone else to help. Get to know a child who needs your help. Somewhere there is a child who wishes he could share something special with you this Christmas. Love."

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☐ Brazil	☐ Honduras	☐ Kenya	☐ Philippines	☐ Uganda	

(If you would like to sponsor more than one child in any of the above countries, please specify the number in box[es] of your choice.)

PLEASE SEND MY INFORMATION PACKAGE TODAY.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $18 within 10 days. Or I'll return the material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first monthly payment now; enclosed is $18 for each child.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child but I'll give $_____ to the Christian Children's Fund Growth Fund (provides expansion of services in a hungry world).

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The Word because The Word is God. To the dens, to the taverns, to the places where those in spiritual need are present. I've got to do what Jesus did. I've got to be about my Father's business.

"When that roll is called up yonder, when I'm facing my Maker, He's not going to ask me how many mansions I had, how many Rolls-Royces I bought. He'll ask if I fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the lonely, comforted the broken-hearted."

His stand in such matters has influenced a number of the people around him. Stephen Cannell, the creator and executive producer of "The A-Team," is a veteran of the television ratings wars, with such series as "The Rockford Files" and "Greatest American Hero" to his credit. A meeting with him gives you the firm impression that he knows his way around the lot, as the expression goes. But this man now insists upon saying grace before each luncheon, business or otherwise.

A poignant example involves the conversations about faith Mr. T had with one of the key production people on the series, a lady who had been interested to hear the things that he told her about God.

"She became very eager to hear more," he said. "I'm glad I could get with her when I did"—a statement made only hours after he heard of her death while skydiving.

The physical reasons Mr. T stands out in the movie business are obvious. "People look at the way I am and think that I'm only interested in breaking heads or whatever," he says with a note of resignation. "They ask how many guys can I beat up at one time."

The 31-year-old actor, discovered on a television contest for the title of "America's Toughest Bouncer," keeps up a daily regimen guaranteed to make himself look as though he could tackle a dozen guys at a time. He jogs for several miles, lifts weights and eats foods with high protein content, including a regular assortment of fresh fruit. He avoids heavily sugared foods and alcoholic beverages and detests cigarette smoking.

As such, he is a paradox—on the surface, a flashy star, with the stereotypical Hollywood glitter and the glamour. A counterpoint is his stance on drugs. His condemnation of drug abuse, along with his Christian outlook, explains why he is less than adored by the permissive, free-wheeling members of the television and movie community.

"I don't need any chemical high," Mr. T commented. "I get up in the morning with a clear mind and thank God for another day. I ask Him to give me strength to do my best. To bring happiness to people on the set. Then they will come to me later and ask me why I am that way.

"Can you call back? He's watching 'The A-Team.'"

"I hear a different drummer. I hear my Lord. And some people can't deal with that. They say it's a big put-on, but then that's what, even as far back as New Testament times, they wanted to believe about my Lord."

He paused for a moment, then: "It's true that a lot of people don't like me or what I stand for, but maybe many of them don't even like their own mothers and fathers, and so what can I expect?

"It's like Sodom and Gomorrah out here today. People can't admit that they are sinning so grievously, because then they would be overwhelmed with guilt. Hollywood is Sodom and Gomorrah—men loving men, women loving women, the cocaine, all the rest.

"They say they're having so much 'fun.' But then, years later, when their bodies are wasted, they're going to say, 'Oh, Lord, help me,' but it might be too late at that point."

Mr. T's becoming rich behaving just the way he is confounds and frustrates the cynics. "They marvel at it all," he said. "And yet they have to admit that they really can't do anything to hurt me because I'm on top right now. If I'm doing my best, my God will do everything else."

His money comes from a variety of sources these days. "I have to turn down more than I can accept," he admitted. "They're coming at me from all directions."

T-shirts; posters; guest spots on other shows such as "Beverly Hills Battle of the Stars"; personal appearances: The offers pour in, with millions of dollars in the offing. Mr. T has bought his mother a house that was an impossible dream a decade ago. "She won't have to worry about money or material things for the rest of her life," he said happily.

But his plans go beyond his immediate family. "I want to build a community center in Chicago where parents and children can go and share happy moments; where kids can keep their bodies in shape; where love and healthy influences are present. I want to gather up 5,000 people like Jesus did and feed them all for as long as I can."

Mr. T's relationship with his church goes beyond tithing and into, as the preachers would say, "real giving." "My accountant told me that I give too much money away, that I should invest it—but investing in people, in God's work, that's the best investment of all because it's in Heaven itself. It would be against the God I serve to make all the money I do and not strive toward goals that will honor and glorify Him. And I don't want to be remembered by this world for my

continued on page 94

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An Informational Advertisement In The Interest of Energy Conservation

Cut your heating bills more than 1/3*

Read how an idea whose time has come—the new concept of modular heating—can help you use energy a better way this winter to be warm and comfortable in your home for as little as two-thirds of what you've been paying for heat.

If you're like a lot of people, your heating bills have gone out of sight. And the real villain may be your own central furnace.

Most central heating systems in use today, designed back when all fuels were cheap, simply consume more fuel than many families can now afford.

If you've tried to conserve fuel, you've probably closed off rooms. Turned down the thermostat. Added insulation. Weatherstripped. And even started wearing extra clothes.

And still you have big heating bills month after month. Yet you've done all you can to save on fuel costs.

Except the one thing that can make the really *big* difference. And that's to change the way you heat.

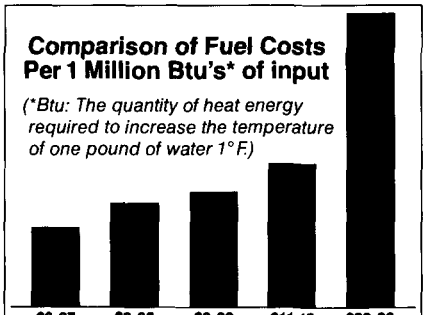
Not by changing to other fuels—because gas is still the lowest cost way to heat your home (see chart). But even gas can be used more efficiently.

What has been needed are more imaginative ways to *use* gas for home heating.

First, that means heating systems that stretch every dollar you pay for gas. But it also means using gas only *where* you need it and *when* you need it. And *not* using it where and when you *don't* need it.

Comparison of Fuel Costs Per 1 Million Btu's* of input

*(*Btu: The quantity of heat energy required to increase the temperature of one pound of water 1° F.)*



$6.27	$8.65	$8.80	$11.10	$22.86
Nat. Gas	Propane	Fuel Oil	Kerosene	Electricity

Note:

Cost figures for Natural Gas, Propane, Fuel Oil and Electricity are those established by the Federal Trade Commission (Department of Energy) as the revised national average energy costs for 1983. (Refer Fed. Reg. Vol. 48, No. 64/Friday, April 1, 1983/Rules and Regulations.) Cost figure on Kerosene, 1K (water clear) is an established national average of $1.50 per gallon (135,000 Btu/gallon) based on information obtained from the industry association. Costs will vary depending upon the output and efficiency of the heating appliance in use. With Electricity, costs will also vary where special heating or all-electric rates are available.

That's how you save money on your light bill. By turning lights on where you need them and off where you don't.

Now you can follow that same money saving principle to save on heating costs. Instead of one big gluttonous furnace, today's need is for smaller, high efficiency heating systems that use energy in smaller amounts *where* and *when* you need it.

Introducing the LSC Concept.

To help America change its ideas about home heating, LSC Inc., with a heritage in heating technology that goes back nearly half a century, has developed some dramatic new concepts in home heating systems.

The result is the LSC *modular* approach to home heating. It lets you *take control* of your fuel usage all through your home, and could pay for itself in 3 years.

It's the 21st century approach to home heating—the efficient way to enjoy heat *where* you want it, *when* you want it, at less cost.

An LSC Modular Heating System™ can be configured in a wide range of combinations of components to fit any residential heating need.

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Based on a study of nearly 7,000 home heating situations, we can now compute for you the kind of fuel savings *you* can expect by applying the LSC concept in *your* home.

After we have estimated your savings, we will provide you with the names, addresses and phone numbers of LSC Modular Heating System™ retailers in your area. Using the data we have supplied you, the local LSC retailer you select can work directly with you to configure an LSC Modular Heating System™ custom tailored for maximum efficiency for your home.

So act now! To get us started working on your problem, with no obligation on your part, call us toll-free at

1-800-821-5950.

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Modular Heating Systems
P.O. Box 1760, Kansas City, MO 64141

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An LSC Modular Heating System applied in a recommended manner in Kansas City, Missouri, under average Kansas City weather conditions, using a Natural Gas forced air central heating system in a set-back mode, produces an **average[1] of 36.2% fuel cost savings. Savings will be greater in areas of more severe average weather conditions.*

[1]The average is based on savings calculated for small, medium and large one story and two story homes of below average, average and good construction and weatherization.

These facts are documented through an extensive study conducted for LSC, Inc. by an independent fully accredited engineering/energy management firm of national recognition.

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POST SCRIPTS

Presents of Mind?

Christmastime is when,
Toward the end of December,
We want people to forget our pasts,
But our presents to remember!

—Ruth M. Walsh

A Teen-age Doctor

You know you're a loser when you go to the skin doctor, and he has acne.

Late Date

Two little old ladies were talking. One said, "I'm having an affair," and the other one said, "Who's catering?"

Crime and Pun-ishment Dept., Cont'd

A group of kindergartners visited the local post office and viewed pictures of the ten most-wanted men. One child pointed to a picture and asked if that really was the photograph of the wanted person. "Yes," answered the guide.

"Well," inquired the youngster, "why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"

—Doris Dolphin

The Prodigal Father

"I'm looking for adventure, excitement, beautiful women, travel," exclaimed the young man to his father as he made ready to leave home. "Don't try to stop me; I'm off."

"Who's trying to stop you?" his father cried. "I want to go with you!"

—Bill Kreifeldt

Short Circuit

There was a female bionic,
Whose story is quite ironic.
When a robot kissed her,
It blew her transistor,
Now their love is just platonic.

—Ben Steedly Moore

Lion Eyes

As the climax to the exciting wild animal show, the lion trainer allowed his beautiful 20-year-old daughter to enter the cage and approach the biggest of the lions. The lion stood up on his hind legs, slowly embraced the girl with his forelegs, then gently nuzzled her and released her.

"Big deal!" a male spectator in the front row sneered loudly. "I could do that myself!"

Angered, the lion trainer faced him and yelled, "You want to try it? I'll open the cage for you right now!"

"Okay," the spectator yelled back, "but first, get that lion out of there!"

—Kenneth E. Hall

Sign Language

Sign in a loan-office window: "For the man who has everything but hasn't paid for it yet."

—Herm Albright

Penny for Your Prayers

A man heard the minister say that things were on a bigger, more magnificent scale with God. And what might seem a long interval of time, or an enormous amount to mortals, was as nothing to Him.

The man wasn't quite convinced, and decided to ask God about it.

"God, how long is a thousand years to You?" he asked.

"One second," answered God.

"How much is a million dollars to You?" asked the man.

"One penny," replied God.

The man pondered a while, then asked again. "Hey, God, could You please let me have a penny?"

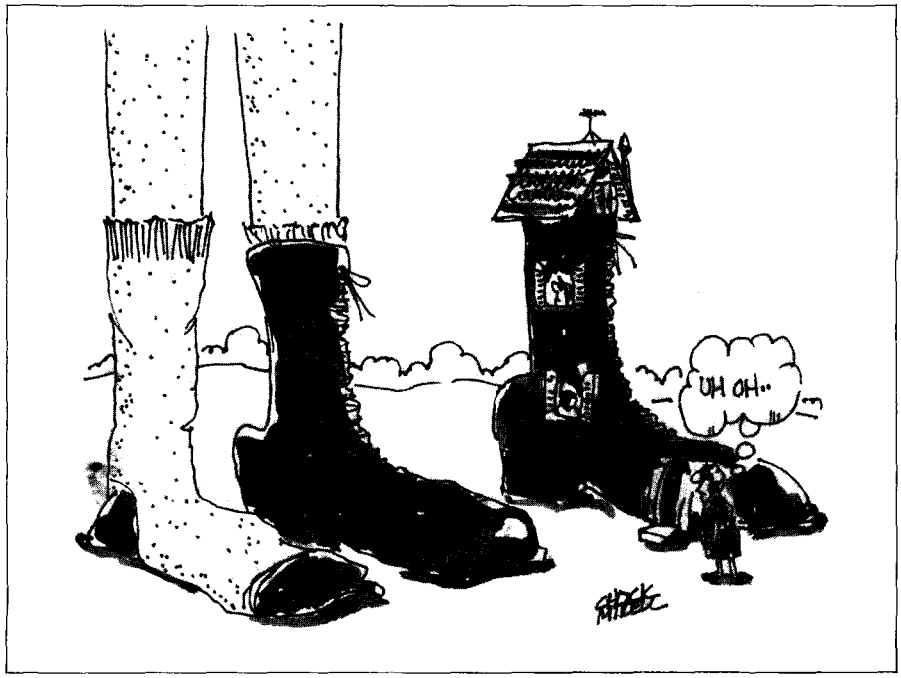
"I sure can," answered God. "But you'll have to wait a second."

—Opal Lucas

Saving Face

"I'm worried," Peter told a friend. "I just received a threatening letter from a guy who says if I don't stop running around with his wife, he'll blow my head off!"

"Well, for Pete's sake," re-



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sponded his companion, "all you have to do is stop running around with the guy's wife, and you'll have nothing to worry about."

"But how can I?" was the reply. "The dope forgot to sign his name to the letter!"

—E. L. Fredericksen

Running Cats of Imperialism

In a Moscow schoolroom, five-year-old Boris was asked to give an example of a dependent clause.

"Our cat just had a litter of six kittens," he replied, "all of which are good Communists."

The teacher was delighted with Boris' grasp of party line and grammar and told him to repeat his answer when the government inspector would visit next week.

The following week, with the inspector sternly observing, the teacher confidently called on Boris.

"Our cat has a litter of six kittens, all of which are good Western Republicans," answered Boris.

The teacher cried, "That's not what you said last week."

"Since last week they've opened their eyes," the youngster replied.

—Mrs. H.W. Walker

Cold Stare

Junior: "Dad, tell me, how can I tell if I am really in love with a girl?"

Dad: "If you find that you can look into a girl's eyes the way you look into the refrigerator, that's it."

—B. Bader

The More, the Merrier

A woman approached a gentleman she mistook for the department-store floor manager. "Would you wait on me?" she asked.

"I might as well, lady," he replied. "I'm already waiting on a wife and two daughters."

—Lawrence E. Miller, Sr.

Heightened Appreciation

A missionary couple who had been giving the Gospel to a remote tribe of one-time head hunters brought several converts back to the United States to give their testimony.

When the tribesmen landed in San Francisco, they were amazed at the commonplaces of our civilization: drinking fountains, escalators, automatic doors; but their enthusiasm for American culture took an unexpected turn when they viewed their first elevator. They watched an old lady get in and ascend. A few minutes later the elevator descended and a beautiful young woman got out.

Eyes bulging, one man turned to the others and exclaimed, "Ho! We must bring our wives here to ride in this machine."

—Mrs. Marjorie Zimmerman

Swinging Shingles

"What do you have?" the receptionist asked the man in the doctor's waiting room.

"Shingles," he said.

She gave him a medical record to fill out.

Later a nurse asked him: "What do you have?"

"Shingles."

She requested him to go into the examining room and undress.

Finally the doctor appeared, and asked: "What do you have?"

"Shingles."

"Where do you have them?"

"Out in the truck. Where do you want me to put them?"

—Rose Sands

A Notch Above

Two young matrons were discussing the number of women who seem to find older men attractive.

One of the women commented, "My grandfather was a perfect example of that. Women were crazy about him."

"Is that so?" asked the second. "And how did your grandfather feel about it—did he enjoy their attentions?"

"Well, not at first," was the reply, "but after a while it went to his head and he began to cut notches on his cane, one for every conquest. I'm sorry to say it killed him."

"How do you mean, that's what killed him?" her friend asked.

"You see," was the reply, "he made the mistake of leaning on his cane one day."

—Mr. Henry E. Leabo

Inspiration on the Links

A young man went to play a round of golf and was sent out with three priests. It was evident after the first two holes that the youngster was no golfer. The clergymen were very patient with him, however, as he thrashed all over the course.

Finally, after 122 strokes the young man sank his final putt. "That's it," he announced. "I'm giving up this game. I've been playing for three years, and I still haven't improved." With that, he threw his bag, clubs and all into a nearby lake. "Father," the lad said, "you three are terrific golfers, and I noticed that after every hole you all bowed your heads in prayer. Is that why you play so well?"

"No, my son," the cleric replied. "But you just answered our prayers."

—Charles T. Harrigan

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CRACKERS OVER PARROTS

It seems everyone wants to get one of these colorful birds and make it talk, especially customs agents, who want to find out how tens of thousands are smuggled into the U.S. yearly.

by Lynne Martin

When adventurous Jim Hawkins tried to sneak up on the pirates in *Treasure Island*, it was Long John Silver's nasty green parrot screeching "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" that gave away Jim's presence in the dark and led to his capture.

Many a caged Polly today "wants a cracker" in the same monotonous, loud, squawky voice that one ornithologist calls the most hideous of all the avian sounds. Parrots have passed canaries as the most popular cage bird and may now account for 75 percent of the half million birds imported legally into the United States each year—too many, according to conservationists who want to make the future of wild parrots secure.

Tens of thousands more are being smuggled in. During a recent airport inspection, a sharp-eared customs agent heard hiccups coming from a large crate. He opened the box, removed the false bottom and found a flock of parrots drugged with tequila. Other inspectors have intercepted small parrots stashed in automobile hubcaps; tucked, beaks taped, inside hair rollers and strapped to the legs of travelers.

The major incentive is cash. Conversational Amazon parrots that sold for $300 in 1974 now fetch as much as $900. Macaws may cost anywhere from $500 to the $30,000 paid not long ago for one rare hyacinth macaw from Brazil. As an investment, pet dealers say, macaws are better than diamonds because prices keep going up. The birds, as a result, have become the targets of profitable crime. Precious pets are kidnapped from suburban homes, and zoo and pet-store burglaries are on the rise.

Unfortunately, protective laws that certify a species as endangered —either by the raids of the pet trade or the loss of natural habitats to the spread of timbering, farming and industry—only cause some people to covet the creatures all the more.

In all parts of the world, illegal traffic is growing. Ironically, this development is cheered by conservationists. The spread of underground markets means that the larger, legal commerce is drying up. "It is clearly getting harder and harder to export endangered species," explained Nicole Duplaix, a member of Biologists for Traffic, a research group based in Washington, D.C., that monitors the flow of animals and plants. "The treaty is working."

The key agreement she referred to is the ten-year-old Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species. At their latest meeting in 1981, delegates from the 67 signatory countries provided greater protection to several hundred rare parrot species by banning their trade outright or restricting the trade to those thought to be less endangered. Moreover, a sharp shift toward policing imports was underscored by the Uruguayan delegate who said, "The onus is on the rich nations to check the illegal trade at their end, because relatively poor countries like Uruguay could not be expected to control their long and remote borders."

Will this toughened position boost domestic breeding of parrots, which is already a multimillion-dollar industry? Vast avicultural facilities in Texas and California produce parakeets and other popular parrots by the thousands for shipment to bird retailers throughout the country. But rarer birds like macaws are difficult to raise in captivity. The World Wildlife Fund in Washington, D.C., reports that in the last five years "there haven't been 100 macaws raised in captivity worldwide."

On the other hand, aviculturists have greater control over the health of home-bred birds. Parrot-lovers sustained a blow in the 1930s with the discovery that the birds suffered from a form of virus pneumonia. Called psittacosis after the scientific name for parrots, it could be transmitted to humans. Many countries stopped all imports of wild birds for some time. Nowadays we know that many species of birds are susceptible to "parrot fever," and the disease is properly called ornithosis after the scientific name for birds. Modern medicine and careful quarantine measures at import centers have eliminated this threat to pet birds and humans alike.

Another virus called Newcastle disease remains a health hazard,

Parrots may be costly and noisy, but the fad for feathered friends shows no sign of letting up.

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however. More than 6,300 infected pet birds had to be destroyed in the summer of 1980 at an import center in Miami because of an outbreak. Though affecting humans only mildly, the virus kills domestic poultry as well as pet birds if allowed to spread.

Captive-breeding research has helped unravel other mysteries too. Male and female parrots look so much alike they might as well be twins. Breeders had to scrutinize mating behavior, wait until one of the pair laid an egg, or take blood samples for sex-hormone analysis, which distresses the birds. Scientists at the San Diego Zoo found a quicker way. While both sexes have male and female hormones, each has greater amounts of those appropriate to its gender. The zoo's scientists discovered that these telltale hormones show up in bird droppings during the breeding season. Now, for a fee, zoo and private breeders can mail samples for a laboratory test and avoid time-consuming confusion of the sexes.

Parrots may be costly, confusing and the source of a great deal of noise, but the fad for feathered friends shows no sign of letting up. "They're so beautiful," says one Los Angeles woman with a Patagonian conure nesting in the master bedroom, cockatiels and lovebirds roosting in a spare bathroom and a yellow-naped, opera-singing Amazon parrot perching in a house plant in the living room.

"They entertain you, they lift you out of bad moods and you never have to walk them," asserts another of the 40 million people in the United States who keep birds in their homes and offices. Some parrots have rooms of their own with wall-to-wall carpeting and jungle-habitat wallpaper. Often, the television is left on to keep the birds company and encourage them to talk.

Catering to such privileged pets has spawned bird shops with names like Parrotdise and Parrot Jungle, where pets have access to beauty salons, charm schools and "hotel" facilities. Birds can be rented for television commercials and party decor. One popular pet shop charges a two-dollar fee just to look at the birds and hear what they have to say.

All 332 species of these birds belong to the order Psittaciformes, from the Latin word for parrot, *psittacus*. Three major families share this scientific classification: the parrots and parakeets (Psittacidae); the cockatoos and cockatiels (Cacatuidae); and the lories and lorikeets (Loriidae). Names like parakeet, cockatiel and lorikeet describe the comparatively smaller sizes of these birds.

Cockatoos, unlike other parrots, have a crest of long, pointed feathers they can raise or lower whenever they wish. Members of the lory family, which feed on soft fruits, flower nectar and pollen, bear odd-fringed tongues for lapping up their juicy morsels.

Parrots come in all sizes, shapes and colors. They range from the pygmy parrots of New Guinea, no bigger than sparrows, to the 40-inch macaws, found from tropical Mexico to Argentina, whose tails alone are two feet long. They vary from pudgy African lovebirds and stocky Amazons from Latin America to the slender lories and wildly crested cockatoos native to Pacific islands and Australia.

Usually their bodies are a solid green, red, yellow, white or black with contrasting feathers on the head, wings and tail. Their rather skimpy plumage has powder downs scattered all through it. These fluffy feathers continually crumble into a fine powder used by the birds to clean and polish their plumage.

For all their differences, all parrots have down-curved, hooked bills. The nostrils at the base of the bills are set in a soft membrane called the cere, and the smallish eyes are surrounded by bare skin. Macaws as well as cockatoos have naked faces, and they blush when they get excited.

All parrots also have strong, scaly feet, displaying two toes in front and two behind, with a claw at each tip. Using both feet and beaks as grasping tools, they climb better than any other bird. Nor does any other bird hold food in one foot to take bites, much as we would munch on a sandwich. Like people, parrots tend to be right- or left-handed.

Food can be swiveled skillfully between the muscular tongue and the upper beak, hinged to the skull. With the help of the short, stout

Shepherd Quality

Famous Shepherd ball casters make furniture so light on its feet you can push it around with one hand.

Available wherever hardware is sold.
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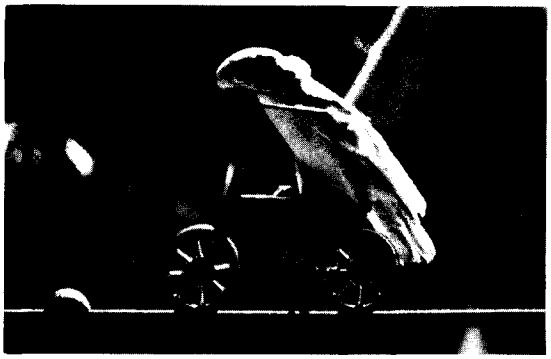
lower beak, a parrot can clasp the slipperiest grape or grip and crack hard-shelled nuts that a human has trouble breaking with a rock. At a London zoo, youngsters equipped with nutcrackers regularly compete with macaws to see which can shell tough Brazil nuts faster. The birds beat the boys and girls every time.

Once parrots, whose ancestors go back 15 million years, made their homes in areas north of the present tropics. Fossils have been unearthed in England, France and Germany. The Carolina parakeet, exterminated early in the 20th century, used to live as far north as the Great Lakes in the United States.



U.S. pet owners rarely see the noble aspect of these birds in flight; parrots in captivity resort to alternative means of transportation.

Today parrots can be found in all tropical lands, mainly in the Southern Hemisphere. South America is home to most; Africa and Asia have the least. That other great stronghold of the parrot, Australia, has many types living in a variety of habitats.

Most parrots live, feed and nest in the treetops of hot, wet, lowland forests. But when people farm the fruits, nuts and grains that parrots favor, the birds in flocks become destructive pests.

From late afternoon to nightfall, hundreds of parrots join flocks in a special forest place called a roost. Pairs and families perch side by side and fill the branches of tall trees. But before they rest for the night, they romp for a while. Screeching incessantly, the parrots chase falling leaves and swing on vines. They flap their wings while dangling topsy-turvy, sometimes holding the vine by only one foot.

Many parrots raise their young in natural cavities in old or dying trees. Some use ground burrows or rock crevices, and three small Australian species dig their nests in occupied termite mounds without being bothered by the insects.

Unlike all other parrots, the monk parakeet of Argentina nests colonially. In structures built of twigs, each pair have a private entrance and compartment to rear their own brood. All the birds keep patching the already huge nest with twigs until some reach a weight of 500 pounds or so and collapse. These oversized nests have been turning up on telephone poles in Disneyland, California, and in trees 20 feet above the snow-covered winter landscape of Manhattan's Central Park.

When parrots escape from homes or from damaged crates at import centers, most do not survive in cold climates. Yet the monk parakeets, whose gray head and breast against a green body give them their name, seem to be thriving on the loose in the United States. Over the last decade, flocks have been seen in a dozen states. They do not seem to mind the severe winters in some areas and help themselves to farm and orchard crops or meals at suburban bird feeders in others.

During courtship, the look-alike sexes perform pair-bond rituals. Dancing, bobbing, swaying and wing-flapping are all indications of the mating ceremony. They feed each other as if they were babies. When they rub bills, mating takes place. Being monogamous, parrots stay with one mate year after year, perhaps for life. Such a pair will exchange specific calls by which they know each other. As a sign of affection, they groom each other's feathers to tidy and rid them of lice and other parasites. They cuddle while perching and fly together.

Parrot eggs are round, immaculately white and glossy. A clutch will contain one to ten eggs. Larger parrots produce fewer, bigger eggs compared to the more numerous eggs of the smallest parrots, which measure the size of M&M® candies. The hen incubates the eggs, and the cock busies himself feeding and guarding her while she keeps the eggs warm. In three to five weeks, the chicks hatch blind, helpless and naked, but they soon sprout a coat of fluffy down. Both parents produce a thick, nutritious "milk" from the crop (a pouchlike part of the digestive tube) to feed the young.

Although Australian parakeets, or budgerigars, can breed when only two months old, large parrot fledglings mature slowly. They may stay within the family group for three to four years before they begin to reproduce.

No one knows how long parrots live in the wild. Parrots have thrived in zoos for 50 years. Budgerigars may live 15 years with good care, though the larger parrots usually have a much longer life span.

Many parrots seem able to relate affectionately to humans as well as to one another. In the wild, pairs, families and flocks stay together over long periods of time. They keep these relationships close by regular calling back and forth in loud and piercing voices—an effective form of communication in dense forests.

Yet what fascinates people about pet parrots is their ability to mimic sounds, words and phrases. Konrad Lorenz, the famous Austrian ethologist who lived with and studied many talking birds, concluded that pet birds think they are part of the family. They cleverly mimic our human "calls" just as they learn the sounds of their kind in the wild.

As young parrots become tame, their personalities emerge as distinctly as children's. They are observant, possess excellent memories and can become quite attached to their human owners. One tame macaw was so at home that he usually perched on the toe of his owner's shoe as he rocked in a chair. And when the man was absorbed in reading, the macaw liked to slip into his lap, resting its head on the man's shoulder like a baby being burped.

Pet parrots, however, can also be mischievous, stubborn, very noisy, jealous and even aggressive. Some may be partial to women and peck at the ears and necks of men, or vice versa. Favored birds that they are, there is little doubt that parrots play the game of favorites, too.

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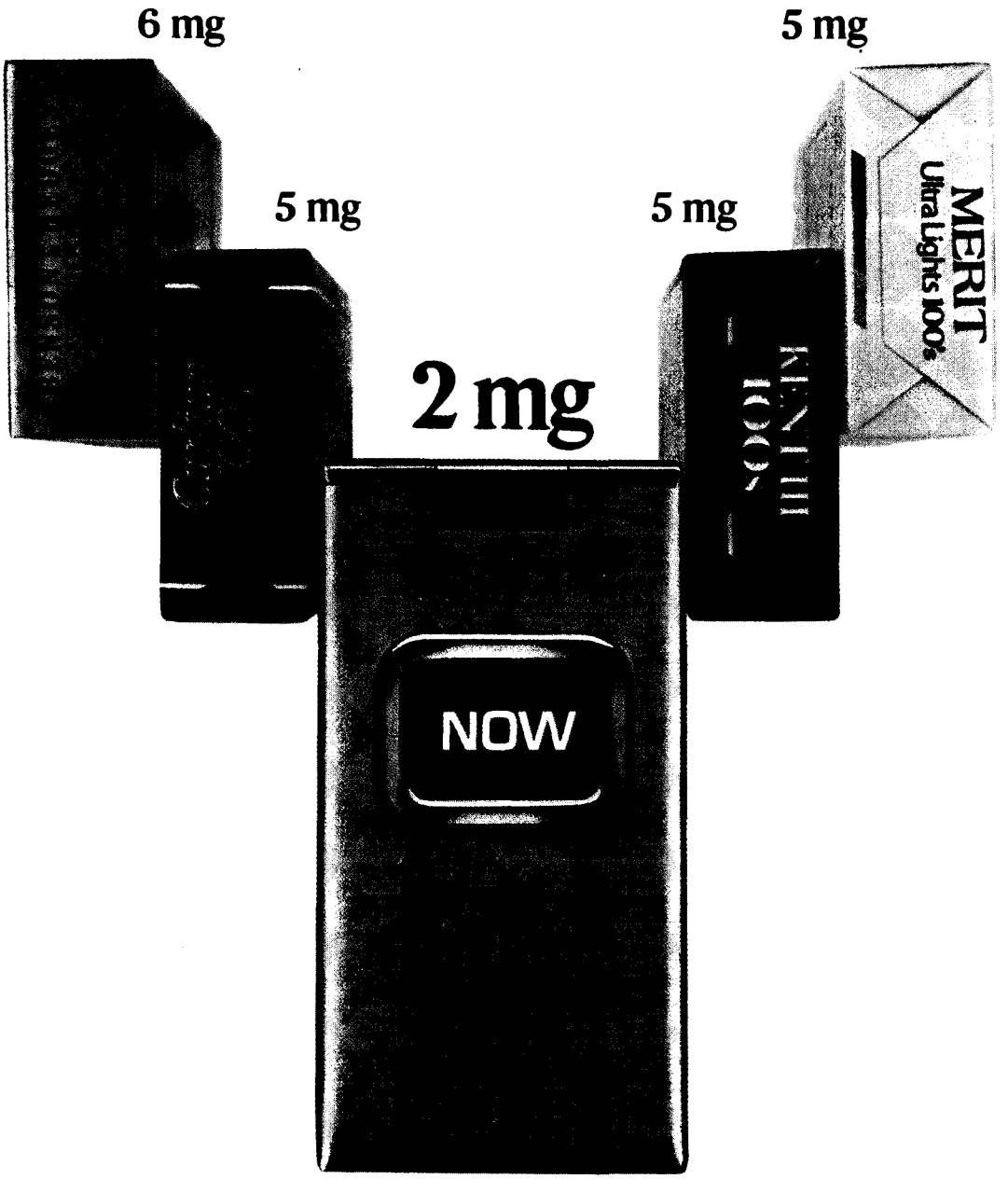

Nobody does it lower.

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Book Review

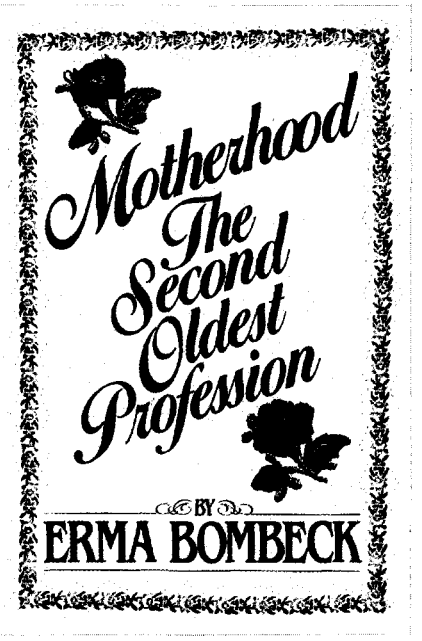
MOTHERHOOD: NO KIDDING

It may not be quite the oldest profession, says motherhood expert Erma Bombeck, but it's "the biggest on-the-job training program in existence."

If Ella Wheeler Wilcox was right —"Laugh and the world laughs with you"—the world will be laughing this holiday about Erma Bombeck's latest literary bombshell of belly laughs, *Motherhood: The Second Oldest Profession*.

In fact, there's a chance your ribs will be out of alignment by the time you get through the introduction, where this mother of three explains that she was lucky to come to motherhood with some experience, having had a Yorkshire terrier for three years. That is why, at ten months, she explains, her children could stay and heel. At a year, they could catch a Frisbee in their teeth in midair. At 15 months, after having their noses rubbed in it and being put outside, they were paper trained.

She writes of mothers who give standing ovations to bowel movements. Of other mothers who reserve their excitement for an affair. Of still other mothers with so much guilt they can't eat a breath mint without sharing it. And, with no sympathy for your poor suffering ribs, contrasts these mothers with the kind who feels nothing when she tells a kid his entire pillowcase of



Motherhood: The Second Oldest Profession, by Erma Bombeck (177 pages, $12.95), McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1983.

Halloween candy got ants in it. . . and then eats it all herself.

Because of the season, you may be tempted, as we were, to turn past tantalizing chapter titles such as "Two Be or Not Two Be," "If You Can't Stand the Heat. . .Turn Off the Stove" and "Don't You Dare Bleed on Mom's Breakfast" and settle down with Chapter 39, "The Spirit of Christmas. . .and Other Expenses." But once you get up off the floor, we guarantee you'll hurry back to the beginning.

Even if you happen to be a father, it's hard to not relate to the mother whose child wants a game for Christmas. Not just any old game, but the game, as author Bombeck learns, "for which demand exceeds supply by about 355,000." Every kid in town has one on his list because "the game is touted on television, beginning in June, with the approach that if it is not under your tree on Christmas Day, you are an unfit parent, and your child will grow up to rob convenience stores wearing pantyhose over his face."

And so the search for the game that Bombeck, to avoid a lawsuit, chooses to call "Humiliation" is on.

"By October," she writes, "every store in your area is sold out of Humiliation, with no hope of getting a new order in. But the television teasers go on, showing a typical American family with Mom, Dad, and 2.5 children sitting around a table playing Humiliation until they pass out from joy.

"Forget baking fruitcake, buying a Christmas tree, entertaining with wassail, caroling, sending out Christmas cards or decorating the house. Every morning, as soon as the alarm goes off, your feet touch the floor and you give the battle cry, 'Find Humiliation today!' "

We could leave you in suspense right here. But this being the season to be jolly, we'll go on. By November, the poor mother has driven 1,800 miles in search of the game, following tips from friends that a discount house in the northern part of the state has two left or a toy dealer has one under the counter that is damaged but negotiable. Or that "several times you are tempted to get a game that is a ripoff of Humiliation, like Mortify or Family Conceit, but you know in your heart it wouldn't be the same."

Then at last, "if you're lucky (?), just before Christmas you race a little old grandmother to the counter and snatch the last Humiliation game on earth from her fingers, buy batteries and put it under the tree."

The climax is typical Bombeck. If you have read any of her six previous books—and who hasn't?—you have already guessed. But guessing the finish of this one hilarious chapter among the 42—and reading it as only Bombeck can write it is, as Mark Twain said about the right word and the almost right word, as different as lightning and the light-

continued on page 100

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.
2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.
3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

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2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Thailand ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land ☐ Dominican Republic

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

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THE LUSTER OF MARTIN SHEEN

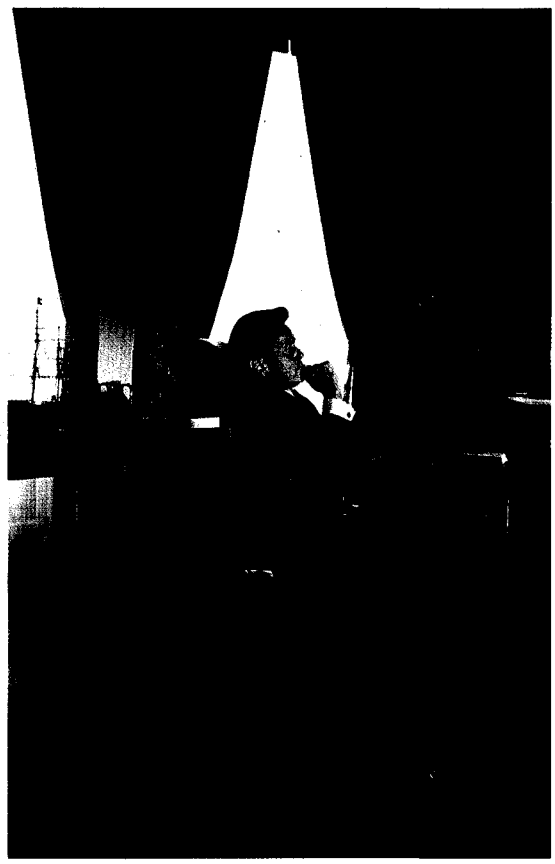
The long road to recognition has not been without its detours and chuckholes for this star of Apocalypse Now *and* Kennedy, *the seven-hour mini-series on NBC-TV.*

by Audrey T. Hingley

Should you miss the opening-night introductions when NBC's seven-hour miniseries, *Kennedy*, comes to TV (November 20-22), chances are you'll be asking yourself, "Where have I seen that actor before? On the New York stage? Didn't he play a role in 'The Defenders'? Or was it 'Medical Center'? Maybe 'Route 66.' 'Mannix'? Wait, he was in the movies! *Badlands*. Or was he Captain Willard in *Apocalypse Now*? The American reporter in *Gandhi*?"

The truth is, you would be right on all counts. For all of the varied vehicles in his acting career, Martin Sheen's face is still more familiar than his name.

We catch up with this fast-paced, nonstop-talking actor—where else, but at work. It's a sweltering day in Richmond, Virginia, where the cast and crew are spending seven weeks filming segments of *Kennedy*. Walking slowly along the line of townspeople recruited as extras, Sheen smiles warmly in response to requests for autographs, hugs and photographs. His gracious compliance and good humor, reflected in the laughter of the crowd, takes up valuable production time. But he seems to relish the procedure. The crowd certainly does.



Martin Sheen is no stranger to the Oval Office scene, having played Bobby Kennedy before being promoted to president in the *Kennedy* mini-series.

Sheen is an "actor's actor," that breed of performer who turns in memorable performances time after time, but has yet to be tagged a "star" in the hyped, promotional sense. His career, spanning more than 20 years, began in the New York theater, moved to numerous episodic TV roles ("The Defenders," "Medical Center," "Route 66," "Mannix" and even a running part on the soap opera "As The World Turns") and then on to TV movies and theatrical releases. He has played a Kennedy before; in the 1974 TV miniseries about the Cuban missile crisis, he portrayed then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. He was most widely acclaimed for his starring role in *Apocalypse Now* as Willard, the officer ordered to "terminate" Kurtz, a Green Beret colonel who has gone mad and set up a renegade army in Cambodia.

Apocalypse Now, released in 1979, was the turning point in Sheen's life, both professionally and personally. The character of Willard required an intensity that drained Sheen both emotionally and physically. The stress culminated in a near fatal heart attack during filming in the Philippines. He was even given last rites by a local priest, and it's still a period he finds difficult to talk about.

"The experience of making *Apocalypse* helped me to really see my family and really appreciate who they are," Sheen recalls in a quiet corner of the set. "They became the first priority. I remember being wheeled down that corridor in Manila, half-dead, and the most lovely face appeared over me, bent down and whispered in my ear, 'It's only a movie, babe!' It was my wife, Janet. I started to get well at that moment.

"Making that movie changed the whole direction of my life," he continues. "Not only my acting career. I shifted into a whole different direction, because up until that point, that was what was important to me—my career. But when we learn how vulnerable we are, then we know we are *not* our careers; our careers are a projection of our egos, really. We're not our careers any more than we are our hair, clothes or whatever. Who we really are is something far more substantial than an image. So my career was relegat-

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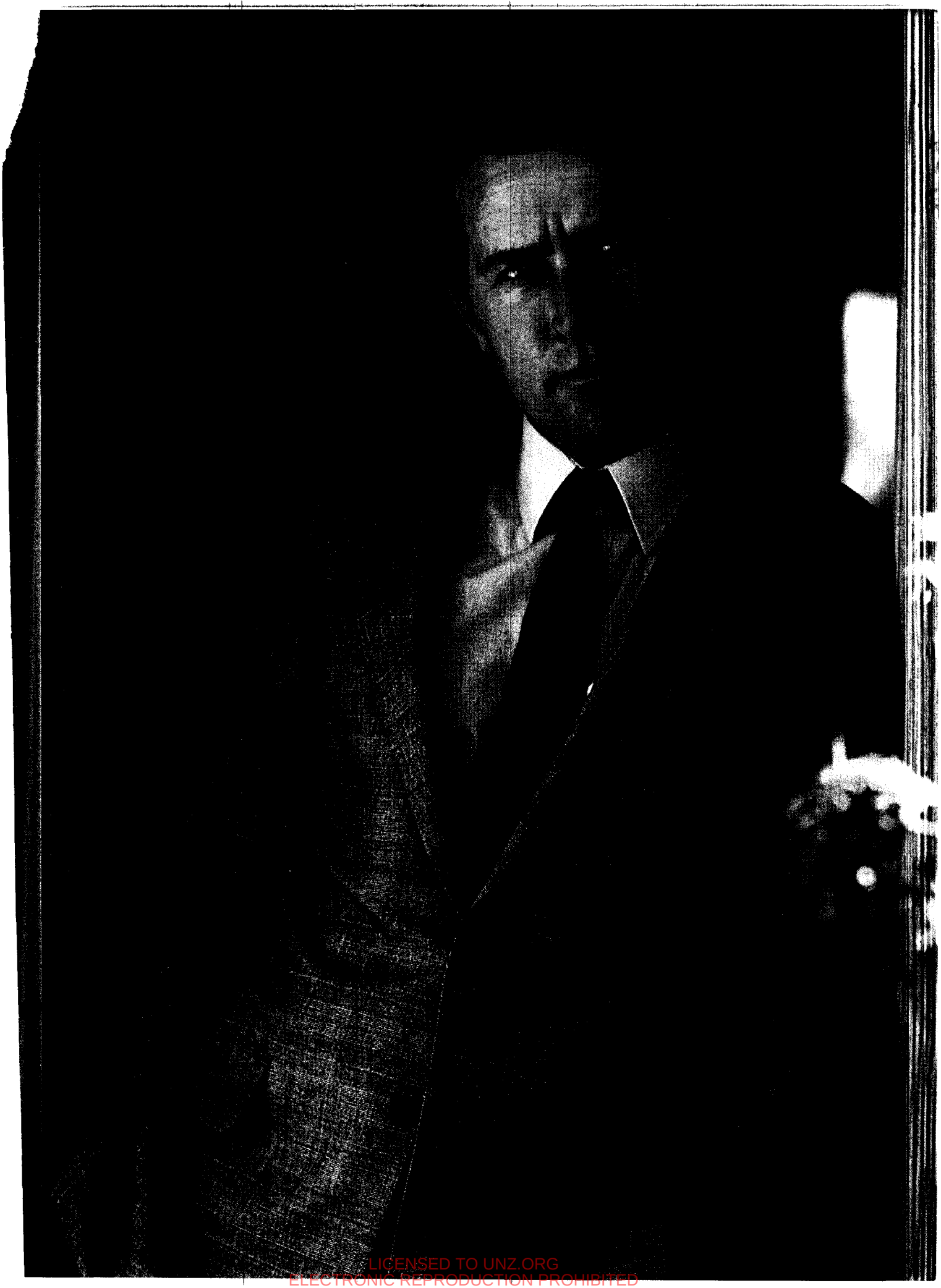

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The abundance of Kennedys and Kennedy offspring calls for a rather sizable cast of characters. Among them are Blair Brown as Jackie Kennedy, Academy Award winner Geraldine Fitzgerald as Rose and John Shea as Robert Kennedy.

ed to its proper place, and as a result, I have a lot more fun with it."

Sheen also says he has refused to do any violent roles, "at least since *Apocalypse*."

"I have been very fortunate that I could reject any violent parts," he notes. "I'm not at all interested in violence, and I have maintained that. I don't think it's a good idea for me to do it, and I have no intentions of ever doing it again."

Although *Apocalypse Now* was a turning point, Sheen's deep family and religious roots have surely played a part in shaping his life and character. Ramon Estavez, born 44 years ago in Dayton, Ohio, was one of ten surviving children (his mother had 12 pregnancies) born to a Spanish father and an Irish mother. The family numbered nine boys and one girl; Sheen is the seventh son. The children grew up in a three-bedroom house sleeping two to a bed.

Both parents were deeply religious Catholics, and when Sheen's mother died when he was 11, the church helped keep the family intact. Somehow the elder Estavez and the church's influence held the family together, despite talk of orphanages and foster homes.

"I was an altar boy for nine, maybe ten years," Sheen recalls. "I can't think of any one of us that wasn't interested in the religious life."

Childhood held little time for fun; all the children worked. His first job, at age nine, as a golf caddy, he approached with determination. His early experiences provided him with empathy for the underdog, a solid value system and religious convictions that have remained constant over the years.

When he was 17, young Estavez won a local talent show by reading from the Book of Genesis. First prize was a trip to New York, where he first learned he wanted to become an actor. There was no turning back.

His acting aspirations disappointed his father, who wanted him to attend the University of Dayton. But a young hometown priest, Father Alfred Drapp, whom Sheen credits as being "most influential and instrumental in my becoming an actor," intervened on his behalf and even loaned him money to get started in New York after he completed high school.

To prevent typecasting, Ramon Estavez became Martin Sheen; the last name was borrowed from Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, a man he admired; the first name, Martin, "just seemed to go with it," he says.

He settled into life in the big city, taking a night job as a stock boy and spending his days auditioning for acting roles. He landed his first TV role in 1963, made his Broadway debut in 1964 and, later in the same year, received a Tony Award nomination for the play *The Subject Was Roses*. Along the way, he married Janet, an art student he met in New York, started a family and moved into more TV and film roles.

Sheen is overtly proud of his children—Emilio, 21; Ramon, 20; Carlos, 18; and Renee, 16.

"Emilio, the oldest: He's an actor! I thought he was in med school for a while, and I went to the movies one night and saw him, I thought it was me, younger!" he laughs heartily.

"Emilio uses his real name. I use mine, too, actually, but not professionally," he adds.

"And Ramon; now Ramon does a lot of things, none of which I approve!" jokes Sheen. "He is one of the dearest human beings I know, though he's not quite settled on what his interests are professionally.

"Carlos is one of the most extraordinary young people I know; I can't figure him out," Sheen muses. "He is very charming, a very handsome boy, and a terrific athlete. He is absolutely, totally, independent. He has been all of his life. He questions everybody."

Renee, who like most teenagers would probably be horrified to hear her father call her "my baby girl," has long, light brown hair and bears a striking resemblance to her father. She has been visiting the *Kennedy* set in Virginia from the Sheen home in Malibu. They can be seen between takes walking arm-in-arm, heads bent close together, laughing and talking.

"She's a terrific equestrian; she's won several state amateur titles in her class and division," Sheen says proudly. "She's been riding since she was about seven. I think she wants to write. She has a real gift for writing, both poetry and prose."

He suddenly pauses, thoughtful, then breaks into a wide grin.

"These four people are my closest friends; I love the idea of just their presence in the world! Even if they weren't mine, I'd be attracted to them. I adore them all, individually and as a group. They are the greatest blessing you could ever wish for."

After his heart attack, Sheen was advised to quit smoking. "I do have a somewhat limited diet now," he says. He is not a large man—he stands 5 '8" and weighs 151 pounds. At one time, he ran six miles and did 500 sit-ups and 500 push-ups daily.

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This regimen has since been replaced by yoga.

"I used to do yoga on the set, on my lunch hour, but it was difficult because I sweat so much and my hair would be in a different configuration by the time I finished," he says with a laugh. "So now I confine it to my hotel room when I'm on location. My wife got me involved with it. I usually do about an hour and 15 minutes of exercises daily."

Does he notice a difference if he misses a day?

"Oh yeah," he grins. "I hardly feel awake!"

When lunch is served during our interview, it's simple fare: white turkey breast piled atop whole-wheat bread with lettuce and tomato. Suddenly a tiny plastic bag appears by his side.

"This is my real lunch!" he grins, opening the plastic pouch. "Vitamins and food supplements. Let's see, we have A, B, E, amino acid . . . ." He nods in the direction of actor Joe Lowry, who plays presidential aide Dave Powers in *Kennedy*. "Joe knows them all and what they do—he's amazing! Every week, we set them all out on the floor and fill up these little bags for the week."

For many years, Sheen has been involved in causes, among them the Special Olympics. A man of intense feelings, he is suddenly shy when asked about his participation.

"Every year the California Special Olympics has a gathering in June," he says. "For that state and region, the UCLA athletic field in Los Angeles is used. I guess with me it goes back, oh, 12 years ago when I was first asked to participate. I've never been to the national competition, but if I'm in Los Angeles when it's happening, I always go to the state competition."

While he extols the virtues of competition in business, politics or athletics, he eschews acting awards. Nominated four times for Emmys, once for a Tony and once for a Golden Globe Award, he withdrew his name in all cases.

"Competition in the arts is, I think, really at odds with what you're trying to do," he believes. "It takes a group of people, a community of people, to present anything in the performing arts. You can't do it on your own. I think picking out specific people really divides them from the effort it takes to be successful."

Sheen admits to working hard; what does he do with his time off?

"A day when I don't have to work—that's very rare!" he declares. "When I'm not working as an actor, I'm working around the house, because it seems like we've been re-doing our house for the last four or five years. I don't know; it's never the same; there's just no routine. I wish there were a routine, but there never has been!"

His latest full-time effort has been preparing for his role in *Kennedy,* the first major British production purchased by an American network. Sheen says he did not want to play President Kennedy at first.

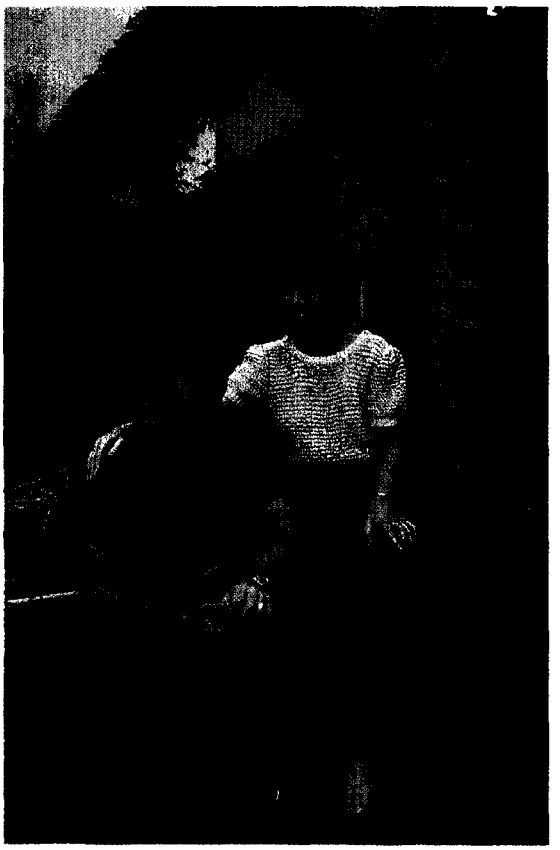
"My own personal feeling was that I was hopelessly inadequate; I didn't feel I could do it," he explains. "I wasn't sure that *anyone* could. When I decided to do it, one of the motivating factors was a conversation I had with my wife. It was in the middle of negotiations, and she mentioned that it was a very good thing that I was playing him, because I loved him. And if by my playing him, it prevented someone from playing him that did not love him, then it was a good thing to do."

Sheen said Eunice Kennedy Shriver, whom he has known for many years, recommended that he read *Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye*—which he did. Sheen was often observed walking around the set with a portable cassette player, listening to JFK's speeches and trying to imitate the Kennedy speech patterns.

There was some controversy about how the film should treat JFK's reported womanizing. Reg Gadney, who authored the screenplay, said, "The point about Kennedy was that he was an attractive man who liked pretty women." Director Jim Goddard also noted, "We would be naive to leave it out," but added, "Kennedy embodied the hope of a whole generation. He was an exceptional politician because he really seemed to be able to use power to make things change."

Sheen is defensive about the controversy. "Who knows how much of it is true?" he responds. "How much of it is fantasy? He made an invaluable contribution; he was an inspiration—certainly a lot of young people are in public life today because of him. I think the rest has to be considered in *that* light."

A nonstop talker, Sheen's tempo accelerates when he's discussing entertainment. He laments that the crew has had little time for after-work fun while in Richmond, but they did get out one night to see a local black gospel ensemble, Larry Bland & The Volunteer Choir. "They were so inspiriting!" he exclaims. "The best choir I have ever heard!" He wants to go on, but our conversation is suddenly cut short—it's time for Sheen to retire to his room and go over his lines for the next scene. He makes a gracious exit. Martin Sheen's energies have shifted from interviewing to filmmaking, but the good feelings exuded by this man, this actor not a "star," remain.



The actor finds his true joy in his family—three sons, a daughter and wife Janet, who put him on the road to recovery after his heart attack.

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THE CHRISTMAS LIE

She hadn't told the truth, and now she would bring shame on all her family.

by Dorothy Thomas

It was the last day of school before the Christmas holidays, and I, because I was only recently recovered from a weeks-long bout with tonsillitis and wearied on the walk home in the Alberta cold, rode with the Bunny children in their cutter, and so got myself into a world of trouble.

I found it very pleasant riding with Madge and Ben behind the foal-heavy cayuse they were let drive to school. It was good to glide effortlessly along, the buffalo robe they had brought from the States tucked around us, and look on the wall of timber to either side of the line our sleigh trail followed, and listen to rhythmed bell and hoof. I was ready to fall asleep when the thought of Christmas came to me and I asked suddenly, "What are you having for Christmas dinner?"

The Bunny homestead was in the long Battle Lake valley, and they had wide, sloping gardens in summer, and a cave for storing food, a much larger meat house than ours, and they butchered more often from an ampler herd. Madge, a literal-minded but kindly child, told me of the dinner plans in detail, and my mouth watered, listening. When she finished with "squash pie and whipped cream, and walnuts from our folks in Missouri," I, who could barely remember such meals from the past that was Kansas, burst out, "Oh, I wish I could be there!"

A brief silence followed my cry, and in it I counted the hoofbeats and reminded myself that at nine I was too big a girl to be bidding for an invitation, and blessed my luck in there being no brother or sister by to go home and tell on me.

"Come on, Babe," Ben said to the mare and gently touched her with the whip tip. "Sky looks like more cold." I wondered whether they were thinking what being led into politely asking me to dinner would entail—that it would mean asking my eight brothers and sisters and my parents as well.

"I wish that you could come," Madge said kindly.

Ben began to draw on the reins toward stopping the mare and letting me out at my corner for the quarter-mile walk home alone, through the timber.

The dinner pails were handed me to carry. I clamped a mittened hand about the bail of each, waved them good-bye and stood to watch them over the nearest knoll and turned toward home. There was a wind-swept treeless strip before I came to the rise that ran down to the timber edge. I left the heavier of the pails on a stump beside the trail, where it would not be missed by the others when they came along, and whispering a prayerful charm to ward off wolves, went on. To jog, as did the others, jarred my throat. I had found a hurt-saving gait of my own that did not let me lag behind and kept my feet from getting too cold—a gentle prance. My moccasined feet made only the slightest sound on the icy runner path. To myself I recalled the Bunny Christmas-dinner menu, improving on it somewhat by adding

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my favorites of the preserves and pickles I knew were on the Bunny pantry shelves. I was not a child to eat much, for eating, like talking, was doubtfully worth the discomfort it cost, but I liked to think about food.

When the light from the clearing shone through the latticed slits between pine and spruce, I began to chant aloud. There, where a cry could summon Rats, our dog, nothing could harm me.

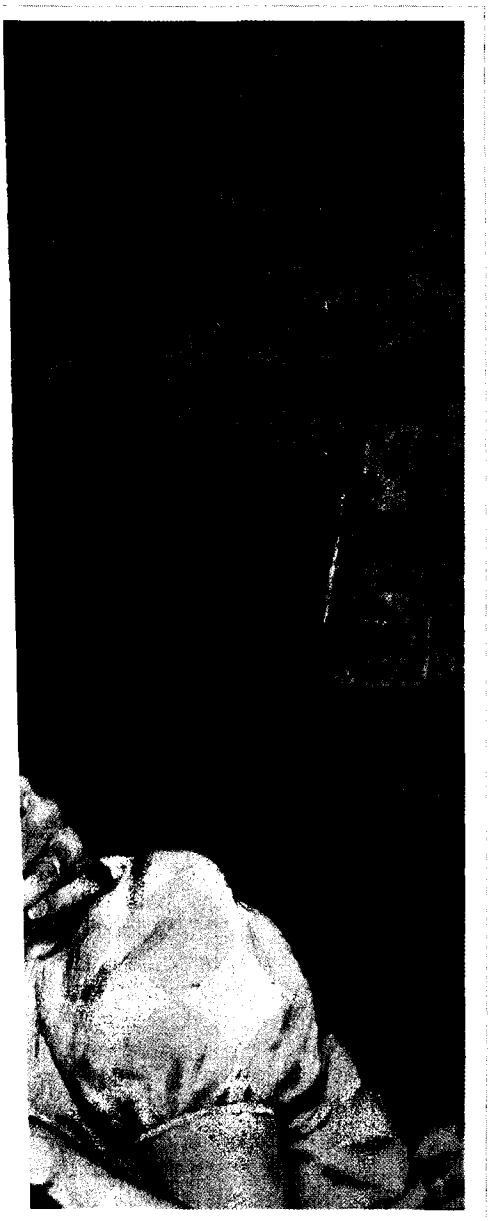
As always, my heart lifted when I saw the low log house and the smoke rising from the pipe at the end of the snow-laden roof. I passed under the moose horn and along the snow-walled canyon to the door and went in. My mother looked up from her knitting, smiled and said, "Hang your mittens and oversocks on the line and put on dry moccasins. Don't wake the baby." I waited for her to ask why I had come in alone and whether my throat hurt, but she went on counting stitches with so purposed a calm that I knew she was working on someone's Christmas present.

When I had changed my moccasins I went to look at my sleeping little brother. He lay under a folded blanket on a lower bunk. His hands were curled in dainty fists beside his golden head. His black lashes lay long on his cheeks. I carefully lifted the blanket and crept in beside him, not quite touching him, to spare him my outdoor coldness, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the others were home, laughing and talking, and mother was getting supper. The baby was with them.

"Wake up, lazybones!" someone called to me when I sat up. My elder sister had set the lamp on the table and its light glowed on her braid-crowned, amber hair and in her hazel eyes. She smiled at me and asked, "Was it fun, riding with the Bunnys?"

Mother was smiling at me, wanting to do something for this slightest, thinnest, least useful of her children.



I knew that Ben would much have preferred my sister in my place. He blushed sometimes when the children at school teased him about her, but she was too shy and too sturdy and kind ever to have left the younger ones to walk alone. Often she carried the youngest one pickaback for better than half the way.

"Did you sleep in the cutter too?" a brother teased. "You sleep half the time."

"No, we talked," I said.

"So? What did you talk about?"

He was ribbing me. Always it hurt my throat to talk, and only having a very good story to tell made it worthwhile. "We talked about Christmas," I said, and then, to my amazement and theirs, "They want me to come for Christmas dinner."

"You?" a brother asked. "Just you?"

I considered his question and a suitable answer while they all looked at me. I found it impossible to own, at once, that I had all but asked myself, and that Madge's invitation was a purely rhetorical one.

I swallowed and said, "They want us all to come."

I waited for someone to say, "Here, now! Of course, they don't! Just what did they say?" and break me down. Was I not a child given to sudden fantasies after long silences?

My mother turned from the breadboard where she was cutting out biscuits with an empty baking-powder can to say happily, "I only wish they had told us, asked us sooner. There will be so much to do, to get you all ready. I'll need to wash and iron, do a lot of baking, and wash your hair." She cut the remaining biscuits with a flourish, set the can down and pressed her floury hands together—very nearly, she clapped them. She smiled, and looked very pretty and young enough to be one of us rather than the mother of the nine of us. "Last year the Hagens asked us, and now the Bunnys! It will be more like Christmas!" Her dark eyes shone with Kansas joy.

All the year long we had remembered, retold those two wonderful days and nights of the Hagens', and relived the brightness of their Scandinavian Christmas. Having enjoyed that holiday largess, why should an invitation by the Bunnys be cause for doubts and questionings now? They all—and first and most happily my mother—gladly joined me in wishful thinking. Along with my dread of the web I should likely have to weave if I did not quickly find the courage to own I was fabricating, I felt a tender pity for them and especially for my mother—for so many months at a time she did not leave the clearing.

Mother looked to see that Maud, our cat, was not sleeping on drying mittens in the oven, and slid the big pan of biscuits in. She straightened up and looked at me seriously, and I thought, half in dread, half in hope, *Now it occurs to her that I made this up. She will ask, "Is this true?" and I will tell her it isn't, and I must brace myself to weather the family derision, and it will be over at last.*

Instead, she said, "You, child, must have a new dress. You were sick when I made the other girls' dresses and I put your dress lengths away. Which do you want, the red or the brown?"

Mother was smiling at me, trusting, happy, wanting to do something for this slightest, thinnest, least useful of her children. I looked toward the door. If only my father

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would come in quickly! He would understand, surely, that I'd got myself into a fix, and help me. But the door stayed closed, the latch unmoving. "Well, which?" mother asked, with her not unkind impatience.

"The red," I whispered.

"The red it will be," mother said, "I'll cut it out after supper. . . . Boys, tomorrow you must go out and shoot partridges for some big partridge pies. I'll make light rolls. I am so glad I saved enough of the raspberries for some tarts. Tonight, bring in snow to melt, so that I can wash in the morning. Now go to the barn and tell papa! We'll have supper as soon as the biscuits are done!"

"We'll have our own Christmas here Christmas Eve, won't we?" someone asked mother.

"Yes, of course," mother said, and exchanged glances with my older sister, who was her confidante and, we little ones knew, shared the holiday secrets with her.

When father came in, he said, "So, we're asked out to Christmas dinner!"

"Yes," mother said. "Likely there will be a letter, when you go for the mail tomorrow."

"I doubt it," father said. "Mrs. Bunny is not of epistolary bent. . . . Boys, which shall it be tonight, history or algebra?" Father was giving a high-school course to his older sons, and each night after supper the table was cleared and under the hanging lamp father had made, they worked together or we all listened while he read aloud to us, then questioned the boys.

"I'll need the table to cut out a dress for this girl," mother said. "You'd better read aloud, if you will."

In my place at table, between my two oldest brothers, I bowed my head for the blessing and felt that deep unworthiness that was to grow, with each prayer raised, from the meal onward toward Christmas.

I waited to see which of the books father would choose from the shelf above the window and was somewhat disappointed when he took down *Ivanhoe*. The people of Scott's stories were so undaunted and husky—men of deeds and few but honest words, but also long in the telling!

I fell asleep and was dreamily grateful when my eldest brother lifted me in his arms, carried me to my bunk, that I shared with my two sisters, undressed me and got me into my gown and tucked the covers about me. In bed I strained to listen and heard " 'Only a change of raiment, only a change of raiment,' the old man said." The words struck me as terribly sad. Tears came to my eyes, and weeping for beautiful Rebecca's father, in his fear and perfidy, I fell asleep.

I woke to hear Rats barking his particular bark that went with the rifle and shotgun being taken down from their pegs above the door; my brothers were going out to shoot partridges. My younger sister was setting the breakfast table, and already my older sister was taking her turn at the steaming tub of wash water, rubbing clothes on the board to help mother get the washing done and onto the lines that were strung overhead.

When she is pinning up the hem of my dress, I shall tell mamma, *I deceived myself.*

Little was expected of me at that time in my growing. I was not strong enough to carry in wood or water. I could not even feed the hens: the rooster chased me. He had chased my younger sister, too, when he was first brought home to shepherd our little flock, but she fought with him with a birch switch and vanquished him, and was paid a thin Canadian dime for her courage. After that he prudently looked the other way and let her pass. Once I thought to fool him by wearing her coat, but he found me out, and with head lowered and neck ruffled, he ran at me. I stood, paralyzed with fear, my hands over my face, until brother's arms lifted me high and set me on a shoulder, where I buried my face in a sheepskin cap, and from that vantage peeked to see the rooster lifted by a shoepack kick and sent, squawking, over the jack-pine stump.

I was good for nothing but to set the table or mind the babies. A hewer of wood and drawer of water I never became. The youngest of my four older brothers more than a little resented this partiality shown me, and made me suffer for it by teasing me. It was first on his account and my dread of his scorn, or so I told myself, that I nightly repented the day's cowardice and resolved in my prayers to muster the courage, by dawn, to tell my parents that I had lied, that we had not been asked to the Bunnys' for Christmas dinner. But always the smile that twitched the corner of my brother's mouth silenced me before I could begin, and I let the days go by, sorrowful but unconfessing.

When she is pinning up the hem of my dress, I shall tell mamma, I deceived myself. *I shall be standing on the table, looking down on her dark head, and I shall say, "Mamma, I can't bear it any longer. I must tell you——"* I even got as far as "Mamma, I ——" But she said, "Be still, child," and I was still.

I shall tell her when she is working the buttonholes, I said, and stood near where she sat in the rocking chair, the only piece of furniture besides the sewing machine brought with us from the States, and watched the needle dip, dart, loop and taut the thread and pull away in swift rhythm. *Mamma, oh, mamma,* I said in my mind, willing her to look at me and see my misery and ask, "What is it, child?" but instead of looking at me, she began to sing Thomas Moore's sad song:

"I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

I dropped down, placed my head in her lap and cried. She smoothed my hair and laughed fondly, and asked, "Want me to sing it again?" I knew then that I could not tell her.

I began to follow my father about, hoping, without believing now, that I could tell him. Father seldom let an opportunity pass to teach me and try to make up to me the weeks or months of schooling I missed. "Spell 'ill,' " he would say, and when I had complied, "Now, 'bill.' " Then he would leave off spelling to ask me to tell him the different kinds of bills there were, and perhaps to describe the muscles in the neck, back and shoulders of a

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woodpecker that made possible the power and rapidity of his rat-a-tat-tat on a tree trunk.

I felt some embarrassment that he should waste these digressions on the likes of me. Because the others all knew so much more, and were, some of them, ready to remind me of this fact, I had got a very humble opinion of my own mental prowess, and saw my father's bothering to tell such things as a measure of his loving kindness and his need to talk with someone, and I was comforted a little. Why I did not tell him, I do not know. It could be that I tried, only to find him too deep in his own thoughts to hear what I was saying. So often mother told him things of importance to her, only to have him look up from his carpentry or his book to ask, "What did you say, my dear?" or, a week later, "Why did you tell me nothing of this?"

The partridges were plucked and the soft breast feathers put in the feather poke to be saved for pillows. The birds were cooked and the meat stripped from the bones, for pies. I helped. And whatever I did, I did sorrowing, fearing.

My sister ironed while mother sewed. It was not enough for mother to make the dress. No, she must embroider it in wools, in a design of her own making. It seemed to me that never had she shown me such special attention and kindness.

Our Christmas Eve was dwarfed by the prospect of the morrow's outing. We all knew where the gifts were hidden. Had we not seen our mother making them? We had watched her knitting, seen her whittling the white birchwood with the knife father carefully whetted and sharpened for her. But we had not seen the finished gifts. We knew that she had turned the heel and narrowed the toe of many a stocking, and sandpapered the little carved toys while we were away at school or while we slept, and wrapped each in saved tissue wrappings and tied it with ribbons or lengths of yarn.

There was, of course, the package from the States. Our little Aunt Bird, mother's sister, worked in a millinery store, and twice a year she sent a package made up of bits of tulle, lace, rolls of straw braid, feathers and plumes, and satin and velvet ribbons. The winter package we opened on Christmas Eve. Few of these treasures were suitable for personal adornment, but mother used them where she could, and the rest were for us little girls, for our dolls. I remember my mother lifting a nosegay of violets from the package, shaking the flowers into looseness, then pinning them in her hair and singing gaily:

Violets, violets, bring me blue violets—
Some for their fragrance and some for my hair!

"Elegant" and "refined" were words frequently on our mother's lips. Though she never openly reproached him for it, we all knew that she deplored our father's taking us from our parsonage home in Kansas to homestead in the Alberta brush country. All unintentionally, she falsified, glorified the life that had been ours in the little Kansas towns where father had taught and preached, and brought us little ones to think of Kansas as another word for heaven—a heaven where we should all be translated, in some not too distant life, to enjoy perpetual plenty and culture.

I let the moment pass. I had almost come to believe in our having been asked, myself.

After the supper dishes were put away, the box of presents was brought out and, beginning with the baby, we opened our gifts. Mine was a doll with china head and hands, and shanks that tapered to high-heeled slippers. Mother apologized for the doll's nakedness and not having found time to dress her, and said, "Bring me the scrap bag and I'll make her a dress right now!" Immediately, her scissors snipped out a pattern from saved brown paper, and the minute yoke, sleeves and skirt length were cut from a large scrap left over from my new dress.

Watching mother dress my doll, I forgot, for moments, my guilt. I played at rolling out dough with the tiny rolling pin mother had carved for me and was briefly happy. I looked up to find father's eyes fixed on me, and hope sprang up when he said to mother, "Do you think this child is well enough to go out in the cold tomorrow?"

Mother motioned me to her, touched my brow, turned my face up to the light and said, "Open your mouth. Let me look at your throat." They exchanged a long parental look. "I think she is better," she said.

"Good," father said. "It would be a shame, after they had asked for her especially."

I had only to throw myself on my mother's breast and mercy, and sob, "But they didn't ask me!" I let the moment pass. Mother had worked so hard and so happily. And I had almost come to believe in our having been asked, myself.

"You had as well read while I finish this dress," mother said to father. "The iron will be hot, and I can press it by the time you have finished." Agreeably, pleasantly, she fitted her work to the reading of the Word, her hands, her needles still only for the prayer.

My older sister brought the Bible and father opened it to the second chapter of Luke to read the Christmas story, and again, for moments, I forgot, while I soundlessly whispered the words I knew by heart, along with my father. But when we knelt to pray, guilt lowered on me and I pleaded, "Help me, and forgive, forgive!"

We little girls had had our baths in the afternoon while father and the big boys were outdoors. Then our hair had been done up in rags, to have curls the next morning. Now a tub of snow was brought in and set on the stove for the boys' baths and shampooing. After we were in our beds, we little ones sang Christmas carols, dropping out one by one, as sleep claimed us. Mine was the last voice I heard. I woke once in the night to feel mother's hand on my forehead.

What is this awful weight on my heart? I woke wondering, and remembered and sat up. I had let the day come, and now there was nothing to stop our going to the Bunnys' and bringing them bewilderment and my parents embarrassment. It

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GIFTS AT THE STROKE OF A PEN

This Christmas, give a personal gift of words that your family and friends will cherish forever.

by John McCollister

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Uncle Willie gives me fits. I have never seen him wear any tie I have given him for Christmas over the years. But what do I usually end up buying for him? A tie. I can't think of anything else.

I'm not alone in my frustrations. Just about everyone shares this problem—what to give friends and relatives without that annual shopping-mall pilgrimage to spend a small fortune on gifts that may go unused.

A while back, however, I realized that we have a solution at our fingertips. Instead of shelling out your hard-earned cash for another tie that your uncle really doesn't want, do what I am going to do this year: Give him and the rest of your family and friends gifts they will talk about for months—gifts that are written extensions of yourself. And you don't have to possess the skills of a modern-day Hemingway.

Here are a few ways by which you can express your love this special season with the stroke of a pen.

1. Research and compile a family history, anything from a major project—a "mini-*Roots*," so to speak—to a simple family tree listing family members with dates and places of birth. Send copies to your relatives. Imagine the number of kinfolk who would appreciate this priceless treasure, bound to be passed on for generations.

2. Write a poem for someone you care about. There's something about poetry that best captures our deepest feelings. Perhaps nothing touches the heart more. Fancy it up with an old picture frame or a freehand sketch. Don't dedicate the same poem to more than one person. This trick has a nasty habit of catching up with you.

3. Highlight family photos. Organize those photographs, now stuffed in some musty box, that you have collected over the years. Arrange them in chronological order beginning with the hospital "mug shots" through the snapshots taken the past few months. Relive those precious moments of your youngster at play, going to school, leaving on the first date and at graduation. Accompany each picture with a paragraph or two sharing your thoughts at the moment the camera clicked. In these commentaries, show how both your attitudes have since changed.

One mother I know used an interesting twist on this idea. The first year her daughter-in-law was in the family, she compiled a collection of pictures of her son in a photograph album, which she titled: "This Is Your Husband's

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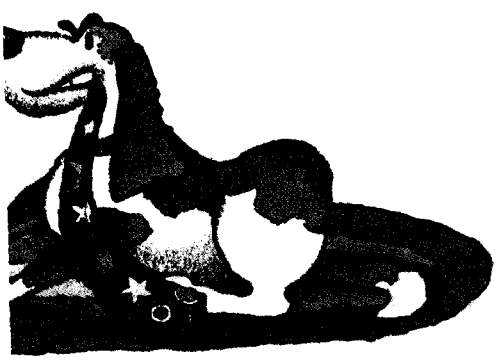
Life."

4. Write letters for someone. Think of those you know physically unable to write—the sick, the aged and the blind. Some of these folks—especially the senior citizens—have fascinating stories and insights to share that might add other dimensions to your life as well.

5. Create a family calendar. Using a standard calendar, one with blank squares for each date, record events such as birthdays, wedding anniversaries, upcoming graduations and other important happenings on the horizon. What a terrific gift idea for those who are apt to let one or more of these days slip by.

Include a "quote of the month" at the top of each page. You could get by with some quotes by famous people, but you might want to write your own thoughts or recall favorite expressions characteristic of family members. For as long as I can remember, my Cousin Ben, an avid fisherman, has looked out the window each morning at breakfast and asked: "Wonder how they're bitin' t'day?" That question has been a trademark of Cousin Ben's. I would use this as my "quote of the month" for April when the trout season has begun.

6. Describe sentimental items. Do you still have a pair of grandpa's glasses tucked away in a dresser drawer? Who in the family admired him enough to cherish this remembrance? Is your old church being remodeled? Would someone appreciate a piece of the furniture?



What about that book rack you used in college? Wouldn't your college-bound son or daughter value it?

Each of these items is meaningful, especially if you personalize the gift with your written description of the article. Describe not only its significance, but also why you chose to pass it along to this particular person.

7. Write a personalized children's story. Use your children, grandchildren, nieces or nephews as the central figure, with their close friends and playmates in supporting roles. Names of familiar streets and landmarks add another personal touch. Weave into the story meaningful dates such as a birthday or the first day of school. By the way, you can use the same story line for more than one youngster by merely changing names and dates.

8. Send Christmas letters. Instead of mailing traditional Christmas cards, send creative, personal Yuletide greetings. Your letters may tell of family happenings over the past year or, if you want to add some depth, contain reflections on such things as what Christmas means to you. You might even compose an original Christmas story.

9. Record your childhood memories. Include special family traditions built up through the years. Use your skills describing the clippity-clop of horse-drawn wagons on cobblestone streets or the spicy aroma of pumpkin pies fresh from the oven. Trigger the imagination through vivid word pictures that help your audience to share those beautiful memories of long ago. Give this personal history to those who will treasure it—your parents, children or grandchildren.

10. Write a Christmas play for your Sunday school. Here's a gift for the entire community. What can you write that hasn't been said thousands of times before? Use your imagination. For example, what would have happened were the Christ child born in the 20th century in your town? How would the news media report it? What would be the reaction of your neighbors?

Include speaking parts for as many youngsters as possible. Suggest stage directions, scene and costume designs, as well as any music that would accent your narrative. Remember, this is for children. Your thoughts may be big, but keep your words small.

There you have it—ten gifts, costing only a few hours, that you can give this Christmas. Yet each gift is personal, comes from the heart and will be appreciated.

So this year it's a family calendar for Uncle Willie. Not only will I be giving him a gift he can use, but I can also use the money I save to buy myself a new tie.

"Gift Rap"

Keep in mind the following suggestions while preparing your special gifts:

1. Give yourself plenty of time. You can't begin too early preparing your writing gifts. Rushing to meet a deadline only a few days away does little for quality. These gifts cost little money; your investment of time, however, should produce results in which you will take pride.

2. Save the material you write. Don't toss it away with the Christmas gift wrappings. Even though your messages are personal, some may come in handy for future writing. For example, your childhood memories may provide a realistic background for that story or novel you've promised yourself to write.

3. Use photographs. If you have a good camera and a talent for using one, take pictures that highlight your gift. A family history comes alive even more with pictures of the central characters.

4. A tape recorder helps. If your gift involves extensive research, a compact cassette recorder is ideal for interviews. Be sure to save these recordings. Voices become more precious as the years pass, especially when some of the folks you have interviewed are no longer around. The recordings may eventually become gifts themselves.

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LIGHT UP YOUR LARYNX FOR CHRISTMAS

The bulbs on the Christmas tree are not nearly so important as the ones that light up the new telescopic larynx viewers.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

I met a friend in a large mall one Saturday before Christmas, shopping earnestly for a Christmas tree light bulb to replace one that had burned out. Given the assignment by his wife, who ran the best decorated house in the city, here was this hulk of a man carrying around a little burned-out bulb going from store to store trying to match it with one that would light up. The situation wouldn't have been so ludicrous had he not been an important executive whose salary in six figures must make his time worth something like $500 an hour. He laughed at his afternoon's plight and confessed that surely he could have bought comparable new lights for the entire tree at less cost than this search.

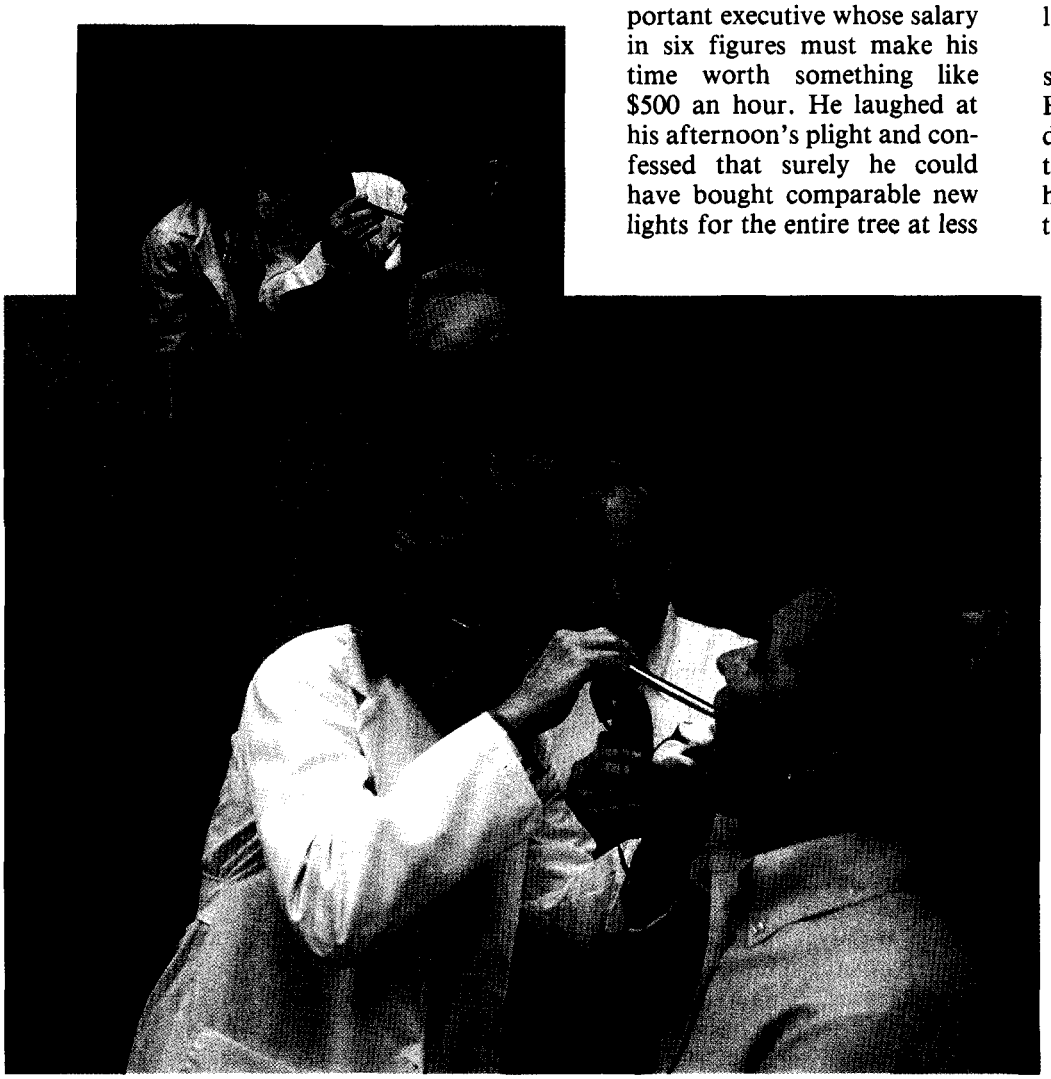
I thought of my friend's silly little light bulb again today when I called to tell him that a mutual acquaintance of ours—I'll call him Charlie—had undergone radical head and neck surgery for cancer of the larynx.

Charlie was a merrymaker. He smoked heavily and liked his Scotch. But in addition, this otherwise prudent man had feelings of immortality. He displayed macho pride when he would tell us that he hadn't been to a doctor for 30 years. He was strong as a horse and he had never been sick. Now he was devastated with his voice box removed.

Unfortunately, this victim, as most do, had waited until he was hoarse to go for the checkup, which could have saved his voice box and greatly improved his life expectancy if he had been diagnosed when his cancer first began.

He was vulnerable for this cancer since he was a heavy smoker and drinker, a combination which makes one more susceptible. Drinking without smoking seems not to carry much increased risk, but smoking and drinking, especially whiskey, adds to the risk substantially.

Before all the holiday merrymaking begins, it might be well for those of us who are over 40 to change our priorities regarding little light bulbs. We would do well to shop for one that comes on the end of a nifty, handy-dandy new laryngoscope. The scope would come with a doctor on the viewing end, of course. This new way of viewing the larynx is such a vast improvement



Janet Cox was our receptionist when she casually told me one morning that she was leaving for a tonsillectomy. To her dismay, I cancelled her ten o'clock hospital appointment, asked her to stop smoking and sent her to see Dr. Jack Summerlin (right), my former ENT professor. Lucky for her, too, because he discovered polyps on her vocal cords. "Your tonsils will stay but you will stop smoking," he decreed. Janet quit smoking, became my secretary, and here her vocal cords look great! An exam with the right angle telescope used here requires no anesthetic.

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over the old-fashioned miner's headlight and curved mirror that even family practitioners or internists, who aren't specializing in ear, nose and throat, can see the vocal cords with great ease.

When I called my light-bulb-searching friend to tell him about Charlie, I asked him if *he* had ever had *his* vocal cords visualized. He hadn't. I thought as much and I have mailed him a gift certificate that must be redeemed with my favorite ear, nose and throat man for one laryngoscopy.

If you care about your over-40 spouse, your parents or a friend who smokes, such a Christmas gift is not a bad idea.

As we approach the season for parties, I want to report that among our readers there are 527 of you who answered our survey with information that would put you in the "heavy smoking and drinking," vulnerable group. Two hundred and eighty-five of you in this classification have never had your vocal cords visualized. You told us this.* We strongly urge you, no matter how well you feel, to find a physician with a comfortable fiber-optic laryngoscope or a right-angle telescope or an ear, nose and throat doctor (ENT) who can see your vocal cords no matter what tools he uses—and have your vocal cords seen once a year. Smoking increased the risk for laryngeal cancer 40 times that of the nonsmoker in an Irish study. Most ENT doctors believe that *everyone* over 40 should have his vocal cords seen each year as a precaution whether or not they smoke. It is a harmless, noninvasive procedure.

Cancer of the larynx will strike 11,000 Americans this year, and the majority of these victims will require complete removal of the larynx and surrounding cancerous tissue (laryngectomies).

This is distressing since a cancerous lesion in the larynx, if discovered early, can be treated with radiation and no surgery at all.

Our research on the larynx via the source computer soon brought to our attention an internist, Dr. Harold C. Klein of Ohio, who tells the story of how the preventable death of a patient ten years ago prompted him to crusade for more thorough examination of the larynx.

The man who died had been his patient for years and had received what the doctor considered good medical care. But, like most non-ENT specialists, Dr. Klein failed to examine the man's larynx. He didn't find the fatal cancer growing there. When it was diagnosed by another doctor, it was too late to treat it.

At this point Dr. Klein, who is affiliated with the Mount Sinai Medical Center and the Case Western Reserve University Medical School, was determined to find a better way to *see* the larynx.

He has now mounted a medical soapbox to speak out for the use of the relatively new laryngeal telescope that makes it easy for even the most squeamish medical student, with only a little training, to get a clear view of the larynx in a high percentage of cases—and the examination takes only a minute.

Dr. Mark Singer, a head and neck surgeon who sees many cancer of the larynx patients after their diagnosis, agrees that Dr. Klein's plea is an important one. "I must say his experience of losing a patient is not an unusual story at all," said Dr. Singer. "Many of these early cancer patients will be mistakenly treated with antibiotics until they are incurable. You see this more often than not, really," he said.

Dr. Singer agreed that medical students should be taught to see the cords with the newer techniques. Especially so, because there is a nice side effect in that it improves their ability to perform endotracheal intubations.

"It helps anesthesia residents and those involved in trauma CPR. It is very important for them to have some concept of where the larynx is and what it looks like...so some good comes from that, really, besides the cancer screening," Dr. Singer said.

He emphasized that, with large optic companies producing the scopes, the competition is bringing the price down. They are not expensive—some good ones start at a few

Now Dr. Summerlin's devoted patient, Janet Cox is used to having her cords viewed. Since discovering her polyps several years ago, Dr. Summerlin has kept her pharynx and larynx under close surveillance. Here he demonstrates the fiberoptic laryngoscope, which is threaded through the nose. Hardly larger than a shoestring, the device can reveal small lesions with good resolution. An attached camera can take "inside" pictures using the cold light within. Patients without a history of symptoms would not usually require the nasal approach.

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hundred dollars.

Dr. Klein points out that telescope laryngoscopy is a "skill" that requires no great proficiency and can be learned from a simple demonstration at one sitting. He believes it should be taught in our medical schools in place of mirror laryngoscopy, which is an arduous maneuver for the nonspecialist. He further believes that it's more fruitful than many of the accepted routine procedures and should be incorporated into every complete physical.

For more than a hundred years the angled laryngeal mirror had been the only tool available for looking over the top of the tongue and down into the throat. Now, Dr. Klein asks, "Has there been a reduction in the mortality figures since the effective right angle telescopic laryngoscope and the fiber-optic laryngoscope have become available? Are these tumors being discovered earlier? Is the roster of candidates for the Lost Chord Club shrinking? 'No' is the answer to all of these questions," he says.

The reason most cancers of the larynx aren't discovered until too late to save the cords does not fall on the patients alone.

HEADLIGHT REFLECTOR AND LAMP
MIRROR WARMED OVER ALCOHOL FLAME TO PREVENT FOGGING
CORDS REVEALED IN MIRROR
MIRROR ELEVATES UVULA
LARYNX WITH CARCINOMA
NORMAL LARYNX IN PHONATION

Only medical artist Dr. Frank Netter can make a larynx look beautiful. Here he demonstrates how to see the larynx with the traditional curved mirror and head light—a technique done with superb skill by all ENT men but by few other physicians. For most, the new telescopes and fiber optics are a Godsend.

In a 1979 survey of all primary physicians of the Ohio State Medical Society, 70 percent of those answering admitted that they were unable to examine a larynx in the course of a patient visit; and less than 4 percent included an inspection of the larynx as part of their "complete" physical examination.

When I interviewed my own ENT professor, Dr. Jack Summerlin, I began to see the problem clearly. ENT instructors are often practicing clinicians. These well-intentioned men are so expert at the use of the old fashioned right angle mirror and the indirect lighting from the head mirror that they sincerely believe their students will all quickly learn to be equally expert.

When these fledgling doctors practice, however, the mirror fogs up, they can't see and they are embarrassed when the patient gags. A vast majority soon give it up as a lost cause and don't examine the larynx at all.

In the Ohio survey, many doctors questioned why they had not been better trained to "examine an area that should be seen." Some wrote that they wished they could see the larynx and some even wrote the lament, "I have never seen a larynx."

Dr. Summerlin, who taught at Indiana University, feels that the old method shouldn't be difficult to master, but since doctors haven't been doing the exams during physicals, he too believes we should begin teaching them to use the telescope in medical school classes.

Another strong advocate of routine laryngeal exams is Dr. Ken Cooper, better known for his Aerobics Center in Dallas. I had an occasion to take a senior citizen and heart patient to his clinic to have him evaluated for an exercise program. Dr. Cooper's evaluation doesn't stop at the heart. No one leaves the clinic without having his vocal cords examined with state-of-the-art equipment.

The average patient with laryngeal cancer consults three physicians and waits up to eight months before the diagnosis is made, according to a recent report in the *Journal of Family Practice*. About 95 percent of the laryngeal cancer occurs in areas easly accessible to laryngoscopic examinations. The prognosis of many laryngeal tumors is excellent, if recognized and treated early (e.g.,

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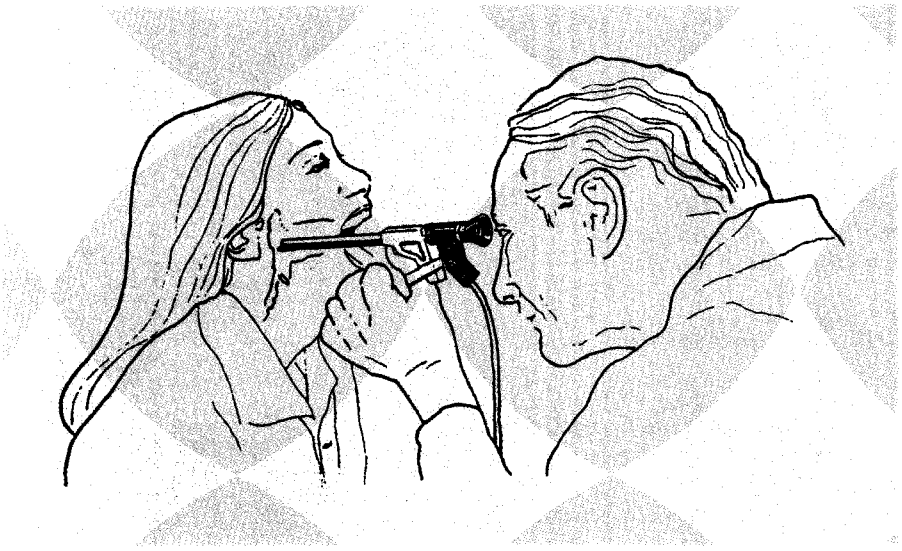


The doctor is looking down the larynx at right angle to scope. A routine larynx exam can be performed easily and quickly utilizing a right-angle telescope with a specially designed holder. In 1,000 consecutive laryngoscopies done on patients without laryngeal symptoms, abnormalities were found in 173 patients (17.3 percent). Among the abnormalities was a carcinoma without symptoms which, thanks to early detection, was successfully treated by radiation.

better than 95 percent cure rate for small, localized carcinomas of the vocal cords), but progressively worsens the longer diagnosis and treatment are delayed.

Early diagnosis is quite possible long before symptoms arise. Some cancers may grow silently for long periods before causing symptoms.

A patient is lucky if the lesion hits the vocal cords. If it doesn't, it continues to grow pain free and without symptoms. On the vocal cords the lesion will, of course, cause this telltale hoarseness.

Men suffer from this cancer about nine times as frequently as women but anyone with the following should seek treatment:

- Hoarseness persisting over a week, especially in the absence of infection.
- Pain including soreness on one side of the throat.
- Discomfort when eating.
- The sensation of "something stuck in the throat."
- Spitting up of blood.
- An earache in one ear in an adult over 40 also suggests the possibility of a tumor in the nasopharynx, which can be seen by laryngoscopy.

We lead the world in incidence of cancer, but fortunately we also lead in how to make do with it once it strikes. There still is life after a laryngectomy. And it is no longer necessary for these victims to sound like a robot with an artificial burp noise produced while one finger is used to close an opening in the trachea. A new valve produced by a head and neck surgeon, Dr. Mark Singer, and Dr. Eric Bloom, a speech pathologist, has improved the lives of laryngeal cancer patients tremendously by allowing them to speak normally from the diaphragm rather than in the controlled-burp manner of difficult-to-learn esophageal speech. Their innovation, a small plastic valve, is now available for installation in cities throughout the country. Earlier, Dr. Singer did laryngectomies, or insertions into former laryngectomy patients from around the world while their device was awaiting approval for distribution by the FDA.

For a Baltimore trial lawyer who had continued to practice after his laryngectomy, the valve meant he no longer needed to hold a finger on his artificial voice box. He could gesture with both hands to the jury!

A happy husband said, "Now I can hug my wife with both arms while I tell her I love her."

Mary Jane Renner, a kindergarten teacher from Louisville, is back teaching her children in a nearly normal voice. "My prayers were answered and I thank the Lord for the marvelous work of Dr. Singer and Dr. Bloom. Their valve has certainly changed my world for the better," she told us.

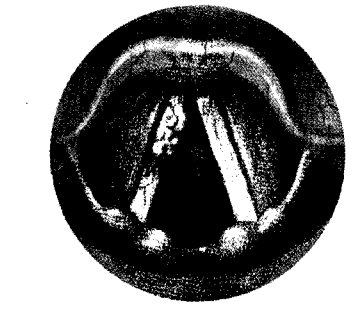
Light Up The Larynx

If your church, Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club or other service organization is raising money for worthwhile health projects, laryngoscopes would be good contributions, especially since the publicity would make people more aware of the need for such a routine exam.

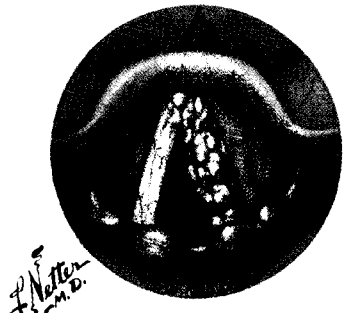
Some sources: AO Scientific Instruments of Southbridge, Massachusetts, makes a flexible laryngoscope.

Astralite Corp. of Anaheim, Cali-

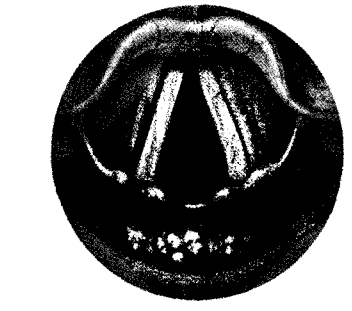
continued on page 112



EARLY CARCINOMA OF RIGHT VOCAL CORD



EXTENSIVE CARCINOMA OF LEFT VOCAL



CARCINOMA NEAR THE CORDS

Cancer of the cords causes hoarseness while the one below might be a silent visitor. Cords are open during inspiration.

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WRAPSODY IN BLUE

His wife can gift-wrap a live octopus with no trouble, but he can't conceal a simple toboggan under paper without tying his stomach in a knot.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

I'll confess there are things I'm better at than wrapping gifts. I can't think of one right off the bat, but there must be. Ribbons and bows and wrapping paper, not to mention my wife (although I probably will), have always conspired against me. No matter how hard I work at trying to prettify a gift, it usually gives the appearance of something that the rural mail carrier has tossed from his car without slowing down.

However, before we get to what will no doubt go down in our family chronicles as "the Christmas that father tried to gift-wrap the toboggan," I would like to register a word or two in my own defense.

In the first place, I'm not like a friend of mine who gave his wife a full set of curtain rods on their seventh (or, as he had convinced her, enameled-metalware) anniversary. Not only were the rods a practical gift, but he had what it took to present them like a man. No rebellious ribbons, bows and wrapping paper for him. Knowing he would be called upon to do it anyway, he simply installed the rods, then called his wife and proudly presented the package complete, parts and installation. Instead of an expensive store-bought card that never says quite what you want to say, he had scribbled this on the back of a telephone-bill envelope:

You've loved me, dear,
Through thicks and thins,
So here's some rods
For your curtins.

I can't be that cold-blooded. (Nor would I have the nerve to try rhyming "thins" with "curtains.") If it's no more than a free ballpoint pen from the Owen County Bank that I'm presenting to my dear wife, I've got to gift-wrap the thing and stick on a bow. And for some reason it always comes out looking like a free ballpoint pen from the Owen County Bank that I've tried to wrap and stick a bow on.

One reason my efforts end up looking like something the cat dragged in is that Lois, by contrast, has a flair for this sort of thing. Where I operate on the theory that a gift is presentable if none of it sticks out beyond the paper, she could gift-wrap a live octopus and make it look as if it had come from the Saks Fifth Avenue gift-wrapping service. Every tentacle would be evenly spaced, with perky little red bows sitting jauntily at the ends.

That's another thing. After using up the store-bought bows, she can take a roll of ribbon and a pair of shears and turn out bows like toothpicks from a redwood sawmill. I, on the other hand, can dedicate a half hour to the task, and my bow comes out looking more like a string necktie. To give it more body, I try looping it around and tying it again. By that time, it begins to look more like two string neckties tied together. By painstakingly cutting off the ends, I finally get it to look like two string neckties that have had their ends cut off.

Putting the thing in the refrigerator overnight does nothing to perk it up. Neither does giving it a shot of spray starch. I've tried both.

After years of watching my wife's exhibitions, I'm convinced that those of the female persuasion are somehow able to extend their index fingers a full two inches. Otherwise they wouldn't be able to secure the first tie of the knot while drawing the second knot tight. As for me, I end up with enough slack to string the gift on a 2x4. While facilitating the opening of the package, this also tends to cause it to open before its time. I'm trying to train the dog to hold his paw on the first knot, but it's slow going.

My shortcoming is further shortened by the lack of a long, flat, uncluttered surface upon which to operate. Lois, of course, has the long, flat, uncluttered surface of the kitchen table for her operations while I'm away earning the money to buy gifts in the first place. But due to you-know-who's arrangement of our living quarters, *my* room is shared by Beau and Verge (our dog and cat, respectively; the cat being so named because he was on the verge of being used as one of our gifts the day he inherited us). Here, I am allowed to maintain a desk and a few books in one corner.

And here it is that I go with my cardboard box of material: gift-wrapping paper (at least once removed; some of it goes back to 1979), ribbon, shears, Band-Aids®, glue, stickers, paper clips and dental floss (from the year I ran out of rib-

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bon wrapping the love seat). Now I am faced with the option of clearing the debris on my desk or taking to the floor. One look at my desk and I take to the floor. Which has its disadvantages.

Christmas before last, I discovered too late that I was using two-way tape, the kind that sticks on both sides. And by the time I had Lois' bowling ball completely concealed, the tape had attracted every cat and dog hair from the far corners of the carpet. And if you've ever tried shaving a bowling ball at 2:00 a.m., you know it's no fun.

Well, you may ask, why don't you just take over the long, flat, uncluttered surface of the kitchen table after Lois has gone to bed? Because, I answer, last Christmas I tried that. And I was going great guns until she got up to see why I wasn't coming to bed. And I had to ditch the goldfish bowl I was wrapping. And the water ran onto the living room rug. And by the time I had talked her back into bed and retrieved the bowl, Verge had eaten the goldfish.

In light of my less-than-distinguished background in gift wrapping, there may be those who will ask why that man would try to wrap a toboggan in the first place Actually, it wasn't in the first place, it was in the second place. In the first place, I had tried to have it ribboned and bowed at the prestigious L.S. Ayres' gift-wrapping service in an equally posh shopping center, where Lois had taken me shopping and where I had bought the sucker. (I had always wanted a toboggan. And giving one to Lois for Christmas would kill two birds with one stone; three, actually, since I would also be getting even for the dishwasher she gave me for Father's Day.)

Because Lois personally wraps her gifts, I somehow thought all women did. But when I joined the line, about 20th from the counter, I was the only man. And the only one holding a toboggan, from what I could see, which wasn't much with that thing in my arms. The other 19 had gone more for towels, books, Scrabble® games, pen and pencil sets, tennis balls—stuff like that.

The dowager directly in front of me held not only a rubber fire hydrant, but also a gussied-up white poodle that took a sudden liking to my after-shave lotion. And each time the lousy mutt took a slurp, the dog's mistress would turn around and stare at me as if I were poisoning the miserable little beast.

Finally, in an attempt to put our relationship on a chummier basis, I said, "I'll bet the little feller has been begging for one of those since he was big enough to stand on three legs." She stared even harder.

Thus we were not on the best of terms when I began to tilt.

I prefer to think it was because of the heat and humidity rather than the bracer I always take to fortify myself against the rigors of Christmas shopping. Or perhaps, if Freud had been standing behind me, he would have said I subconsciously wanted to wrap my hands around the neck of that slobbering canine. Whatever, I felt myself beginning to teeter. And if you've ever begun to teeter while holding a toboggan in your arms, you know there are only two things you can do: pitch forward or pitch backwards.

Luckily, I fell against this dowager and her face-licking mongrel; otherwise I might have hurt myself. She, in turn, restricted somewhat by her full-length fur coat, sent those ahead of her pitching forward like a row of dominoes. I hung around only long enough to see the one at the head of the line sprawl unladylike across the counter, then relinquished my place in line to a fellow male who was carrying a clutch of L'eggs® pantyhose.

Lugging the toboggan back to the sports department, I asked them to hold it for a few minutes. I dragged Lois out to the car and told her to close her eyes "while I go back for

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A Secret Christmas Wish

A read-aloud story for children.

by Diane A. Jenkins

Illustrated by Robert Tinney

Once upon a time, there was a very special Christmas.

It all started one day when Margaret, Elizabeth and David were admiring the beautiful Christmas tree they had helped mama and daddy decorate.

"Oh! All the decorations are so-o-o beautiful, it's hard to pick my favorite," Margaret said.

"But see this fairy ornament?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Mama said it belonged to grandma when she was a little girl. I love its pretty dress and tiny wings. I think it's my very favorite."

Just then, as she reached to touch it, something strange happened. The fairy

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seemed to wink! Could it be?

"Did you see that?" Elizabeth said excitedly.

They couldn't believe their eyes.

So they looked again!

It was true!

All at once the little fairy flew off the tree and landed in David's lap. The children were frightened.

"Don't be afraid," a tiny voice whispered. "My name is Twinkle, and I've been waiting a long time to find some friends like you!"

Twinkle and the children made friends, and they talked and played until bedtime.

The next morning, Margaret, Elizabeth and David woke up, excited to see their new friend.

It was a crisp, cold day with glistening snow on the ground.

"Let's go to Mr. Sam's Toy Shop and look in the window," said David.

"I wish Santa Claus would bring me a baby doll with eyes that close," said Elizabeth.

Margaret said, "I want a bicycle! Come on, everybody, let's show Twinkle all the toys in Mr. Sam's window."

The children and Twinkle pressed their noses on the glass of Mr. Sam's window and their eyes lit up with glee at the wondrous Christmas scene and the new toys on display.

Just then, they saw their special friend and playmate, Tommy, coming down the street. "Look! Here comes Tommy," Margaret shouted. "Tommy, come meet our new friend."

But Tommy, with his head hung low and his hands stuffed in his pants pockets, didn't even look up.

"Tommy, what do you want Santa to bring you?" asked David.

Tommy just kicked at an old can on the street and walked right past the children, never looking up. Margaret heard him say, "Who cares anyway?"

"Gee-e-e," said Elizabeth with a puzzled look on her face, "What's wrong with him?"

"I know," said Twinkle in a quiet, low voice. "I know what's the matter. Tommy misses his daddy and wants him to come home for Christmas."

Tommy's daddy worked in a town far away and couldn't come home to see Tommy very often. Tommy lived in a small, comfortable house with his grandma, who took care of him and loved him very much. He loved her too, but he secretly wished his daddy would come home for Christmas. In fact, he really wished his daddy would come home and never go away again.

As the children and Twinkle sat on Margaret's bed in their room that night, Elizabeth said, "I wish there was something we could do to help Tommy. This is going to be a sad Christmas for him."

The children thought and thought and thought.

Finally, Margaret said, "If I could have just one wish this Christmas, I would wish Tommy's daddy would be able to come home for Christmas." Then she looked at Twinkle and said, "Twinkle, I've heard fairies can use their magic to make wishes come true. Will you grant my Christmas wish?"

"Just leave it to me," said Twinkle. "I'll find Tommy's daddy, and the two of us will be back by Christmas Eve."

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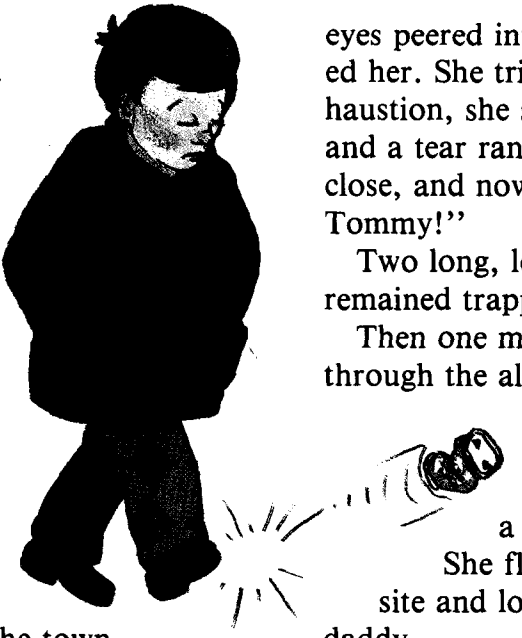
And in a twinkle, she was gone. The children looked at each other in amazement. "Can she really do it?" they wondered.



For days Twinkle flew from town to town, looking far and wide for Tommy's daddy. She looked in stores and in offices, in factories and on farms, and in airplanes and on boats. But Tommy's daddy was nowhere to be found.

Then one day she came to a big city far away from the town where Tommy lived. Near the center of the city she saw a construction site where lots of men were working and bulldozers were moving large mounds of earth. And there was Tommy's daddy, operating the biggest bulldozer of all.

Twinkle was so excited! Her little heart beat fast and her wings fluttered. Then she thought to herself, "I'll watch and wait until he gets off work, and then I'll send him home for Christmas. I'll wait here in this alley so that no one will see me."

The day seemed to pass by slowly, and Twinkle was eager to accomplish her mission. Finally it was quitting time, and Tommy's daddy was getting ready to leave.

But just as Twinkle was about to fly toward him, a big, long-haired dog scampered through the alley. He brushed against some old, battered garbage cans standing next to the wall. One of them tumbled over and landed right over Twinkle.

Oh, no! Twinkle was trapped! She pushed and shoved with all her might, but her tiny body was just too small to push the garbage can over and escape.

"What to do?" she wondered, as her little eyes peered into the darkness that surrounded her. She tried everything. Finally, in exhaustion, she sat down on an old match box, and a tear ran down her cheek. "I was so close, and now it's almost too late. Poor Tommy!"

Two long, long days passed and Twinkle remained trapped.

Then one morning an old man walking through the alley spotted the garbage can and leaned over to pick it up. The light of day streaked across Twinkle's face, and in a moment she was free!

She flew high above the construction site and looked and looked for Tommy's daddy.

But no one was there, and suddenly she realized why. It was Christmas Eve, and all the workers, including Tommy's daddy, had left for the Christmas holidays.

"Christmas Eve!" thought Twinkle. "Oh, my goodness, the children will be wondering what has happened to me. I must get home

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immediately."

Then she thought sadly to herself, "Oh no! I'll have to tell them Tommy's daddy won't be coming home for Christmas."

Margaret, Elizabeth and David were playing in the snow when Twinkle arrived home late in the afternoon on Christmas Eve. They clapped their hands with joy when they saw her coming.

They all gathered around, and Twinkle told them what had happened. They were all so sad.

Just then, mama called them in for supper. It was a wonderful meal with turkey and dressing, cranberry sauce and apple pie. But none of the children could eat a thing. All they could think about was Tommy and his daddy.

After a little while, mama and daddy asked them what was the matter, and the children told them that Tommy's daddy wouldn't be coming home for Christmas. Margaret said sadly, "I made a secret Christmas wish, and it hasn't come true!"

But instead of being sad, mama said, "Well, sometimes a secret Christmas wish *will* come true, even when you've given up all hope. Remember, Christmas isn't over yet!"

After supper, daddy had an idea. "Why don't we all go over to Tommy's house and take a present for him and his grandma?" he said.

"Hooray!" said Margaret.

"Hooray!" said Elizabeth. "Hooray!" said David, too.

So Margaret, Elizabeth, David, mama and daddy picked out a beautiful present from under their Christmas tree.

Then they all put on their coats and walked through the fresh white snow all the way to Tommy's house.

Twinkle flew along behind so no one could see her.

As they stepped onto the front porch, they heard laughter and Christmas music coming from inside. To see what was going on, they peeked in the front window.

Twinkle's eyes grew wide with disbelief! The children were amazed! Do you know what they saw? Inside, there was Tommy. There was Tommy's grandma. And there, holding Tommy, was Tommy's daddy!

"But, Twinkle," Margaret whispered, "I thought. . ."

Twinkle smiled, "My magic never had a chance to work. But there's something stronger than my magic—Tommy's love for his daddy. That's what made your secret Christmas wish come true."

Through the window everyone could see that Tommy's face beamed with joy as he

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RAY PERKINS: BACK HOME AT ALABAMA

With Bear Bryant's former receiver at the helm, Alabama fans this year are expecting a record high Crimson Tide.

by Hank Nuwer

If Ray Perkins can't fix something, either it isn't broken or it isn't worth saving. The University of Alabama football coach happens to be a mechanic without peer. He can take a four-speed transmission off a Ford and put it back together in an hour. During his college days he supported his wife and two young boys by restoring jalopies which he purchased for a pittance. He sees an object whole, recognizes trouble spots that threaten future breakdowns and formulates a mental blueprint for the reconstruction process.

The late Bear Bryant hand-picked the now 42-year-old Perkins a year ago December to apply these mechanic's skills to the once roaring Crimson Tide that had been reduced to Low Tide by the end of the 1982 season. Last year, after five straight victories—including a 42-21 win over national-champion-to-be Penn State—Bryant's crimson-and-white machine was stopped like a freeway wreck. In the season's sixth game, the Vols of Tennessee clipped 'Bama 35-12, and the sputtering Tide never ran on all eight cylinders again, losing its last three regular-season games to LSU, Southern Miss and its arch-cross-state rival, Auburn. After 25 years as Alabama head coach (38 years coaching total), the Bear retired to his den after rallying his charges to a 21-15 consolation victory in the Liberty Bowl. His all-too-brief repose ended with his death on January 26.

Bryant's successor wasted no time showing the football world that he intended to keep but one sacred tradition of his mentor's—the all-important tradition of winning. Like a good service manager, Ray Perkins assessed the struggling vehicle he had inherited and rebuilt both the body and motor. The new coach—no stranger to the Tuscaloosa area, having toiled as a flypaper-palmed receiver at Alabama from 1964 to 1966—was determined to lead the Tide back to the glory of years past. (Swift as an Olympian foot racer, the All-American Perkins helped Bear Bryant garner three Southeast Conference titles and two national championships.)

No disrespect to the Bear was intended. The mechanic was merely doing what a mechanic had to do. "I loved and respected that man," says Perkins, adding that, although he was "scared to death" of the famed coach at first meeting, the relationship was never intimidating for him. "I had the opportunity under several circumstances to get to know him more than as just a coach but as a man," says Perkins, interviewed in his spacious office that seems organized enough to meet even Mr. Goodwrench's approval. "He was a very sensitive person; I greatly appreciated the camaraderie in the relationship we had."

Knowing that even a Rolls-Royce comes apart now and then, Perkins set to work. Long-time Bryant supporters were astounded by what they found in the new man's scrapheap. First to go was the tall, red observation tower that the late king had used to keep track of his charges. It was loaded on a flatbed truck and carted away because Perkins prefers charging into the midst of players at practice, using a "hands-on" approach to instruct, compliment or denounce. Personnel changes came next. Out went a slew of assistant coaches, in came a new batch with blood as fresh and red as the team's jerseys. Offensive coordinator George Henshaw abandoned Florida State for Perkins, just as defensive-end coach Mike DuBose, receivers coach Rockey Felker, offensive-line coach Tom Goode and quarterback coach Dave Rader left respective positions at Southern Miss, Memphis State, the University of Mississippi and private industry (Oil Dynamics in Tulsa).

Changes affecting the players were equally dizzying. Out went the revered wishbone offense, and in came a pro style, set to end forever the running game's sovereignty at Alabama. Out went the players' names on the backs of their uniform jerseys, and in came numbers big enough to be seen from an airplane. The symbolism of *that* move was apparent to even the most egotistical starter on the Tide's roster.

And finally, Perkins barred Coach Bryant's buddies, including his friend and biographer, John Underwood, from carte blanche access to the 'Bama team.

In return Underwood has written rather unflatteringly of the new coach. He refers to the Perkins-redecorated athletic dorm as looking "like a $1.98 steakhouse," describes the coach's countenance as "menacing" and predatory, and notes "eyes of a bird of prey." If Underwood's attitude is any indication, the freshman Alabama coach will not get a press honeymoon unless he wins and wins big.

And that is precisely what Perkins has started to do. "I won't be happy with less than a national championship," Perkins said at a press conference earlier this season. If present indications continue, the Crimson Tide is assured at least a Top Ten berth. While you are reading this sentence, the 'Bama squad is gearing up for its most important game of the year, a pad-popping encounter with Auburn's Tigers. Chances are the outcome of this contest will mean a bowl appearance for either Auburn coach Pat Dye or Perkins.

If ever there were an American success story, Ray Perkins' life fits the cliché admirably. Born to dirt-poor parents in Petal, Mississippi, on November 6, 1942, Perkins complicated his life early by dropping out of junior high school to paint houses. He stayed out of school many months, falling far behind until a junior-high football coach persuaded the boy to come back.

Still, though he was talented ath-

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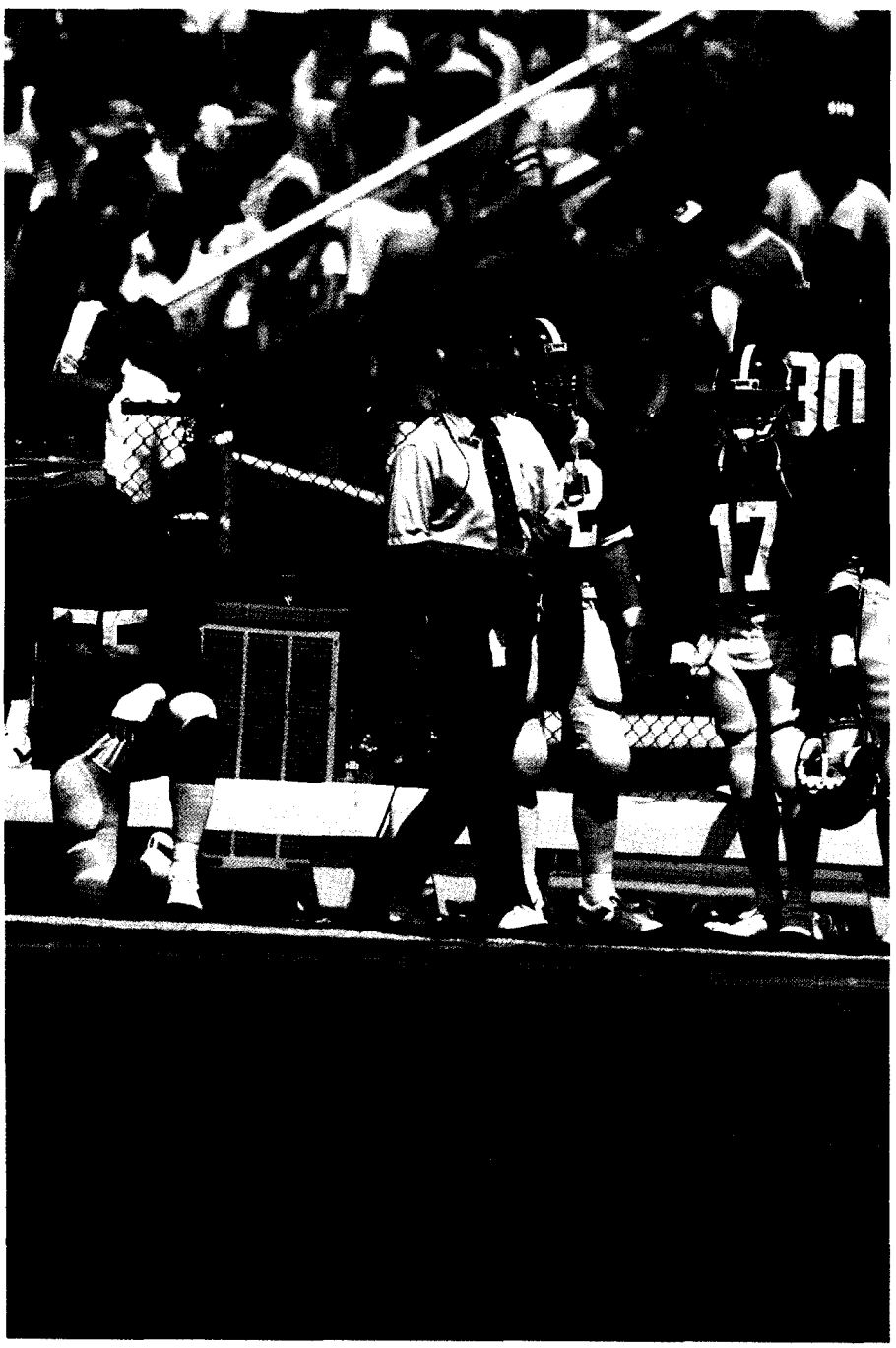
letically, Perkins' character development might not have grown to the point it has today had not a local service-station owner hired Perkins to manage his shop when the boy was 16. "That was one of many crossroads in my life," says Perkins, a tall man whose scholarly face fits well on a college campus. "When that man gave me the keys to his station, it showed me he had faith and confidence in me. That job really gave me a boost."

Looking back, the Alabama coach says he has no regrets about the life of poverty he endured. "I won't say I'm better off," he shrugs, "but I will say this: I wouldn't want to change anything. It's given me a better appreciation for what I have now."

One thing Ray and his wife Carolyn (a former Mississippi school teacher who married Perkins in January, 1962) do possess is a trophy room full of memories. In addition to his collegiate heroics (catching passes from Joe Namath and Snake Stabler) Perkins was a bona fide success as a pro player and coach. Wiry but fearless, he teamed up with Hall of Famer John Unitas to form the NFL's best pitcher-catcher unit in the late '60s. In 1969 and again in 1971, he participated in Super Bowl contests. When a badly injured knee ended his career in 1972, he had caught 93 career passes for 11 TDs and 1,538 yards, and had solidified his determination to become a coach. He had discussed his dream with Bear Bryant back in college days. "He told me I had to be crazy to want to coach," says Perkins, parting his thin lips in what passes for a smile. "He was right—you have to be crazy to stay in coaching."



Perkins' single decade in coaching has been a study in upward mobility. After working as a receiver coach at Mississippi State in 1973, he took a similar job with the New England Patriots for four years, moving on to take a position in 1978 as offensive coordinator for the bomb-oriented San Diego Chargers.

His big opportunity came in 1979 when the then hapless New York Giants named him head coach, and he was able to lead the '81 club to its first playoff berth in 18 years. One year later the more financially lucrative Alabama post opened, and Perkins and his family fled the snowy East to return to Alabama and a farm they had bought there with Ray's bonus money from Baltimore.

Perkins feels the secret to his success is that he just plain outworks the competition, frequently putting in 18-hour days and averaging no more than six hours' sleep a night. His killing work schedule keeps him away from wife Carolyn and sons, Tony, 19, and Mike, 16, but he insists his family situation is solid "because our family time together is quality time." Says Perkins, "A man who takes his family fishing every weekend gives his family one thing, but he cannot give them the things my job allows me to give." On days when the family does go out, you'll likely find them eating out at some Tuscaloosa restaurant or slamming away at a tennis ball at one of the courts on the Alabama campus.

Unfortunately, one place you don't find Ray Perkins any more is under the greasy chassis of a car. Instead of restoring cars these days, he seems content to tool around in the '84 red-brown Buick that came with his new job. It's a shame, though. A souped-up '57 Chevy might do more for his image!

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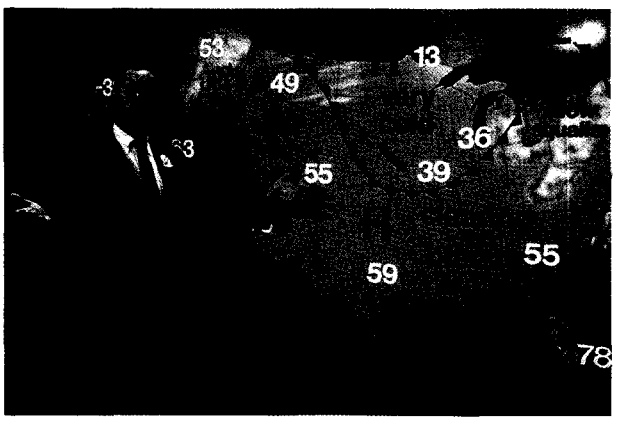
LIVING ON THE SUNNY SIDE

The jovial weatherman of the "Today Show" answers the question most often asked him: "Where do you get your sunny disposition?"

by Willard Scott

Over the years, I've made many personal appearances. I made them for 25 years in the Washington area, and now I'm getting requests to make speeches and personal appearances all over the country. I do about 20 or 30 a year. At the end of every talk, one question seems to pop up in groups all over the country.

"What makes you so happy?" people will ask me. "Where do you get your sunny disposition?"



Raising psychic barometers is a daily priority for weatherman Willard Scott, who braves the elements each morning to bring the weather news to the nation.

Now, even though my response is sometimes met with silence or uneasiness by the audience, my honest answer is this: I'm happy and joyful because I believe in Jesus Christ and his teachings. I am a practicing Christian. I believe in life after death. I know that my sins (and there have been many) have been forgiven. I simply say that a religion offering me salvation, forgiveness and eternal life can't help molding my personality as well as my outlook on life.

I realize that when you talk religion or politics you are treading on sacred—and controversial—ground. And I in no way wish to force my religious convictions on others. But when the question is asked, as it always is, I can only respond by giving the same honest answers.

I also say honestly that I've been blessed with many good breaks in this world. I've had lots of love, a good home, good health and a successful career. But I also know that, in the last analysis, my faith is my ultimate strength.

So, I want my light to shine, and I want to brighten my corner. And I prefer to let people see what I am before I tell them. Perhaps the only subtle thing in my life is that I answer questions about the source of my happiness only when asked.

I'm a Christian 100 percent. I happen to think that Christianity is the gentlest religion in the world, because its message is love.

Don't ask me what love is. Love is love. If you have to ask what it is—if you don't feel it—then you don't have it. I'm sick of people who say, "Let's analyze, let's dissect it, let's put it under a microscope and cut it till there's nothing left of it." If you do that to love, you've missed it.

The Christian faith is very simple. It's basically a matter of family love. The whole religion is summed up in a verse I could recite since I was knee high to a grasshopper, John 3:16: "For God loved the world so much that He gave His only Son, so that everyone who believes in Him may not die but have eternal life." (TEV)

The thing that hits home to me about that verse is that God gave a part of His own *family* to save the world. I mean, He gave up His very own *Son* so that the rest of us could be forgiven for whatever it was that we did wrong and become part of God's loving family, too.

What's more, God left a loophole big enough to put a truck through. *Anyone* could be part of His family. The way He set up the deal, even the worst criminal offender could, in the end, turn and make peace with God. That's ultimate love. That's forgiveness.

To get in on this deal, you don't have to own one single thing. You don't have to have a ticket, and you don't have to save green stamps. It's not possible to buy your way in. All you have to do to be part of God's family is to give your heart and your soul and your mind to Him. All you have to do is *believe*.

You can't believe only part of it, though. The thing about Christianity is that you have to buy the package plan. That's what we call it in broadcasting. It's not like a Chinese menu where you take one from Column A and one from Column B and forget the soup. You have to buy the whole deal. If you don't believe it all, forget it. I don't care if you don't understand how Mary conceived without a man or how Jesus performed His miracles. Who gives a rat's tail *how* it happened? It happened, and that's that.

My great moment of truth, when I finally bought the package plan, came when I was in my '30s. That's when I stopped trying to come up with all the answers and realized that the secret to the whole thing is called faith.

Christianity can't be outlined and explained in neat little compartments. The whole point is that it's a mystery that will finally be unraveled when we meet the Master face to face. But here on earth, after you have the faith, the striving is every-

continued on page 89

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ELECTRONIC GIVING— BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

Our choice of current high-tech offerings you may want to plug into your Christmas shopping list.

by Paul Pinella

Before computer chips overtook chocolate chips as favorite stocking stuffers, selecting Christmas gifts was easy. In a pinch, dad could always use some wool mittens. For mom, a warm shawl would do. And for the children, a new sled was always a sure winner. An amateur could do it.

Today's Christmas trees are more likely to shelter component television systems, intelligent watches and computer phones. The still popular sled must compete with flashy video games for a child's attention. It's confusing, all right. So what's a Santa to do?

Get smart. Hidden between the aisles and beyond the advertisers' holiday hype is a world of electronic values. A little research will reveal the many old products revamped with new electronic twists as well as inventions not possible without today's technologies. High tech need not mean high prices. Still, one or two elaborate gifts can quickly drain anyone's Christmas account. So check your budget, call in the reindeer, and let's do some electronic shopping. . . .

Monty Plays Scrabble

Big Ticket Items

Component TV: When stereo systems first came out, it took some convincing to make people believe that separate components could sound better than one integral box. Now they're telling us the same thing about TV. Television hasn't been this much fun since the neighborhood gathered around Uncle Joe's set to watch "Bonanza" in living color.

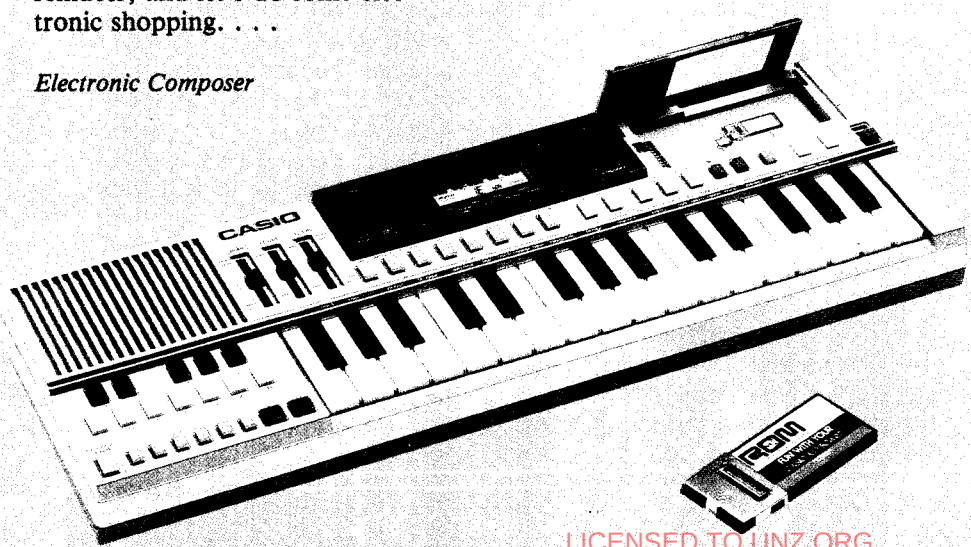
Beginners usually start with a monitor and a tuner and use their existing stereo amplifier and speakers. The Proton 600M color monitor features a 19-inch screen, high-resolution picture and home-computer hookups. The 600T video tuner can accommodate 105 cable channels. Both products together are $1,050 from Proton Corporation, Torrance, California.

Electronic Painkiller: Fighting pain with electricity isn't new. Yet today's improved understanding of the causes of pain has brought new attention to an old practice. Much headway has been made with transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulators (TENS)—electrical devices that apply small currents to the skin in a manner similar to human nerve activity.

Some doctors use TENS to help patients with muscular disorders; athletes use them to relieve aches without drugs. Now, a professional-quality TENS registered with the FDA is available with a prescription for home use. The Alpha-Stim 350 is $950 from Electromedical Products, Hawthorne, California.

Digital Sound: Thomas Alva Edison was known to halt all work and start in a new direction after he'd made a chance discovery. Edison would likely do so today if he could see what's happening to his phonograph. Compact, computerized disc players no longer have a stylus, but rather a laser. Gone, too, are the familiar LP records. New palm-sized discs feature shiny surfaces that send digital messages to the player for near-

Electronic Composer



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perfect sound reproduction. What's more, the discs should last a lifetime.

Discs are now in the $20 range, and prices should decrease as selections increase. A good way to hear Luciano Pavarotti, Tschaikovsky or The Cars is on the FD 3000SL Compact Disc player from Magnavox. The price: $900.

Notebook Computer: Last year's "portable" computers came in two different wrappers. Calculator-sized computers offered true portability, but suffered from tiny keys and a lack of useful programs. Other portables were really repackaged desk-top models, smartly styled in suitcase containers, but still heavy and dependent upon external power.

Today's notebook computers really will fit under an airplane seat, with room left for luggage. NEC's PC-8200 features a full keyboard, a large 40-column LCD display screen and built-in word-processing and communications programs. Urbane journalists use these little computers for note-taking. It's likely that students, traveling salesmen and executives will, too. The PC-8200 is $799 from NEC Home Electronics U.S.A.

Gifts Under $350

Computer Phone: Remember rotary dial telephones? It's not likely that younger children will, since most telephones have now gone digital. The new phones' microprocessor brains have replaced the old mechanical innards. Today's phones not only remember numbers that you forget—they also relentlessly re-dial busy numbers while mom continues with supper, put distant relatives on speakers for the whole family to hear and even track how long lovesick teenagers tie up the line. The Genesis telephone from AT&T Information Systems does all this and more for about $350.

Monty Plays Scrabble: Few board games last from one Christmas to the next: Either the novelty wears off or the game's peculiar rules are forgotten. The Scrabble crossword game is one board game that never gets boring. Budding wordsmiths from grade school on up delight in triple word scores and in running to the dictionary to prove their points. The only problem for Scrabble addicts comes when there's nobody around to play. But Monty Plays Scrabble, a hand-held computerized version with an erudite 12,000-word vocabulary, is always there when you feel the Scrabble urge coming on. Software on floppy disks for Apple and Radio Shack computers is also available. The price: $150 from Ritam Corporation, Fairfield, Iowa, or major retail outlets.

Computer Phone

Talking Watch

Electronic Composer: Even the world's finest music synthesizer can't manufacture talent. Nevertheless, a generation of inexpensive electronic keyboards, fun for both dabblers and future Van Cliburns alike, has emerged. Resembling compact electric organs without legs, these new keyboards use microprocessors to imitate a wide range of musical instruments and tempos. Casio's PT-50 features 16 background rhythms (including rock, tango and beguine) and "remembers" inspired passages for future playback. The cost: around $200.

Talking Watch: Dick Tracy used to talk into his watch, but the responding voice was that of the message's receiver. Seiko's new Talking Watch talks like a "Tracy" but actually uses a digital circuit to store messages recorded by the user. Up to eight seconds of sound can be recorded and then played back at a specified time. Now dad will remember to take out the garbage by seven and meet with the boss at nine. Also included are stopwatch features and water resistance, all for $195.

Pocket Pager: Now that the auto industry is selling more cars, more thieves will be working overtime. Auto theft is a multibillion-dollar business that results in more than one million stolen cars each year. No lock or alarm is foolproof. However, it's rare for a car equipped with two or more security devices to be stolen.

The Theftguard Pocket Pager is a pocket receiver similar to those carried by doctors and other professionals. The pager is triggered

Blood Pressure Monitor

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by a four-watt transmitter, mounted inside the car, that goes off when a security breach is detected. (The Pocket Pager is an option for a more conventional siren and ignition disabler.) The price is $159.95 from Micronics International, Anaheim, California.

World Listening: Yesteryear's shortwave radio listener had to contend with an earful of static and squeals just to enjoy a few minutes with the BBC or Voice of America. The non-technically inclined—who stood to gain the most from such radio sources as the Vatican, Moscow or even Tahiti—were least likely to benefit. Advances in microelectronics have eliminated many reception problems that plagued earlier receivers. The Sony ICF-2002 offers digital LCD tuning in one of the smallest packages available. With its additional AM/FM capabilities, it makes a perfect gift for the armchair traveler. The price: $250.

Gifts Under $100

Watt Watchdog: As utility bills go up, smart energy misers find ways to keep costs down. To control heating costs, the answer is simple: Dial down the thermostat and wear a sweater. Controlling electricity bills presents tougher problems. Pinpointing the energy hogs can be frustrating. For answers, ask the Energy Teller.

First plug the sensor unit into a wall socket, and the device to be monitored into the sensor. Then enter the amount paid per kilowatt hour into a calculator-sized keyboard. Several days later the amount of electricity used is revealed in dollars and cents. A 120-volt model sells for $80 from Advanced Micro Products, Clayton, Missouri. A 240-volt unit is available.

Blood Pressure Monitor: It makes good sense to monitor one's blood pressure regularly. Occasional visits to the doctor

Video Teachers

may not reveal significant swings in pressure, swings set off by increased salt intake, fluctuating weight or the lack of exercise. Those with high blood pressure in their families should be especially alert to the problem.

While blood-pressure monitoring in the home has long been possible, many would-be home users have been discouraged by stethoscopes and cumbersome equipment. The Timex Healthcheck makes pressure checks easy. Simply place the cuff over the arm, pump it up and watch the large LCD display for readings. The Healthcheck reveals both systolic and diastolic pressure and pulse. The price is around $70.

Bicycle Computer: Back when bikes still had fat tires, "hip" cyclists' machines were identified

Notebook Computer

by their motorcycle-sized speedometers mounted alongside mirrors, raccoon tails and a horn. Today's featherweight cycles deserve better. Microchip technology has drastically reduced the weight and increased the functions of the obsolete speedometer. The Push weighs only 3.5 ounces and slips easily out of its bracket for storage. In addition to monitoring miles traveled, speed, time and date, it also watches cadence—the crank's rounds per minute. Cadence is roughly equivalent to a car's tachometer and is crucial in training. The Push sells for about $60 from Attivo Corporation, Longmont, Colorado.

Bicycle Computer

Video Teachers: Most video games have at least one redeeming factor—they help develop coordination. Few, however, deserve the hours of attention that some young users give them. A new game genre combines flashy fun with educational qualities. Basic Number Facts, for example, looks like an ordinary racetrack game, yet actually pits users against their own math skills.

This video game challenges elementary students to a variety of "races." Addition and subtraction skills are needed to win in the soapbox race, multiplication is called for in the drag race, and so on. This child wins by in-

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creasing his best previous score. Basic Number Facts (one of many programs from Control Data Corporation's Plato® courseware library) is supplied on floppy disks for Apple, Atari and Texas Instruments home computers. The price is around $50.

Microsurgeon is another game that teaches while it entertains. Future doctors pilot a miniature robot through the body of a critically ill patient. Dangers along the way include cholesterol, tumors, tapeworms and many other life-threatening situations. When used with an optional speech synthesizer, Microsurgeon can tell users of such dangers as the approach of unfriendly bacteria. Cartridges from Texas Instruments are under $40.

Christmas Lie

continued from page 49

was only for an instant that I sat up, then I snuggled down under the covers: The room was terribly cold.

My mother came on tiptoe, holding my dressed doll in her hand, to whisper, "Merry Christmas, daughter."

I held the doll's cold, smooth head against my cheek.

"Come to the stove to dress," mother said. "Papa and the boys are out milking. Be very quiet. The longer the little boys sleep, the more I can get done." She leaned to draw the covers closer about my sister's shoulders. "Let her sleep too. She's worked so hard," she said.

When I was setting the breakfast table mother began to sing, very softly, a mournful Christmas song that began:

"The travelers, weak and sad and worn,
Approached the crowded town,
So friendless, homeless and forlorn;
The sun was going down."

and ended, in its first verse:

"No room, no room for Jesus,
Nowhere to lay his head——"

I had heard this song numberless times, but never before had its full pathos smitten me. I wiped my sleeve across my eyes. I must have sighed. Mother turned from the stove to ask, "Does your throat hurt?" I set down the stack of oatmeal bowls I was carrying and started toward her, my arms held out. I did not tell her, for at the moment the baby fell out of bed.

Then suddenly, I was given a dawn-to-dusk reprieve. Father came in carrying two pails of milk on which, in the journey from barn to house, a skim of ice had formed at the edges, and said, while he stood by the stove to melt the ice his breathing had made in his beard, "I'd say it is a good 45 below, and dropping. We can't take these little children, and especially this one, out in this!" He looked down at me, and mother looked at me, too, as though in my thin throat she saw a barometer.

"No, I suppose not," she said slowly. "Do you think the Bunnys will expect us, now it's this cold?"

"I doubt it," father said. "But in case they should, we'll send a couple of the boys down on their skis, with our regrets."

"And the carrying bag," mother said, "filled with things I've baked, and the gifts for Madge and Ben." She could not keep the tremor from her voice. She turned her head away. "The children! I mind so, for the children!"

"There will be other Christmases," he said gently, and went to her and leaned to kiss the part in her dark hair.

I went to kneel on the window seat, and with a spoon scraped a peephole in the thick and ferny frost pattern and looked out into the saving cold of Christmas.

I was trying to confess my fault, though my sin was ever before me. I watched the boys leave, skimming over the crust beside the sleigh trail in the deceptively shining morning, and tried not to think of the moment when the Bunnys' dog, mother of our dog, Rats, would run barking to meet them, and one of the older Bunny boys—Ilo, Ivo or Jasper —would come out to greet them, and, when they had leaned their skis against the house wall, they would go in to the warmth of Mrs. Bunny's kitchen and welcome. Standing by the range, they would melt the frost from their eyebrows and nostrils, and warm their hands while the Bunnys asked about us all and heard from them our parents' apologies for not bringing us, and Mrs. Bunny said whatever came into her head to say, on hearing we planned to come.

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Mother said that we should have the nicest Christmas possible at home. She brought from the trunk her long, white, hemstitched linen tablecloth that had been the congregation's parting gift to her, and let my little sister and me help her spread it on the table. She took down from the top shelf of the corner cupboard a hand-painted china bowl and carefully washed and dried it and set it in the center of the table. It would hold the mashed potatoes in a knife-smoothed mountain from whose crater a lava of pale winter butter would overflow. There would be two vegetables, saved against this day, cranberry sauce and light rolls. To make up for her having sent one of the two partridge pies down to the Bunnys', mother had baked a hen, and there would be chicken gravy.

After she had freed our curls from their long, hard cocoons and brushed them about her finger, and had buttoned us into the dresses we were to have worn to the Bunnys' and the long-sleeved pinafores we wore over them, mother retired to the dormitory end of the house and did her hair and changed her dress and came out in her red cashmere princesse and blushed at our cries of admiration and father's poetic approval. The brief train of the dress swished after her, its tiers of satin piping ashine, brightly crimson against the frosted-lined pine of the puncheon floor. It had been her best dress down in the States, the one she wore when she sang the alto part in a church quartet, and we had not seen her in it since the Christmas before.

We had only sat down to dinner when a shadow moved past the frost-darkened window, and Rats set up his angriest growling. Father went to the door, thinking, perhaps, that some homesteader had made his way to us through the cold.

There stood an Indian, the first ever to come to our house. Father quieted Rats and asked the Indian in. The boys helped him with his blanket and shoepacks, and had him warm himself. Mother whispered for us to slide our plates along to make room for him at the table and motioned for the boys to hang his blanket on the line. We waited. Mother set the platter and the other serving dishes on the back of the stove, where they would keep warm.

When at last the Indian was seated between my younger sister and me, we bowed our heads for the blessing. The instant the amen was said and the platter that held the golden baked hen was set before father again, my little sister, wanting to show her friendliness, quickly lifted the platter with its uncarved bird and held it before our guest.

Whether it was her intent to have him admire it or to ask him to carve it there was no time to ask. Instead of taking or refusing the platter, he grasped the bird in both hands and bent his head over it. He hesitated and lowered it to his plate, and lifted his knife and fork and considered their use. He touched his thumb to the knife blade and silently laid it down again. He took up the bird and with his teeth tore a strip of white meat from the breastbone and, the chicken still in his hands, chewed ravenously while we all watched, rapt. No one, not even the baby, so much as gasped.

Mother got up from her chair and took the remaining partridge pie from the oven and cut it at the worktable.

She set it before father and said, "Will you serve us now?"

Then our wordless guest, his first hunger assuaged, looked around on us and saw our empty plates and that he had taken and eaten the best of our dinner. A deeper red suffused his near-frozen cheeks, and he looked down at the bird and the inroads he had made on it, and held it out toward father, his eyes asking pardon.

I felt his humiliation as though it were my own. I knew what it was to want, and to act on impulse, and then to see what had been done and want to make amends. He had come, snow-blinded, into our house, stupid with cold and hunger and strangeness, and had been offered food. I, who had sometimes run to hide when a stranger came, and found it difficult to speak up at any time, said with gestures, "We have a partridge pie. The chicken is for you, and the dressing too. We want you to eat it." Then I looked at my father, fearful of having said the wrong thing, and was relieved when he smiled and said to the Indian, "Yes, eat."

Our plates were heaped with food and passed to us, and we, too, began to eat, glancing often at our hungry guest.

Mother cut the pies before she brought them to the table. When the Indian had finished with his piece, which he ate from the palm of his hand, he wiped his hands on his trousers legs and took from his shirt front a short-stemmed pipe, and, with signs, asked father for tobacco. Told that father did not smoke, he pointed to the boys in turn, and made to understand there was no tobacco in the house, he delved for and found his own tobacco pouch and filled his pipe and smoked.

This was too much for my brothers. They got up to put wood into the stove, and the one bending over the wood box was taken with a fit of pretended coughing and had to be pounded on the back, and that was an excuse for us all to laugh. Father kept a straight face, but his eyes twinkled. And I thought that the In-

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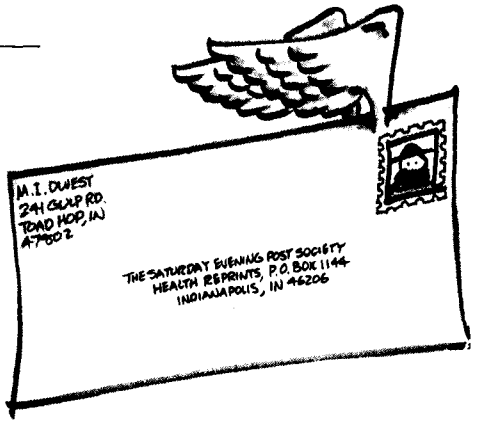

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dian's eyes were laughing, too.

Satisfied with food and tobacco, the Indian got around to telling us why he had come. He had lost his ponies—a black, a bay, a tan, a pinto. This he let us know by laying his hand on first my head, then my younger sister's, then my older sister's, and then on all three in quick succession. Father had not seen his ponies, and tried to make it clear that, should they come our way, the boys would return them to him at the reservation on Pigeon Lake.

When he had gone, with one of the boys holding Rats until he was safely from the clearing, we little girls helped mother clear the table.

The lamp was lighted. Mother took up her knitting and recited for us some Christmas poems learned in her early childhood from her mother's mother. Always I had loved that evening hour when the outdoors was periwinkle blue beyond the patterned frost and a quiet fell on us and we were aware of the crackling of the fire, the tink of sparks in the stovepipe, the sound of whittling knife and the click of knitting needles. How precious and safe a time it had always been—that hour in a winter Eden. And now the sword was at the gate.

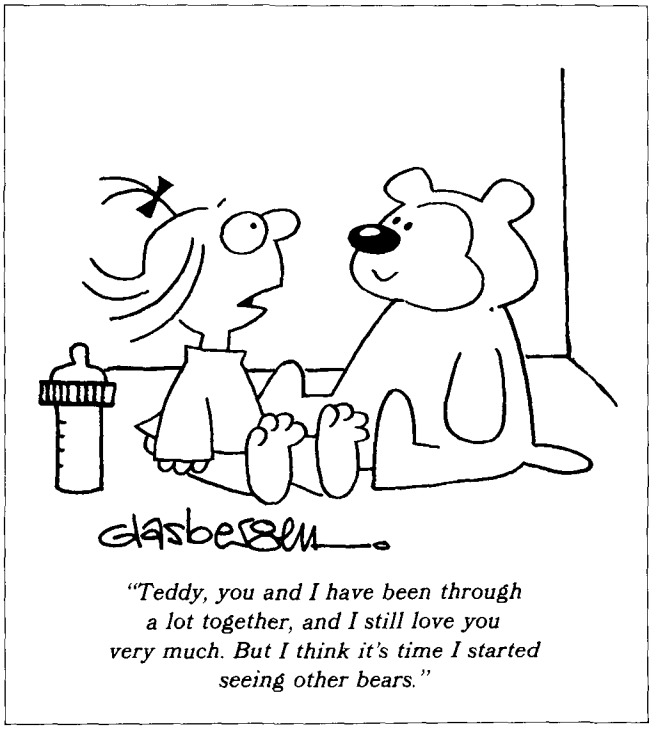
As though she read my thought, though not its dread, mother said, "The boys will be coming any time now, and will tell us about the Bunnys' Christmas dinner. And we will have something to tell them, won't we, children?"

"Yes, how we lost our chicken," my brother said, and looked at me and clicked his tongue. "If only the little girls hadn't passed it to him. If only she hadn't said we wanted——"

Father stopped him. "Come here, little girls," he said to us, and held out his hands and drew us onto his knees and stroked our hair. "We have so few guests I couldn't have blamed you if you had not known at all what to do, how to behave. And here, your mother couldn't have been more gracious and kind." He raised my hand and pressed it to his cheek. "You, especially, treasure," he said to me. "This must all have meant much to you, this day, and you took the disappointment of not going to the Bunnys' like a little woman. How honest and warm a heart you have, to feel that Indian's uncertainty and hunger as you did, and to speak up and tell him to eat our chicken, and make him feel at ease. That's the sort of goodwill toward men to set the angels singing." He stopped, his voice shaken, and looked at mother. She was smiling, nodding agreement.

My father's words made the circle of his arm, always the safest place in my world, untenable. And my mother's loving pride in me and all that she had done for us all toward that day, that was in no way rightly mine, split my world apart. Better was the outer darkness of their disregard, their wrath, than any longer undeserving. I flung myself from my father's embrace and stood alone, and with all the others looking on, wondering, I cried aloud: "They didn't ask us! They didn't even ask me! I made it up!"

Astonished and awful silence followed. No one laughed. No one derided or reproached me. I shut my eyes, trying to gather strength for whatever was to be. Then my mother was kneeling on the frosty floor and taking me to her heart to forgive me and to let me weep.



"Teddy, you and I have been through a lot together, and I still love you very much. But I think it's time I started seeing other bears."

It was in that blessed moment of relief, release, that Rats set up his barking and ran down the trail to meet the boys, home from the Bunnys'. There was more for me to suffer, but now I could endure it. Almost, I could welcome it.

"Hold her, papa," mother said. "This crying is very bad for her throat." She went to the stove to slide the teakettle forward and to put food into the oven to reheat.

Through my tears, I saw the others' solemn faces. I strove to hush my crying before my brothers came in. Mother waited until they had slid their skis onto the rafters and had hung up their coats and were warming themselves at the stove before she said quietly, "What did Mrs. Bunny say?"

"That you make the best rolls ever," my brother said, smiling.

"What else did she say?"

"That she was sorry it turned too cold to bring the children out, and that we're all to come the first fit Sunday."

"And she sent candy, cakes and walnuts from the States, for the little ones," our other brother said. "They're in the carrying bag."

At the goodness and kindly quick thinking of Mrs. Bunny I wept anew. Mother said to father, "Hadn't you better put her down and stay with her until she goes to sleep? This has been terrible for her."

Then the brother who liked to tease me came to me and thrust the little sleeping colt that mother had carved for him into my hand and said gruffly, "You can hold him awhile!"

Father carried me and laid me down on the bunk and covered me with the folded crazy quilt. He leaned to kiss me, and the loop of his watch chain touched my arm and I heard the good ticking of his watch. Then he lay down beside me and moved my head to his shoulder.

"Will God forgive me?" I whispered between shaken sobs.

"Absolutely," he said.

I quieted, thinking on the goodness of God, Mrs. Bunny and my

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people. I was so humbly glad of peace on my earth once again, and of being one of the least of those sinners with whom, at Christmastime, God saw fit to be reconciled! The little wooden colt in my hand and my brow pressed to my father's beard, I went to sleep.

Wrapsody

continued from page 57

something." Then all I had to do was race back in and get the thing, caution Lois to keep her eyes shut, lower the window on her side and talk her into putting her head between her knees. After that it was only a matter of sliding the toboggan in over her back until the tail rested on the back window ledge. The front stuck out the window.

I somehow sensed that she wasn't altogether thrilled about riding home with her eyes closed, her head between her knees and the window down. But it wasn't until snow began piling up on her exposed surfaces that I was able to pinpoint the rumblings, which I had feared were emanating from the engine.

Once home, I slid the toboggan out over her back, concealed it temporarily beneath the car and said, "You can straighten up now."

"No I can't," she replied.

And, by golly, she was right. I had to wait until no one was watching, then help her into the apartment. "Try not to die in this shape, for gosh sakes," I begged her, "or you'll have to be buried in a drum."

That night, while she was in the bedroom realigning her vertebrae, I sneaked her gift into the room I share with the dog and cat and, with the cat's help, began covering it with wrapping paper.

A single sheet of paper failed to go around the thing, so I had to begin by taping two sheets together. Since my heirloom cardboard box failed to contain two sheets of the same color and motif, I could only hope that my patchwork effect wouldn't be all that noticeable.

Sorting out two complementary sheets, I taped them together and spread them on the floor. I did two more sheets in the same fashion, but I wasn't able to tape the two sets together before removing the cat from underneath the first two

continued on page 95

"He had come to Mexico for a bizarre treatment devised by a former dentist."

***NEWSWEEK** October 20, 1980*

"Long-haired and bearded. . .he looked like a mountain man."

***L.A. TIMES** November 10, 1980*

"Stricken with cancer, he seeks a cure at a controversial Mexican clinic."

***PEOPLE MAGAZINE** October 20, 1980*

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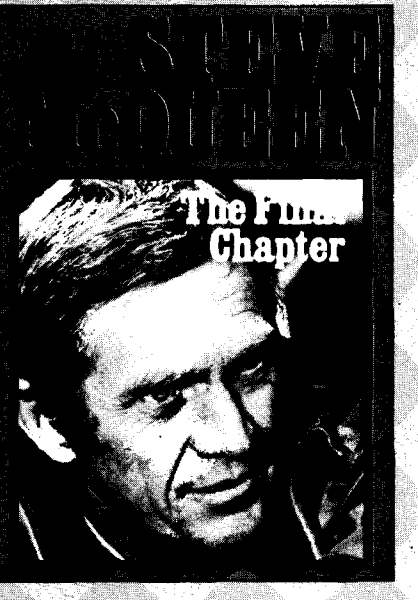

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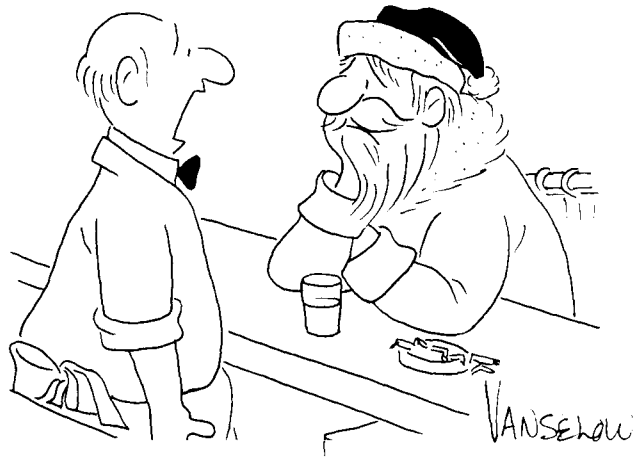
SANTA AND OTHER CLAUSES

". . .and I want my husband to start helping with the housework, and my son to clean his room, and my mother to quit nagging me about my weight. . ."



"If you can't sleep nights because of all the promises you made to those trusting little children . . .I'd say it's time to quit the business."

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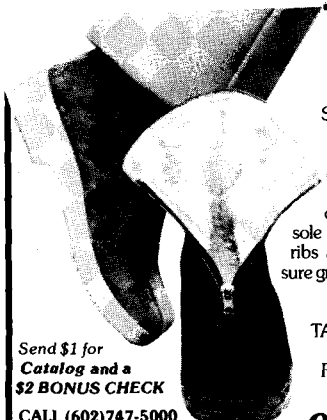
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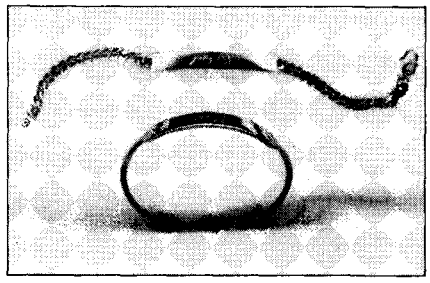

Each bracelet is 18-karat gold electrolytically bonded to a base metal in a layer 4 times thicker than required for the designation "gold electroplate." One design is an oval ($9.95 ppd.) and the other, in the design of a chain ($14.95 ppd). Free engraving. MaBelle, 1516 E. Tropicana, Suite 7 A 866, Las Vegas, NV 89109.

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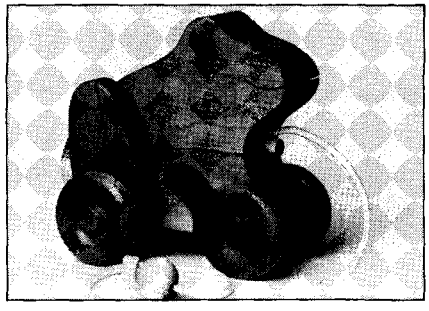

Easy to construct toy kits. Prices range from $10.00 to $27.50. Plans range from $1.50 to $6.00. All parts can be ordered individually, "child safe," parts are attached with dowels and glue rather than nails. Catalog $1. Cherry Tree Toys, P.O. Box 369, Belmont, OH 43718.

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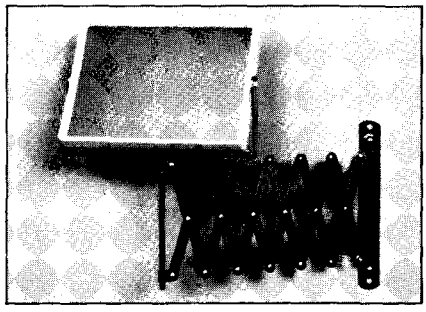

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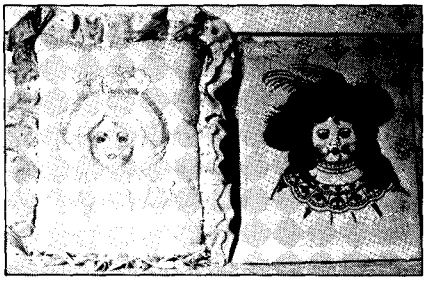

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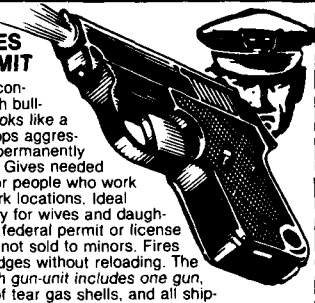

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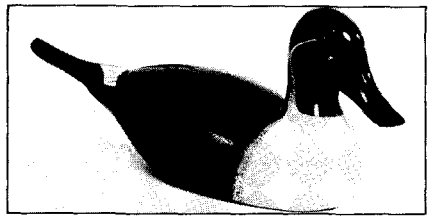

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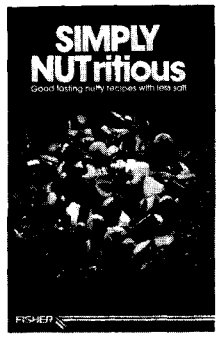

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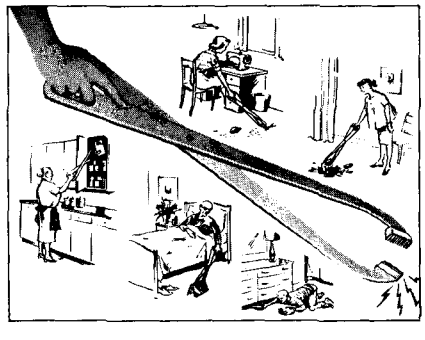

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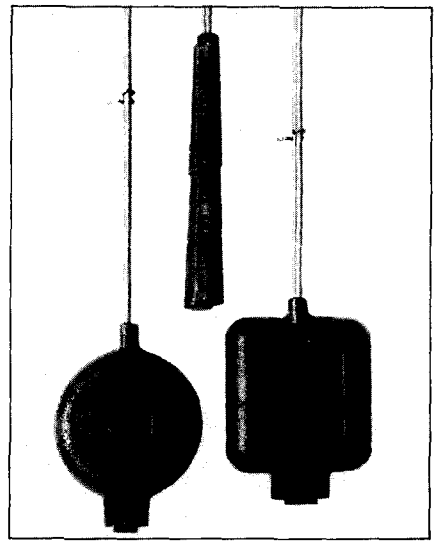

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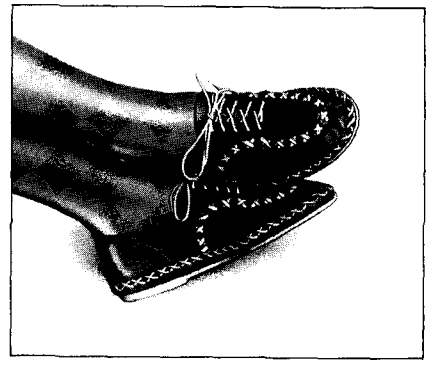

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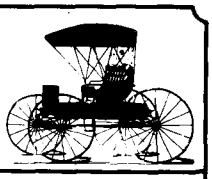

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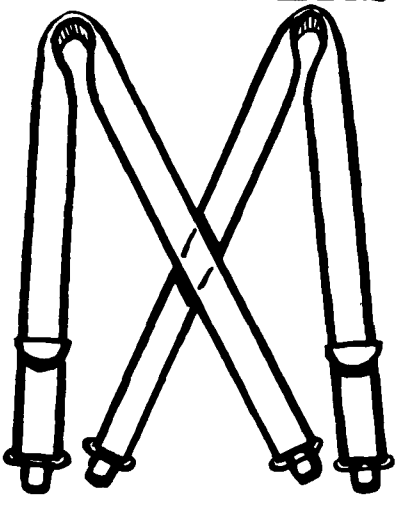

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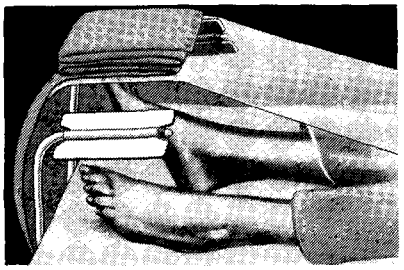

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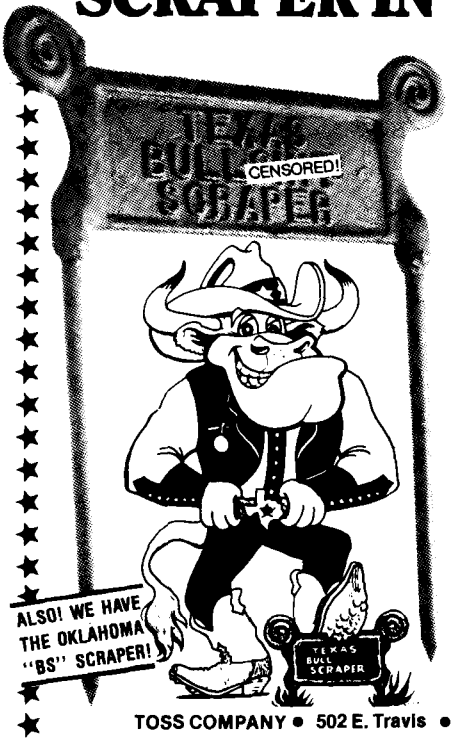

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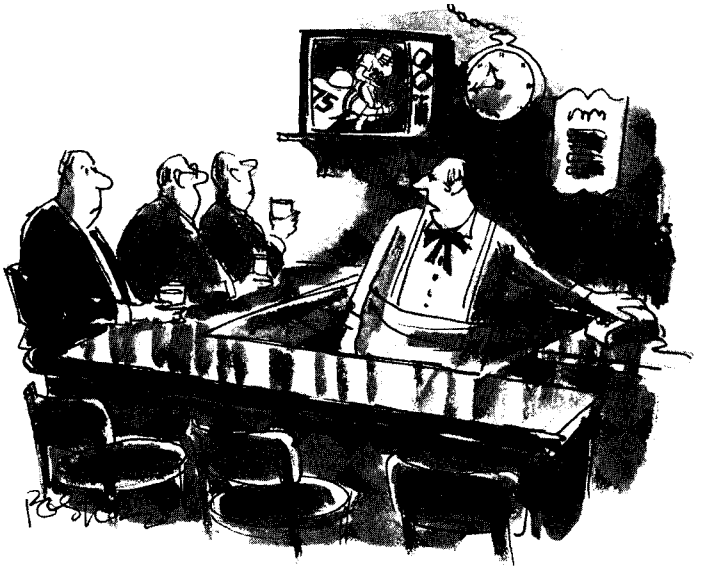

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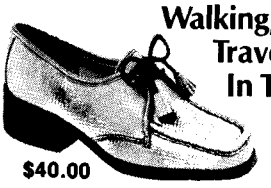

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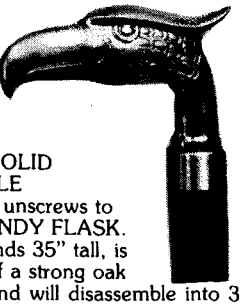

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Especially needed are issues published before 1941, although our archivist will be grateful for copies bearing any date. Your search of the attic for old *Posts* will not go unrewarded. Besides the pride of having a part in building this literary heirloom of tomorrow, your contribution can be used as a tax deduction.

Values, to be determined by the archivist, range from $5 to $500 per copy. Covers by Garnsey Moore, Anton Otto Fischer, Sarah Stilwell Weber and Ellen Pyle also will be prize additions to our *Post* museum collection. So. . .won't you please take a look in the attic today, and start those old *Posts* on the way? To: Archives, The Saturday Evening Post Society, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

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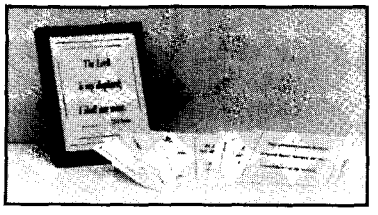

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OPEN FORUM

A QUALITY CALLED COMMITMENT

"If you're committed to a good cause or effort, and you know you're going to make it work, something amazing happens."

by Art Williams

In a popular song of the '50s, they called that special quality "heart." I call it "commitment." Whatever you name it, the old song is right—"you gotta have it" if you want to make it in any area of life.

Commitment—it's a big word full of big promises for those who take it seriously. It's just a quality, something you can't see or feel. But it's a fact of life: All goals, dreams, ideals and hopes in this world fade away without this vital ingredient. Look at any story of success and accomplishment, and commitment is one element turning up again and again. There are many roads to success and happiness, but none will get you there if you don't take commitment along as your walking stick.

Many people today are not willing to make a total commitment to anything. It's not because they're irresponsible; rather, they've been hurt, disappointed or discouraged by the sometimes painful, frustrating experiences they've encountered in life. Some have failed in business or in their personal lives and chosen to take the safe route so they won't get hurt again. I've observed in my working life that a sure step on the road to failure—often the fatal step—is loss of ability to make a commitment.

Too many people do just enough to get by. For uncommitted people, the day-to-day frustrations of life seem monumental because they're not viewed as part of the big picture, one step toward a long-range goal.

Lack of commitment causes many people's business failures. It's not lack of skills or lack of talent. Sometimes it's not even lack of energy. Some people work and work but just seem to spin their wheels. Often the vital missing ingredient is total commitment.

Several years ago I hired a very capable woman as a sales representative for my company. A college professor, she wanted the increased earning potential and opportunity of a sales career.

Ten months later, she came to me exhausted and totally discouraged. She was working furiously, making calls, seeing clients—but getting nowhere. At first I couldn't see what her problem was. Obviously active and smart, she was making an impressive effort.

And then she told me her concerns. Because she had taken a one-year leave of absence from the college, she had only two more months to decide whether she could make it in the sales business; she would lose her tenure and all her benefits from the college if she didn't return.

That was her problem: She hadn't made a total commitment to her new work, and it was showing. In the back of her mind, she knew she could return to her teaching job if things didn't work out in her new career. She thought she was holding a trump card, but her trump card was holding her—holding her back from making a total commitment to the new job.

I advised her that it was time to make a choice. If she really wanted to make it in sales, she had to go out on a limb. She couldn't have another choice—something "held back" just in case. She had to make the decision to give up her tenure at the college and to give up any thought of returning to her former job.

Not only did she make this decision, but, as a final measure of commitment, she packed up her family and moved to another city to open new sales territory. The change in her outlook was soon apparent. Three months after the move, her income *for one month* was greater than she had earned annually at the college. In another three months, she was promoted to an executive position within the company.

In present-day society, it seems that people want things to come without any effort. I find many people looking for the perfect job—one without too much work or too many headaches. Well, folks, that's not life. If you want big rewards, you've got to pay a price. There are sacrifices, and sometimes the going gets tough. But 99 percent of the things people worry about never happen. If you don't counteract your fears,

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Wanted: MUSEUM PIECES

We're making no bones about it—we'd like that antique from your attic. There it is, collecting cobwebs and seen perhaps twice a year when you get the Christmas stuff down and when you put it away. Wouldn't you feel better if that item was collecting attention throughout the year from visitors to the Benjamin Franklin Saturday Evening Post Museum? Come April 15, you'll feel better still when you deduct its value from the outgo on your income tax. More than that will be the pride of having a part in the museum honoring one of our country's most famous patriots and founder of *The Saturday Evening Post*. So please do look around for things the Museum is looking for: gas lamps. . .Rayo lamps . . .antique dolls. . .doll dresses. . .ice cream freezers. . .flatirons. . .antique aprons. . . harmonicas (Ben used to cut a mean lick on the harmonica). . .or the many other antique items that might have been advertised in *Posts* of the past. The Museum not only will keep these treasures for you—and for posterity—but will list your name as donor for our many visitors to see. *Ship that antique from the attic to the address below.*

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FOOD

DRINK TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH

Don't burden guests this season with heavy foods—keep holiday spirits and calorie counts light with healthful drinks and appetizers.

by Christopher Irwin

We call them appetizers; the French call them hors-d'oeuvre; so do we sometimes, but we never try to spell it. The Russians call them Zakuskis. Nobody else even considers calling them that, although the French refer to the Zakuski style as hors-d'oeuvre à la russe, which in English means "Russian appetizers" and which, loosely translated into American, comes out "those bitty sandwiches with fish eggs."

Fish eggs, my friends, are only the beginning, for appetizers inhabit that zany zone of the cuisine arts where almost anything goes (and usually goes rather quickly).

Traditionally, a clever cook can disguise the most unthinkable ingredients as appetizers and successfully foist them into the hungry mouths of the most squeamish diners. As a common example, confirmed liver haters (myself included) can be induced to delve unhesitatingly into a platter of bacon-wrapped liver chunks impaled upon toothpicks. (Don't try this—liver, not to mention bacon, is much too high in cholesterol.) Less common but more gruesome are baby eels, their little dead eyes staring blankly at your pulsating palate. Don't worry—that's not what we're proposing here. Appetizers can be benign. . . they can even be divine. The best gifts come in the smallest packages, and appetizers, although small, can not only make your meal, but they can be and more often of late *are* the meal.

Sparkling combinations of juices and flavored teas make great thirst quenchers—as for appetizers, you can work wonders with mushrooms, avocados and chicken.

Before we discuss content, perhaps we should review the etiquette of appetizers, formerly known by Francophiles as entrées volantes. For this we turn to *Larousse Gastronomique.* The first thing we find is that we are wrong. Only *hot* appetizers were formerly called entrées volantes or petites entrées. Cold appetizers apparently weren't formerly called anything.

"By definition," says the *Larousse*, "these snacks are additional to the menu. They should therefore be light and very delicate, especially when served before a rather heavy menu consisting of a number of courses."

The two main types, we discover, are "cold" and "hot." The cold are "usually served with luncheon"; the hot "generally formed part of the dinner menu, and were served after the soup." However—and this is important news—"hot [appetizers] can be served at luncheon at the same time as cold [appetizers]."

As for appearance: "The lady of the house must not only supervise their presentation, but must cooperate in it and put herself out to devise original and graceful decorative effects."

That's the scoop from the elitist end of the table. For our part, we don't care when or how you eat appetizers, but we do hope that your ingredients are healthful as well as light and palatable. The following recipes are good examples. These artful creations include mushrooms, avocados, chicken and shrimp—no eels.

If you want to slip in an eel or two, we suggest doubling the alcohol content in some of the beverage recipes, also included below. The *Larousse* is silent on drinks with appetizers. Therefore, it's safe to assume that anything goes. Our holiday drink recipes include some suggested by friends at Schweppes who have a salt-free seltzer and Celestial Seasonings who specialize in teas. Bon appétit!

Marinated Mushrooms

1 pound mushrooms, cleaned
1 cup wine vinegar
1 cup rosé wine
1 teaspoon Santay Garlic Magic® powder
1 teaspoon Bouquet® seasoning (Gayelord Hauser's® seasoning containing Greek oregano, French sweet basil, marjoram and rosemary, and Spanish thyme)
½ cup onion, chopped
2 bay leaves

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½ teaspoon thyme
⅓ cup unsaturated oil
1 cup water
½ teaspoon New Vegit® seasoning
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
Combine all the liquid ingredients in a large saucepan. Add the herbs and spices. Add the mushrooms and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat and simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Refrigerate at least 3 hours or overnight.

Strawberry Fruit Salad Dressing
(Makes about 1½ cups)

Stir 1 cup small-curd cottage cheese together until well mixed, ½ cup Smucker's Low Sugar Strawberry Spread® and ½ teaspoon ground ginger. Add ¼ cup plain yogurt and blend until smooth in electric blender. Serve over bite-sized chunks of banana, apple, pear and other fruit.

Florida Guacamole
(Makes about 2½ cups)

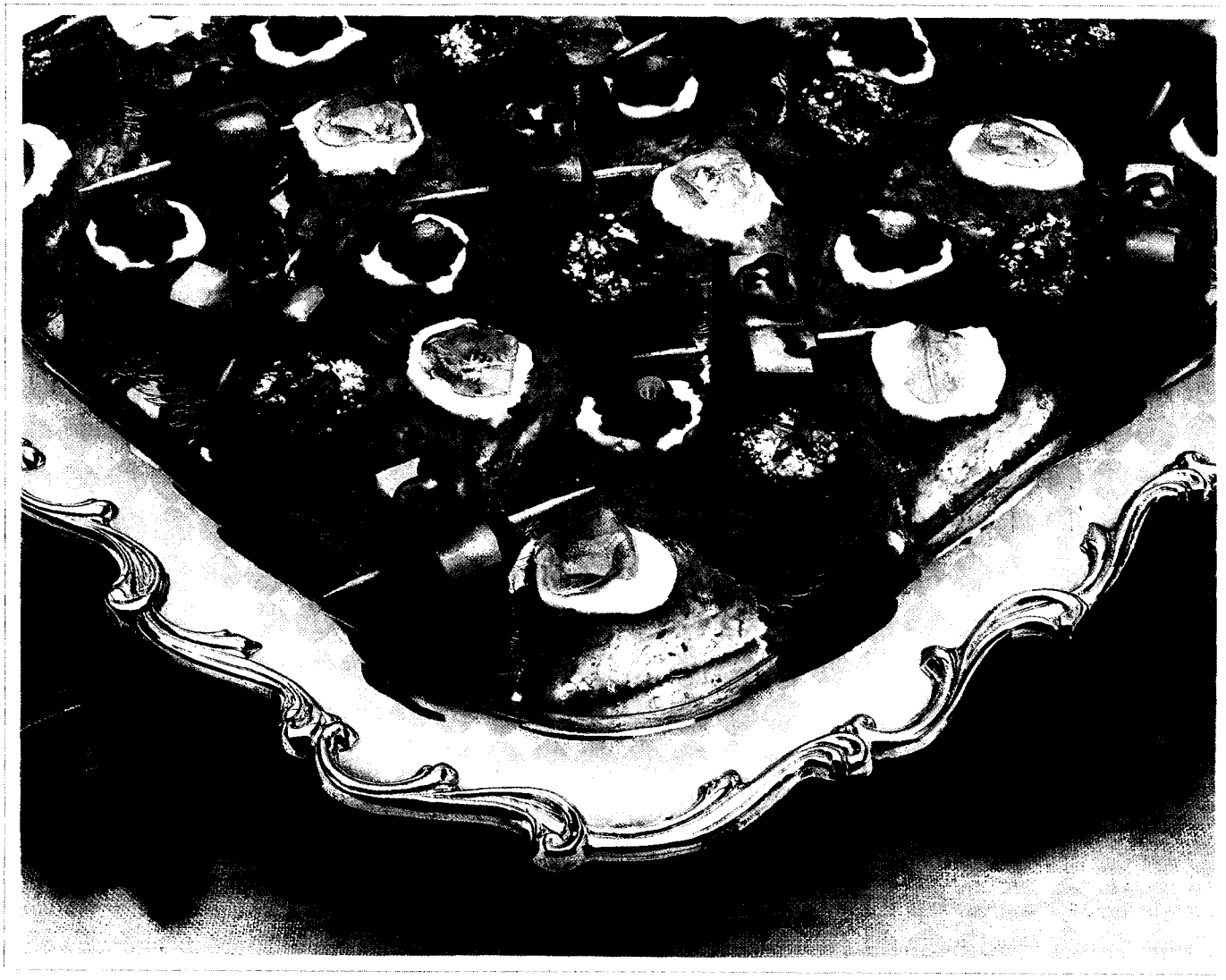
2 medium avocados, halved
1 medium tomato
4 green onions, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, mashed
2 tablespoons olive oil or vegetable oil
2 teaspoons lime juice
Dash each hot-pepper sauce and black pepper
Unsalted corn chips
With spoon, scrape out flesh from avocados. Mash coarsely with fork. Measure about two cups. Halve tomato. Squeeze out and discard seeds and juice; then chop. Blend with avocados and remaining ingredients. Turn into bowl. Serve with chips.
Variations:
1. Add 1 or 2 chopped canned green chiles.
2. Garnish with small shrimp, crab meat or anchovies.
3. Add ¼ cup chopped cucumber or celery.
4. Add ½ cup diced Jack cheese.
5. Serve with taco sauce.

Holiday Chick'n Wedges

1 package Tyson® Chick'n Quick™ breast patties
Weight Watchers® cream cheese
Cranberry-orange relish
Mint sprigs, optional
Cook breast patties according to package directions. Cut into bite-sized wedges. Spread softened cream cheese on wedges; top with cranberry-orange relish. Garnish with mint sprigs, if desired. Serve immediately.

Avocado Appetizer
(Makes about 2 cups)

2 medium avocados, peeled and halved
2 limes, juiced
1 cup yogurt
1 8 oz. package Weight Watchers® cream cheese, softened
1 6½ oz. can minced clams, well drained
¼ cup chopped pimiento, drained



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¼ cup green onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, mashed
¼ teaspoon cayenne

Cut avocados into chunks. Put in bowl, then sprinkle with lime juice. Refrigerate. Meanwhile, blend yogurt and cream cheese together until smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Blend again. To serve: spoon-dip into small bowl. Surround with avocado chunks. Provide picks, if desired, for dipping.

Hot Shrimp Appetizer
(Microwave method)

4 ounces (about ¾ cup) Alaska Pink® shrimp, thawed if necessary
*3 tablespoons green onion, chopped, divided**
1 3 oz. package low-fat cream cheese
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chili sauce
Assorted crackers

Reserve a few shrimp and 1 tablespoon onion for garnish. Place cream cheese in 2-cup microwave-proof dish; microwave at high 30 seconds to soften. Blend in mayonnaise, chili sauce, remaining onion and shrimp. Cover loosely with waxed paper; microwave at high 1½ minutes or until thoroughly heated. Garnish with reserved shrimp and onion. Serve with crackers. Makes about 1¼ cups.

Conventional method: Reserve a few shrimp and 1 tablespoon onion for garnish. Soften cream cheese; stir together in saucepan with mayonnaise, chili sauce, remaining onion and shrimp. Heat and stir until thoroughly heated and bubbly. Garnish with reserved shrimp and onion. Serve with crackers. Makes about 1¼ cups.

* Minced onion may be substituted.

Crab-stuffed Mushrooms
(Makes 10 servings)

½ pound fresh large mushrooms
¾ cup crab meat, cooked
¼ cup celery, finely chopped
1 teaspoon lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
2 tablespoons mayonnaise

Wash the mushrooms and remove the stems. Combine all the remaining ingredients. Stuff the mushrooms with the crab mixture. Top if desired with a small slice of cheese. Broil on the middle rack of the oven for 1 to 2 minutes or until cheese melts.

Christmas Classic

4 ounces cranberry juice cocktail, chilled
2 ounces pineapple juice, chilled
1 orange slice
1 piece stick cinnamon (about 4 inches)
Schweppes Salt Free Seltzer®, chilled

Pour cranberry juice and pineapple juice over 2 to 3 ice cubes in a 12 oz. bar glass. Add the orange slice and stick cinnamon and stir briskly. Let sit for a minute to develop the flavors, then add Schweppes Salt Free Seltzer® to fill the glass and stir gently to mix.

Texsun Quencher

2 cups Texsun Grapefruit Juice®
½ cup crushed pineapple with own juice
½ cup ReaLemon®
1 cup water
¼ cup Equal® sugar substitute

Mix well and serve with thin slices of orange in each glass.

Rose's Wintertime Warmer

6 tea bags (Celestial Seasonings) Cinnamon Rose®
2 cups boiling water
2 cups cranapple juice
Juice of ½ orange
Paper-thin orange wheels

Steep tea bags in boiling water for 5 minutes. Remove tea bags. Add cranapple cocktail and orange juice. Stir. Float paper-thin orange slices on top. Serve warm. Serves 4.

Sunburst C Punch

6 tea bags Sunburst C® (Celestial Seasonings)
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup honey
1 cup orange juice
2 cups ice cubes
2 cups chilled champagne
Paper-thin orange wheels

Steep teabags in boiling water for 5 minutes. Remove tea bags. Stir in honey, then add orange juice and ice cubes. Stir until thoroughly chilled. Add sparkling water. Float paper-thin orange wheels on top of punch. Serves 6.

Food Features—coming Jan/Feb

. . . will spotlight a pear-filled turkey roll; and to celebrate National Soup Month, we will have recipes of our favorite piping-hot soups.

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Sunny Side

continued from page 65

thing. It's what you put into it that counts.

To me, the Christian faith is a little bit like the Yellow Brick Road to Oz. Do you remember what happened to the Tin Man and the Lion in *The Wizard of Oz*? They had started out toward Oz in search of courage and compassion, hoping that the Wizard would give those qualities to them. But when they stood up before the magnificent and wonderful Wizard, all he gave them was a piece of paper and a little old tin heart. The courage and compassion they had been searching for had actually been developing inside them on the Yellow Brick Road.

Christianity is somewhat like that. By having faith in that tremendous goal of perfect love that God set forth through his son, Jesus, we get power to give more love to others than we ever thought possible. By simply accepting God's word at face value, we have access to the most obvious source of personal power in the whole world. It's the power that gives your life dignity and happiness and produces peace in your heart. *Everybody* can plug into it, but most people totally ignore it. Maybe it's *too* simple.

It's so obvious, everyone misses the point completely. It's like an old vaudeville routine I used to do as Bozo the Clown. Bozo would come on stage, and a gorilla would hide behind him, aping his every move. All the kids in the audience knew the gorilla was there, and they would scream, yell and try to tell Bozo to turn around to see it. But Bozo couldn't understand what all the commotion was about.

"What's the matter?" he would ask. Then he'd walk to one side of the stage, and the gorilla would follow right behind him.

"He's behind you," the children would shout, trying frantically to give him the message.

But Bozo still missed the point. He'd grin at the kids and say, "Yuk yuk," and keep clowning around as though nothing were wrong.

The ape was on the stage all the time, but Bozo never did find him.

In real life, too, the very thing people are looking for and need is there for the asking. To find it, all you have to do is walk in anywhere —a closet, a bathroom, a church— and drop to your knees and say, "Here I am, God, do with me as you will. I believe I love you. I *know* you love me. You won't steer me wrong. I can do it now. You can help me do it."

But a lot of people are either too proud or too scared to take this step. We think we're so enlightened, sophisticated, advanced and clever that we don't need anybody but ourselves. We don't believe there's anything that we can't do or that can't be done for us through technology or chemistry.

We spend millions of dollars for medical research, but not one iota for any research on how the kind of faith that I'm talking about affects man's mind, body and spirit.

How many half-sick people are walking around who only need one medicine to get well: a shot of "Dr. Jesus." He was the one person in all of history who showed us all how we could get the most out of life. What He preached was not some namby-pamby little goody-two-shoes message only good for Sunday and your new Sears' suit. He wasn't talking about some life in the future where you'll be by and by. He was talking about your everyday life, here and now.

His whole thing was people, and how to relate to them. He showed us that the opportunity to show love is everywhere. It's there in the nursing home with your grandfather who is waiting to die; it's there with your boss, your wife, your kids. And it's there with the woman at the checkout counter in the grocery store.

My image of Jesus is completely opposite from the way he's depicted in the movies. Somehow, he's always an ethereal, emaciated soul with an incredible wild-eyed look who more or less floats around with a flowing robe around him.

I see him as a big man, a very giving, physical person. My Jesus is more like Robert Morley, the jovial British actor who does commercials. The way I picture him, he'd probably yell, and he'd like jokes. Maybe he was short and kind of balding. All I know is, he must have been a real outgoing guy.

He loved parties and always showed up. If he walked on earth today he'd probably be on the "To-

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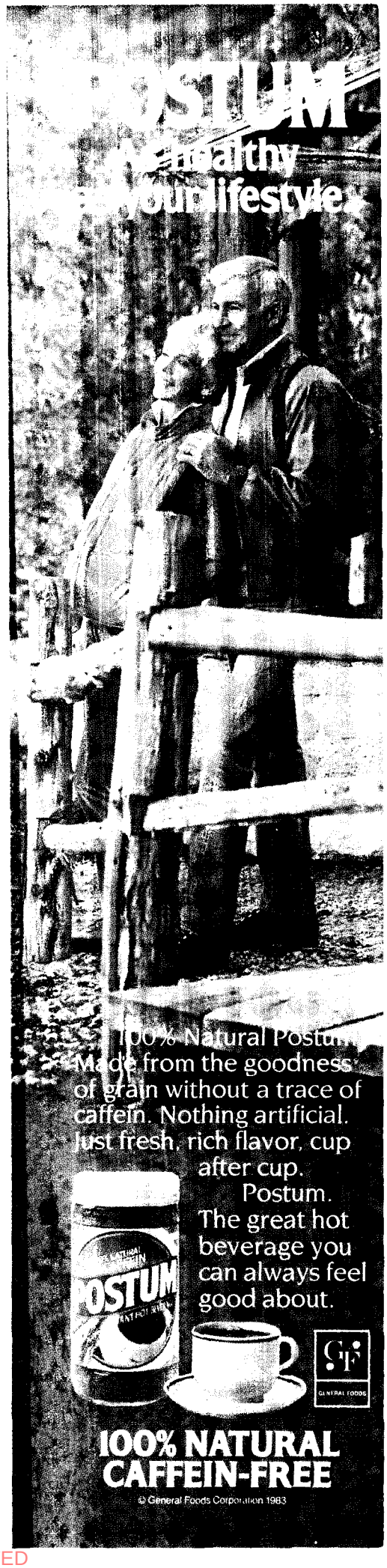
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THE BAHAMAS—PLAYGROUND IN THE SEA

A visitor discovers why two million visitors are attracted each year to the famed sun, sand and sea of this independent island nation.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

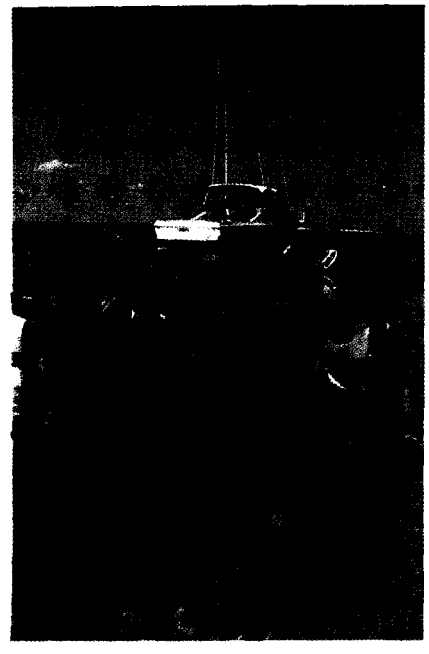
If I closed my eyes (which would be easy to do, if impolite, at this ghastly hour of 3 a.m.), I might think I was in New Orleans at the Mardi Gras. Or maybe in Rio at carnival time. But how can a man, no matter how tired, sleep amid the din and commotion of these wildly imaginative revelers dancing and prancing in fringed-paper costumes to the "goomby" beat of goatskin drums, shak-shak gourds, cowbells, tin whistles and blaring bugles, or close his eyes to the incredibly elaborate headdresses dominated by towering pink flamingos and blue marlins?

No, this isn't the Mardi Gras or Rio's carnival, Munich's Oktoberfest or the Mummer's parade. Lois and I are in Nassau. And we have exchanged the quiet and comfort of our Ambassador Hotel bed for these unyielding press-box seats to review a famous Bahamian "Junkanoo." (Named, one legend has it, for a colorful figure from the past named John Canoe.)

"Why don't they stage this spectacle at a civilized hour?" I shout into the ear of Dorothy M. Zinzow, Bahamian historian and editor of *Bahamas* magazine.

"Would you want to prance a few miles around the parade route toting that ten-foot flamingo on your shoulders in the heat of the day?" she shouted back. I could have told her I wouldn't want to prance around like that, period, but she was already filling me in on Junkanoo history.

Junkanoo is held twice a year. One ushers in Boxer Day, the day after Christmas. Centuries ago, leftover Christmas goodies, and possibly a white elephant or two, were boxed by nobles and landlords and given to slaves, servants and tenants. The other Junkanoo blasts off on New Year's morning, obviously timed to the hour when most hangovers are at their prime.



Divers discover the treasures that pirates of yesteryear bypassed: sparkling marine life in crystalline waters.

But this isn't the holiday season. The date is July 11. And the revelers are not going into this frenzy to celebrate my birthday, which happens to be July 11. No, it was at exactly 12:01 a.m., July 11, 1973, that the proud people of the Bahamas first hoisted their flag of independence. And we have joined the enthusiastic people of New Providence and dignitaries from many areas to salute the progress that the fiercely determined Bahamian governing body has made in the ten years since severing the umbilical cord with Great Britain, the mother country.

Should you miss the Junkanoo, not to worry. As the public-relations people say, "In the Bahamas you never run out of things to do. Until you want to."

Before you decide to challenge this statement, however, take a warning from one who spent two weeks there in just five days (that's how fast time flies in these islands in the sun): If you are allergic to sunshine, powdery beaches, water so clear as to make Culligan envious, warmhearted people or a climate directly descended from the Garden of Eden, the Bahamas could well be dangerous to your health. Better that you remain under your security blanket of smog, safe from the siren call of native music, the beckoning surf and the tempting crescendo of coins emanating from casino slot machines.

You say you're going to risk it anyway? Then you'll need directions. Although the 700 islands, islets and cays (pronounced keys, I was repeatedly reminded) cover some 100,000 miles of ocean, locating them is not that difficult. And since you'll likely be arriving by cruise ship out of Florida or New York, or by plane from about anywhere, that problem rests with the captain or pilot, respectively. If, however, you are coming by private yacht or rowboat, you should know that the islands are strewn in a generally northeast-southwest array along a 750-mile stretch from just off Florida to about the same distance off Cuba.

You should also know that if your rowboat beaches on any one of 683 islands, there won't be a welcoming party. Only 17 of the Bahamas are inhabited. The hub of the 225,000 total population is the island of New Providence, boasting the capital city of Nassau (one of the smaller islands, it nevertheless has more than half the inhabitants of the Bahamas); the 5x5/8-mile Paradise Island (formerly Hog Island, so named for its early inhabitants), now connected to

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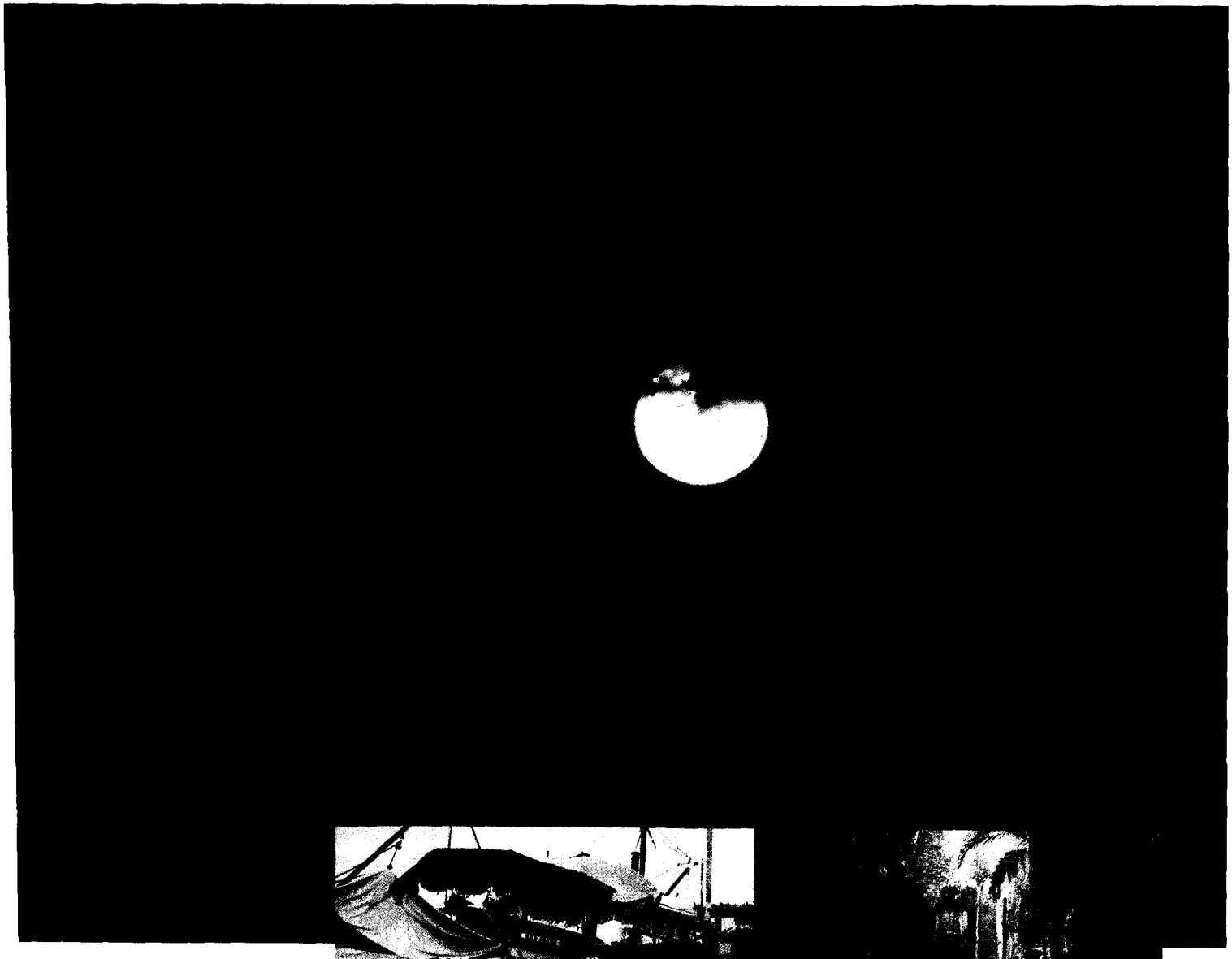
New Providence by a toll bridge; and Grand Bahamas, the island home of Freeport, lying just east of West Palm Beach, Florida.

One more word of warning: Although the water is so shallow you can often wade from one island to its neighbor, do not, I repeat, do not try it between Andros and Exumas. Unless you've been gifted with exceptional lung capacity, that is. For there the ocean plunges to a depth of more than five miles.

Before stepping out of your hotel room (be it a 4 day/3 night rate per person of $56 or $240) to walk the sands that Christopher Columbus and Blackbeard the pirate once trod, take time for a fast history course from that beautifully illustrated hard-cover book, *Vacation Nassau*. You should find it lying on the dresser.

Although the Bahamians unselfishly invite you to "discover" their island paradise, Columbus beat you to it by nearly 500 years, landing on San Salvador, his first landfall in the New World. The British, however, take credit for colonizing the Bahamas and providing a haven for the Puritans who sought religious freedom. Being located close to shipping lanes, the thousands of coves, caves, harbors, inlets and cays also provided haven for the likes of Edwin Teach (Blackbeard) and at least a thousand other bloodthirsty pirates.

The only pirates left in the islands today are the one-armed suckers found in the several casinos. Although I happened to find a few in a munificent mood, you can't depend on it. As for Blackbeard's hidden treasure, don't bother bringing a pick and shovel. All that has ever been found are some of his discarded eye patches, which the girls on the beaches are wearing for swimming attire. (Or so Lois said, having



Up, up and away for a parasail view of the island (above); down on the docks with the fruit, fish and conchs (right); and up the near vertical Queen's Staircase.

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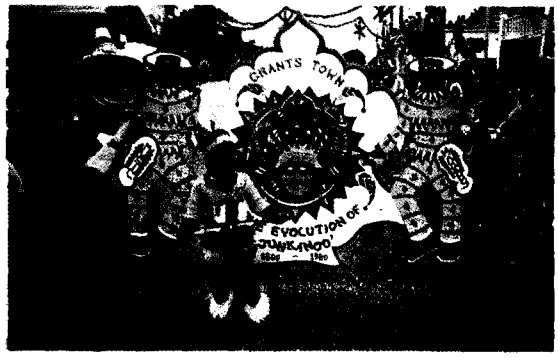
managed to maneuver so as to shut out any chance I had of judging for myself.)

But let's tear ourselves away from the beaches, leave the casinos for late-evening fare (there being no television in our room to offer an alternative) and discover just what else can be credited for the Bahamas' 19 percent increase in tourism in 1983.

If you are limited to the day or two offered by cruise ship, you'll begin by visiting the famous Straw Market in downtown's Rawson Square. Here, you can haggle with dozens of merchants hawking their wares and probably come away with a doll, a basket, a wide-brimmed hat to protect your pale northern puss from the ultrahot sun and maybe a shell-adorned handbag for Aunt Bertha, who is taking care of your pregnant parakeet, or whatever, back home.

After this, you'll want to walk, rent one of the ubiquitous mopeds or engage a surrey drawn by a thin-flanked horse wearing—what else?—a fancy straw hat with two holes cut in the brim to accommodate his ears and tour this historic city. You'll want to see Christopher Columbus, in concrete, looking out over the harbor; the hospital, built in 1809, where doctors' appointments and prescriptions cost a dollar apiece; and the more than 300 banks specializing in unlisted, Swiss-type account numbers. Your surrey driver is sure to take you "over the hill" to the oldest native section of the city, where he'll point with pride to the wells, outdoor ovens, corn mills and thatched huts of this authentically reconstructed 19th-century Jumbey Village. And you'll want at least to see, if not trust your life and/or limb to, the Queen's Staircase, a near vertical stairway of 65 steps that slaves carved out of living coral rock almost a century ago.

The activity in the harbor area alone warrants asking the captain of your cruise ship to lay over an extra day. The freighters, the boats raising their sails, the fishing fleets offloading their catches, the stalls piled high with exotic fruit, conch being processed—let's stop right there. If you try nothing else, buy a pineapple and have the vendor peel it for you. It will have been grown in Eleuthera, some 70 miles to the east, and will be smaller than the ones you buy in the stores back home, but you'll unknowingly eat the ordinarily fibrous core, as tender, sweet and juicy as the rest.



No one sleeps at the 3 a.m. Junkanoo parade as the colorfully costumed dancers prance to the Goombay beat of goatskin drums, cowbells and whistles.

The conch, pronounced konk (as in the coconut fell and konked the woman on the head), I might have enjoyed eating had I not watched the thing being extracted from its shell. Selecting one from a pile brought up from the ocean floor only that morning, the assassin would give it a sharp rap on the back, or top, with the peen part of a ball-peen hammer. I thought this was just to get its attention. But no, he then reached in—I say with a pair of hognose pliers, Lois says with a knife—and brought out a white, living muscle, which he tossed into a basket. From there it was sacked for the seafood shoppers standing in line to buy the things at $1.75 per. And only the night before I had partaken heartily of a menu that had billed conch as the star ingredient.

The Goombay Festival's advertising claims, "It's Total Madness." And if your visit to the Bahamas is scheduled in the months of June through September, you'll be totally mad if you miss it.

Something we passed up was the thrill of looking down upon the beach scene from the vantage point of a parasail. For this stunt, you are strapped into a harness attached to a parachute that in turn is attached to a speedboat by a line of several hundred feet. And before you can yell "I've changed my mind!" the speedboat takes off and you're sailing through the air a hundred feet or more above the water. Outside our hotel they had added the excitement of landing you on a raft (or reasonably close) and then pulling you up again. And all for $20.

"If there isn't a weight limit, why don't you try it?" I suggested to Lois. She didn't respond. Not for the rest of the day or well into the night.

All kinds of junkets await the still more adventurous.

If eating is your forte, the Green Turtle Club on 100-mile-long Abaco is for you. If it's mystery, Andros, "the dark continent," accounting for 43 percent of the land mass of the Bahamas, has it. Natives are quick to warn you to be wary of the three-toed, three-fingered, human-faced elf with birdlike tail they call the "chickcharney." It lurks, they say, in tree tops, waiting to strike with a potent hex. Hard evidence, however, is still being sought.

And then there is Bimini, the scuba diver's dream and magnet for deep-sea game fish. The monsters also favor Eleuthera, Spanish Wells, Cat Island, the Exumas, the Abacos and Andros. Since Ernest Hemingway first wet a line in these teeming waters, 15 major fishing tournaments have attracted anglers from the world over. Ministry of Tourism statistics show that of the 1.9 million visitor arrivals in 1982, an estimated 10 percent came just to go fishing.

To explore the many attractions of each island in the chain would require a lifetime. And though it would be one delightful lifetime, you can hedge a bit by buying postcards and, for 30¢ postage, mailing them to the envious relatives and friends back home. We found, however, that they will arrive sooner if you take them home yourself and deliver them personally. And while we're on the subject, don't expect mail to be delivered to your hotel. There is no mail delivery on New Providence. That's why you'll find 15,000 boxes at the post office.

For the final evening's fling, you can do no better than to return to Paradise Island and the Britannia Beach Hotel. Although I happened to find the casino's slot machines unusually benevolent, we had come to see the elaborate Le Cabaret show, "Sammy Swain." This Bahamian musical is staged on weekends

continued on following page

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DECEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFE DIGEST

December 1
Nuclear Magnetic Resonance

Nuclear Magnetic Resonance is hailed as a breakthrough as significant as the discovery of X-ray was some 100 years ago. Its magnetic forces enable the physician to see through skin and bone—it's safer than X-rays. You'll hear about the medical centers and hospitals where this equipment is now available and what it could do for you.

December 8
Depression

Abe Lincoln and Winston Churchill suffered from this common curse. In this segment you'll learn about a California psychiatrist who has most of his depressed patients running several miles daily at dawn with good results. Learn about diet precautions to avoid deficiency-related depressions.

December 15
Emphysema

This subtly progressive disease doesn't show up on a chest X-ray at all in its early stages. Smoking is the No. 1 culprit, but you're ahead if you quit now. Immobilized cilia, the tiny motile hairs in the respiratory system that help remove pollutants from the lungs, will function again after you quit.

The 700 Club

The TV show that gives answers for life

Check your local listings for time and station

December 22
Obesity

Obesity is described as the biggest health problem of the poor. You'll learn more about how a high fiber/high complex carbohydrate and low fat diet is the best for maintaining one's ideal weight.
Hear the obesity mortality facts that are sure to motivate you to lose a few pounds.

December 29
Cancer Prevention

Why did a Utah county have 65% less cancer than our country as a whole? Diet is believed to be the reason.
We'll give you our theories on how you can lessen your own cancer risk and enjoy yourself more in the process.

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with a talented native cast deserving of a standing ovation from opening to closing curtains. If it's still there when you are, you should know that many of the girls are careless about their attire. According to Lois, who managed at critical times to obstruct my view of the stage completely, some didn't wear anything at all above the waist. Heavens to Betsy!

A final word: in the excitement of trying to break the bank at one of the casinos, don't shoot the last of your "mad money." The reason: The Bahamian people enjoy your presence so much they try to discourage you from leaving by charging a departure tax. That's right; at the airport you'd better be able to come up with the $5 departure tax or you won't be departing. And it's back to the docks to have a go at trying to raise the cash as an apprentice conch konker, or whatever. As they say, "In the Bahamas, you never run out of things to do. Until you want to." Or until you raise the five bucks that allow you to leave.

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, SatEvePost, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by January 20, 1984.

When I'm tryin' so hard at behavin'
And my soul is resisting the savin'
How did Duke guess so clear
That my mind is not here
And it's really some fishin' I'm cravin'.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to M.A. Lanford of Austin, Texas, for the winning caption in our October caption contest.

Don't Cross Mr. T

continued from page 32

toughness, my gold chains, but how I helped people."

Although his fame encompasses every aspect of his life, he is determined that the rest of his family will remain protected from exposure. "No one else in my family is available for interviews," he declared. "They're going to live quietly, without being bothered by the press and all that."

Journalists do seem to be coming to Mr. T with one intent: finding the flaws, the kinks in the armor, the inconsistencies that could be called hypocritical in print.

"But they fail," he said. "Yeah, I sin. Yeah, I have shortcomings—but not the kind they're looking for and can exploit in big, ugly headlines. They ask questions about sex, all the rest. People being negative gets me down. But I do have to expect that because I'm taking up a cross they don't want to hear about."

The money he is making provokes journalistic cynicism, snide comments that show more about the mindset of the reporter than Mr. T. "I was happy and loved when my mother was supporting us on $80 a month. You're going to tell me that I can't be happy now when I'm making millions. But the money is just something extra. I'm happy in whatever situation I'm in—I could go back to the poorer days and not be unhappy. People in this industry who have had money have often been the most miserable of all. Look at Freddie Prinz, John Belushi, the others. They had dollars but they were so unhappy they had to go to drugs and other craziness. The money, the fame—that was the ONLY foundation in their lives."

Mr. T is not one to waste time. And ever since meeting a certain five-year-old boy, he realizes more

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than before the necessity of taking each moment in his life and thanking God for it, as well as living it as wisely as possible.

The boy in question was dying. He had perhaps only a few weeks left—and much of that brief time would be spent trying to endure the pain that constantly assaulted his fragile body.

"His last wish was to spend time with Mr. T. I was on my knees before meeting him, praying to God about what I would say to him. I struggled for the right words."

He paused for a moment, emotion obvious on his strong face, then continued: "It was the most touching time in my life. I stayed with him for about an hour and a half. He was real skinny—and had this oxygen thing strapped to him. He couldn't walk very far.

"I decided to be as strong as I could, because he looked at me as strong, and I knew I couldn't disappoint him. I decided to talk about everything but death.

"I'll never forget him," Mr. T added. "He couldn't help the way he was. But you and I can. We avoid the things that mess up our bodies. And I'm not talking about the physical self alone. There's the spiritual side. That boy knew he was dying but he had accepted the fact and was happy with whatever weeks he had left."

Wrapsody

continued from page 73

sheets. When I had a chain as long as the toboggan, I eased that overgrown sled upon them.

So far so good. Trying to bring the edges of the sections together and hold them while applying the tape—not so good. For one thing, reading from left to right (or from north to south, if that would make it clearer), they missed coming together in the middle by a gap of from one to four inches. This meant cutting strips from the remaining pieces and running them down the opening. These I held in place with my left leg, which began cramping on me whenever I tried to get the tape under it—sticky side down, as much as possible—and across both edges of the paper and the center strip.

continued on following page

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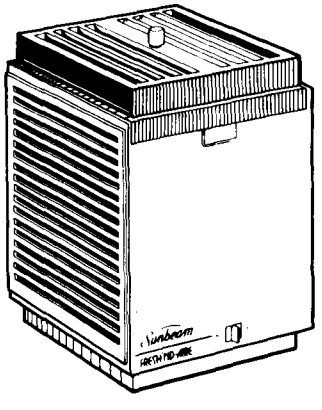

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Only another bumbler will appreciate my satisfaction in finally raising up, if on only one leg, and finding no part of the gift showing to give it away. The shape, I convinced myself, could easily be mistaken for an ironing board, two bed sheets and matching pillows.

As I climbed wearily into bed, Lois asked, "Did you put the cat out?" "No I didn't," I said, "I thought you had. The last time I saw him he was. . ." The reason my sentence hung in the air like that was that the last time I had seen Verge he was helping me wrap the head of the toboggan by cuffing along the dental floss, which I was using after running out of ribbon.

So I went in and stuck my finger through one of the several small openings around that curved part, and yep, you guessed it.

That is why, on Christmas morning, with the family gathered, I brought out the unwrapped toboggan, slid it across my dear wife's knees and handed her the sentiment I had printed on the back of a coupon good for a 25¢ discount on our next box of Tender Vittles®:

Together we've soared
to the mountain top,
Together we've gone
through the mill,
But here, I say,
Is the only way,
Together we'll go
downhill.

Merry Christmas.

Commitment

continued from page 84

worry can defeat all your initial enthusiasm and positive feelings.

To succeed, the effort to counteract those fears can and must be made. Total commitment to a goal or a dream will make bearable the frustrations and disappointments of any undertaking. Without commitment, the things that are possible, but tough, become impossible.

This is true both in business and in personal life. Marriage is a good example; like business, it requires a total commitment to succeed. Every person does things that irritate other people. All sorts of disagreements and outright arguments crop up. Each person has some traits or habits that the other person doesn't like. Commitment to a person, however, changes the focus from the annoying incidents to the positive, happy incidents. It's a matter of seeing the beauty of the rose, without noticing its thorns.

Committed people see things around them in a special way. They're just all-around different, and that difference makes them stand out above the crowd.

Committed people are loyal. They have their priorities in order. They don't switch from one thing to another or do something halfway. Most important, others know they can count on them. They know the "committers" will be there in good times and bad. Both friends and associates know they're in the game until the final whistle.

Committed people are dreamers. They base their futures on something they can't see—namely, their faith in, and the goals they've set for, themselves.

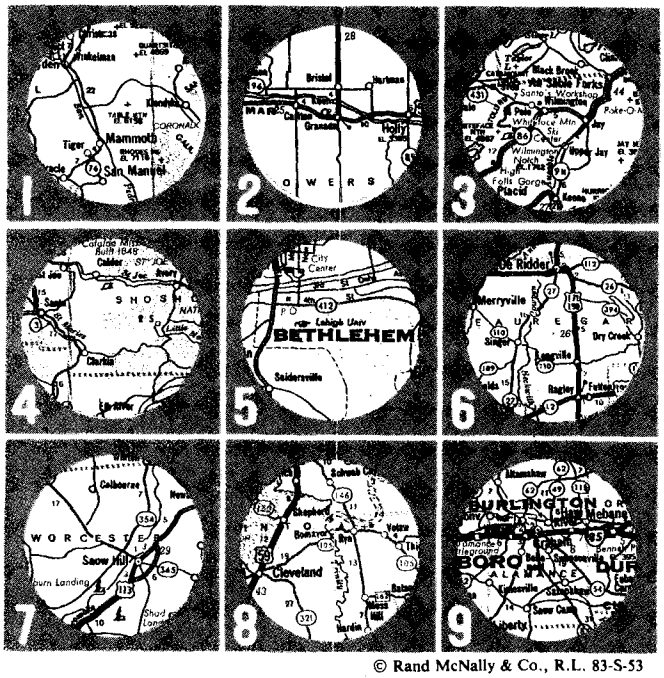
Committed people are often controversial. Because they are working toward something they believe in with all their hearts and minds, they're not bound by "what other people think," and they're not afraid of the disapproval or disagreement of the masses. They know that they're doing what is right for them, and they have inner peace from committing themselves fully to such a decision.

Commitment brings out a special toughness. Committed people don't quit. Commitment brings out a special endurance. If you're committed to a good cause or effort, and you know you're going to make it work, something amazing happens. Suddenly you have more energy, both physically and mentally. (Mental confusion and conflict, not a heavy work load, drains energy.) Suddenly, you have incredible endurance and a positive, excited outlook. Committed people blur the line between work and play. They love their work and they want to do more and more, not less. Work becomes a pleasure and a challenge, even with its problems.

Commitment is habit forming, a way of life. Most committed people reach their goals and don't even realize it. By that time, they've upgraded their goals to even bigger ones and they're off and running.

Probably most important, committed people have something to live for. People everywhere are dying to "be happy." Committed people really are happy. They have some direction in life. They've made a commitment to something they believe in.

Compare commitment to religious belief. For many people, inner peace seems always out of reach. Only when they make a commitment to their religion can they find the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peace they've been seeking.

Everything else falls into place when people find something worth committing themselves to. They can do almost anything; they can pay any price.

It sounds simple, but in truth it's not easy. Sometimes it means burning bridges, leaving something familiar behind to leap into something unknown. Yet this is why commitment is of such importance. Without it, the fears and apprehensions about changing lifestyles or careers would be too overwhelming. That one quality can make all the difference.

There are two kinds of qualities—outside and inside. Outside qualities you can obtain through learning. Inside qualities you must develop from experience and such living, intangible things as faith and hope. Commitment is an inside quality. You may have to look inside for it, but it's there when you're ready to make the decision and devote your closest attention and best efforts to it.

The line between failure and success is so fine, we're often on the line and don't even know it. It's important to realize that our "inside" qualities—or the lack of them—can be responsible for the way we go.

You can't see commitment. You can only see the results. But then, what difference does it make? When you have it, you'll know it's there. So will everyone else.

Sunny Side

continued from page 89

day Show" because he used every vehicle of his time to reach people. He showed up at the temple, the marketplace and the well, which in those days was the place you could meet everybody in town.

He was show-biz. Once he was ready to reveal himself to the world, he rarely did anything in secret. He raised Lazarus from the dead in front of a whole town, not in a closet somewhere.

The way I see it, Jesus must have had something awfully good to sell, because nobody would have left a good carpentry job to go out and walk the streets for nothing! He must have had something he thought everybody would be hot to get hold of.

But like most folks today, many

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of the people in Jesus' time thought he would have been better off building cabinets. They weren't interested in what he had to offer, even though they needed it desperately.

Now, suppose he had tried the hard sell and put a fat price tag on his product, guaranteeing delivery of salvation, offering life after death and promising to wipe out all the problems of the world. People would probably be falling all over themselves to sign on the dotted line! All these women in their fur coats and $7,000 Gucci bags and the guys with the diamond pinky rings would be standing in line to get in on the deal.

But Jesus was giving it away for free. What He was trying to tell us—and still is—is that God is offering us a great deal. I mean, God made this fantastic world and everything in it. He's given us 7-Elevens, Big Macs and the Super Bowl. He's given us everything, and all He asks in return is that we stay away from a few cookie jars. In other words, all He asks is that we live by a few simple rules that are set up not as a punishment, but as a way to reach inner peace.

To me, it's all summed up in the First Commandment: "You shall have no other gods before me." That's the only one of the Ten Commandments that is really worth anything. The others are all things that you do when you're out of whack with the first one.

But putting God first in your life—before money, power, fame, and anything else you hold dear—is the greatest challenge. It also brings the greatest rewards. When you make God No. 1, you are acknowledging a source of power greater than you. In return you get the incredible strength of knowing you're not alone.

Now, you may argue that God's rules were made for a nomadic people who lived 2 thousand years ago and don't apply today. But I say they're just as true for the modern guy who lives in an air-conditioned 18th-floor apartment, has had a vasectomy and has 14 girlfriends he services as a bull does a herd.

We think we're so liberated and that we're free to do anything we want. But none of this liberation business is new. We didn't invent sex; we didn't invent sin. I mean, back there in Sodom a guy shacked up with somebody's wife, and then over in Gomorrah they got drunk and were probably shooting morphine or whatever it was they did then. It's all been done before.

But then, somewhere down the line, the unwritten code of right and wrong came to the surface. Somebody said, "Wait a minute. I can't keep doing this, because I don't sleep at night. Why don't I sleep at night? It's because I'm sleeping with somebody else's woman. I'm having a ball, but something's wrong."

And then one day a friend says to him, "You know what's wrong. Your conscience bothers you."

"What's my conscience?" asks the guy.

"Your conscience is whatever it is that's causing you not to sleep at night."

"What do you do about that?" asks the insomniac.

"I don't sleep with another man's woman."

So the guy goes out and for six months sleeps with his wife and no one else's. Afterwards, he runs back to tell his friend, "You know, I have a little self-respect, and now I can sleep nights."

Deep down inside, we all know what's right and wrong. What's more, we all want to be part of the love that God has for us. For us to willingly separate ourselves from this fantastic deal he's given us seems almost inconceivable. And yet, like Adam and Eve, we do just that. We quickly succumb to the evil forces always there to tempt us.

But to have a chance at God's perfect love, you have to be on your guard all the time, because there's something out there that can get you and destroy you. Call it what you will, but I call it the devil. He's real, and he's waiting for us to slip up.

I see things in simple terms. To me, life is a lot like a garden. You can't go

continued on following page

You be the Judge

By John Ritter

Jim was a hard-working farmhand who saved enough money for a down payment on a used car.

"Best move you ever made," said the dealer. "Buy it on time and build up your credit rating."

Jim drove off in his first car and began making monthly payments to the finance company.

After several trips in and out of the shop, the car still sputtered, so Jim and the dealer reached an agreement. The dealer took back the car, and Jim was released from further payments.

But the finance company never got the message. Dunning letters warned Jim of a ruined credit rating unless he continued payments for a car he no longer possessed.

Jim wrote to the finance company. Back came a computerized message, demanding the money. Then, the computer erroneously notified the local credit bureau that Jim's car had been repossessed.

"My reputation is ruined," Jim moaned. "I'm suing for libel."

If you were the judge, would you make the finance company pay Jim?

The Judge pulled the plug on the computer and awarded Jim $25,000.

"George Orwell's mythical year of 1984 has arrived," the judge said, comparing the computer to Big Brother. A company must pay for the libelous statements of its computer when a man's credit rating is at stake, he ruled.

(Based on a 1972 Florida appeals court decision)

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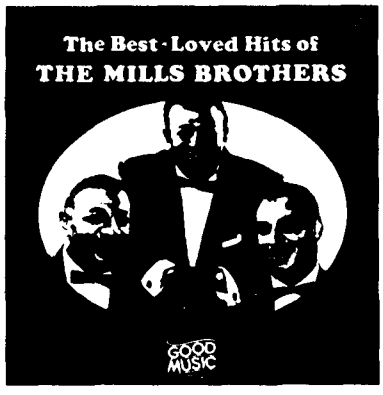

Here's What You Get!

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Cab Driver
Moonlight Bay
Nevertheless
Basin Street Blues
Daddy's Little Girl
Opus One
Be My Life's Companion
You Tell Me Your Dream
Across The Alley From The Alamo
Someday (You'll Want Me To Want You)
You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You
The Jones Boy
You Always Hurt The One You Love
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and leave a garden more than a week at most. If you do, things get into it: slugs, fungus, weeds. The earth gets too hard; it can't absorb moisture and the plants die.

The same is true of your faith, your children, your marriage and everything of value in this life. You can't leave anything to chance or take anything for granted. Once you've embarked on a course, it has to be constantly cared for to be productive and fruitful. It's got to be such a part of your life that you have to give it constant attention.

One way I try to keep my garden tended is through prayer. Every single day I start out by thanking God, first of all for life, and second for love. I'm thankful that I'm alive and thinking. And I'm thankful that life has love and the potential to exchange affection and sentiment and feeling and compassion with other people, because people are the most exciting things in the world. I end up my little prayer session by saying thanks for my family and friends.

Just starting the day thanking God for the simplest things gives me a lift. I pray anyplace—in a cab, on a plane or in the barn with the cats. You don't have to throw yourself on the ground and go into great convulsions of praying. All you really need is one verse, Psalms 118:24: "This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." (RSV)

The simple act of being thankful every day of your life makes you constantly aware that doing God's work is the most important thing in the world. It makes you aware that there's more to life than your own little problems and your own little desires, and that you really don't have to *worry* about anything because God's going to take care of it. Things may not always work out the way you expect them to, but in the end you'll come out ahead.

Letting God take charge doesn't mean that you give up on the everyday battles, or that there aren't moments and problems. It just means that there is an alternative offered to you, a way out if you are willing to look for it.

I've seen it in my own life. When I've been faced with crises or near-crises, there's always been a new opportunity offered to me by God. In some ways, my life has been like the cavalry in those Indian pictures where everybody was lost, there were only two wagons left and three shells were left in one gun. Then, at the very moment the Indians are whooping and hollering and poised to attack—miracle of miracles, the cavalry comes, "Ta, ta, ta, ta."

As a matter of fact, I regard my job at the "Today Show" as one of those miracles. Right before I was asked to come to New York, I had reached a point where some things in my life were beginning to build into crisis proportions. My weather job in Washington was one of them.

On the face of it, I looked as if I had everything a man could ask for. I was making all the money I needed. Everything I owned was paid for. I had two great kids and a wife I considered my best friend. I had health and job recognition. After 17 years as the local weatherman, I was a star in my own right, a "legend" in my own time, as they say. Who could have asked for anything more?

Yet, all that wasn't enough. My success had brought me to the point that I was bored out of my mind. I was nervous, and I was looking around for something else. But I really wasn't sure what I wanted to jazz up my life—another woman, another job or whatever.

Then I was hit with lightning. Out of the blue, I was offered a chance to be the weatherman on the "Today Show." I was sitting in my office in Washington one day when Bill Small, then the head of NBC News in New York, walked in. I had never met the guy before, but he came right over to me and introduced himself.

"I'm Bill Small from NBC News," he said. "Why haven't you ever been on the network?"

"Nobody ever asked me," I answered.

"How would you like to do the weather for the 'Today Show'?" he said.

"I'd love it," I said.

That was it. Two months later I went to New York to do an on-air audition on the "Today Show" for two weeks during the Christmas of 1979. Not long after, I was hired as the weatherman.

I had needed something to change my life, and along came the biggest break in my career. I saw it as a gift of God. ✖

The Perfect Squelch

The statuesque male skier, disporting himself at a mountain resort where girls outnumbered men two to one, was obviously out for sport—and feminine attention. He performed and postured dramatically. Ethel, having three older brothers, found him more amusing than impressive. Perhaps mistakenly attracted by her smile, the picture of manhood swooped to her side, beamed at her and said in a masterful tone, "Here, I'll show you how to make that turn you were practicing."

He took her arms firmly and began to swing her around. She twisted neatly away.

"What's the matter?" he snapped. "Lost your nerve?"

"No," she replied. "But if I had, I'd know where to borrow some."

—George L. Hadley

Motherhood

continued from page 40

ning bug:

"On Christmas night, while you're picking up all the paper, ribbon, and warranties, your eyes fall on Humiliation, still in the box, the $49.95 price tag shining like a beacon.

"The kids are playing with a cardboard box and snapping the air pockets of plastic packing material. Humiliation had its moment and now it's gone."

Thus the game goes the way of the horse "that sucked up 80 gallons of

continued on page 112

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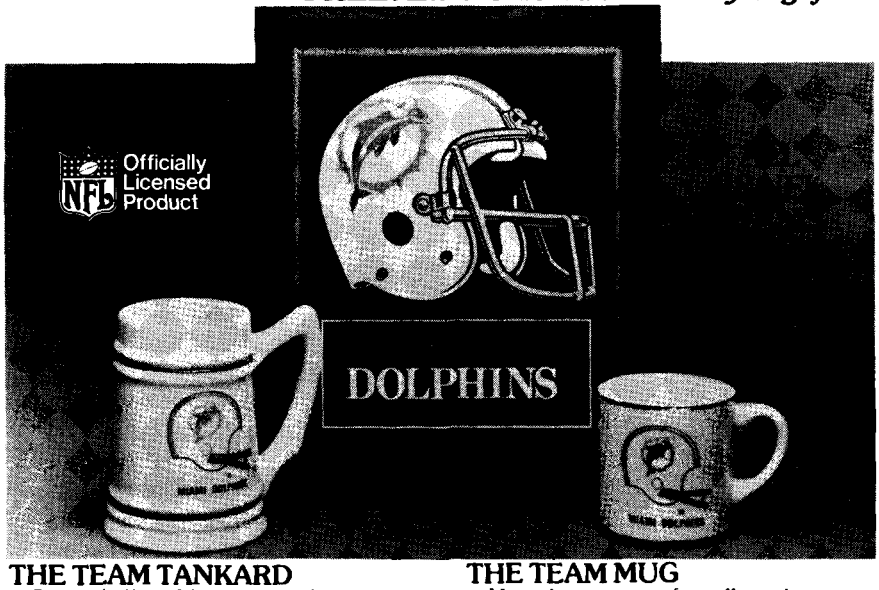

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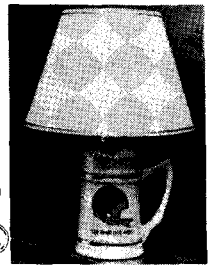

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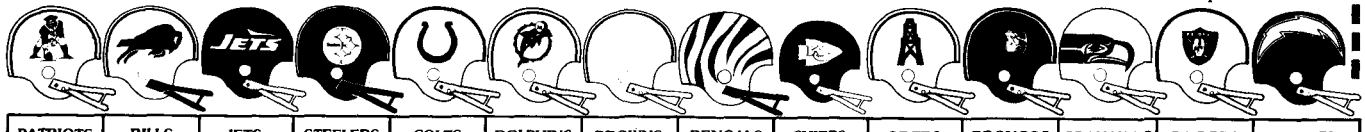

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YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA

by Francis P. Church

Her whole name was Mrs. Laura Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas. She earned a master's degree from Columbia University and a doctorate from Fordham, and she had a long and distinguished career as a teacher and administrator in the New York City school system, but to millions of people she will always be the little girl who wrote a letter asking about Santa Claus.

"I was only a child, and my parents did everything for me that any parents could do," Mrs. Douglas told an audience of college students some 40 years later. "Quite naturally I believed in Santa Claus, for he had never disappointed me. But like you, I turned to those of my own generation, and so when less fortunate little boys and girls said there wasn't any Santa Claus, I was filled with doubts. I asked my father, and he was a little evasive on the subject.

"It was a habit in our family that whenever any doubts came up as to how to pronounce a word, or some question of historical fact was in doubt, we wrote to the 'Question and Answer' column in The *New York Sun*. Father would always say, 'If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so,' and that settled the matter.

" 'Well, I'm just going to write to the *Sun* and find out the real truth,' I said to father."

The editorial was written by Francis Pharcellus Church, a Civil War correspondent for the *New York Times* before he joined the *Sun* as a writer specializing in theological and controversial subjects.

Mr. Church died in 1906.

The *New York Sun* died in 1950.

Mrs. Douglas died May 13, 1971, at the age of 81.

But little Virginia, her letter and the answer she received will live forever in America's heart.

Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says "If you see it in the Sun *it's so."*

Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

—Virginia O'Hanlon

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

From *The New York Sun*, September 21, 1897

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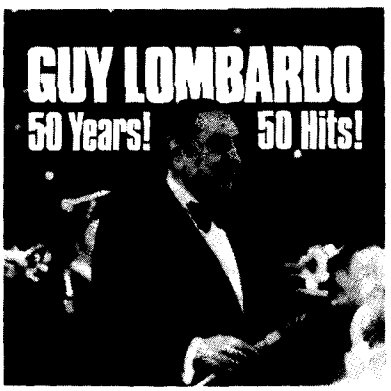
Mr. New Year's Eve



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ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION
SECRET LOVE
LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT
BLUE MOON
ENJOY YOURSELF
IF I HAD MY WAY
APRIL SHOWERS
THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
STARDUST
MISSOURI WALTZ
DANCING IN THE DARK
BECAUSE OF YOU
SIOUX CITY SUE
THAT OLD DEVIL MOON
BEAUTIFUL OHIO
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
MY BLUE HEAVEN
WHEN MY DREAMBOAT COMES HOME
TENDERLY
CHAPEL IN THE MOONLIGHT
THE GIRL THAT I MARRY
AIN'T SHE SWEET
LITTLE DUTCH MILL
SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
DEEP PURPLE
YOU BELONG TO ME
BLUE TANGO
SWEET GEORGIA BROWN
IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY
SEPTEMBER SONG
BUTTONS & BOWS
WHEN MY SUGAR WALKS DOWN THE STREET
YOUNG AND FOOLISH
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE
I'LL BE SEEING YOU
MY ONE AND ONLY HEART
NOW IS THE HOUR
SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES
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1931

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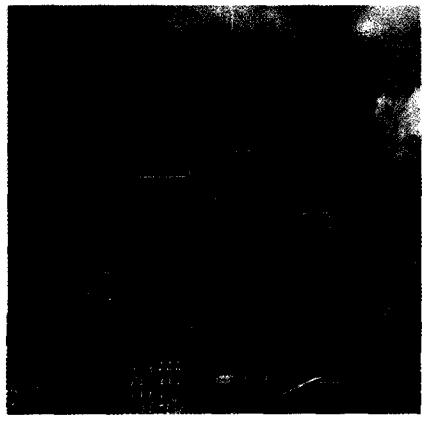
Where in the World?

Two of the East and two of the West: Only in a feature like this shall the twain meet. Can you guess them?



A

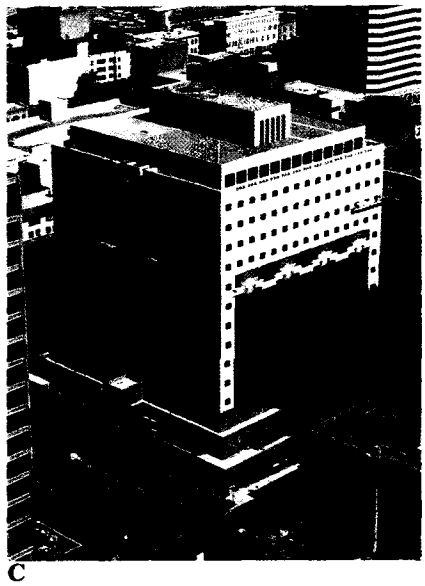
- ☐ *France*
- ☐ *Belgium*
- ☐ *Ireland*

The "tide in the affairs of men, which . . . leads on to fortune" matters less to this spot's 72-odd inhabitants than the ocean tides; the sea periodically turns their locale into an island connected to the mainland only by a 3,000-foot causeway, not built until the late 1800s.

B

- ☐ *Beijing (Peking)*
- ☐ *Tokyo*
- ☐ *Seoul*

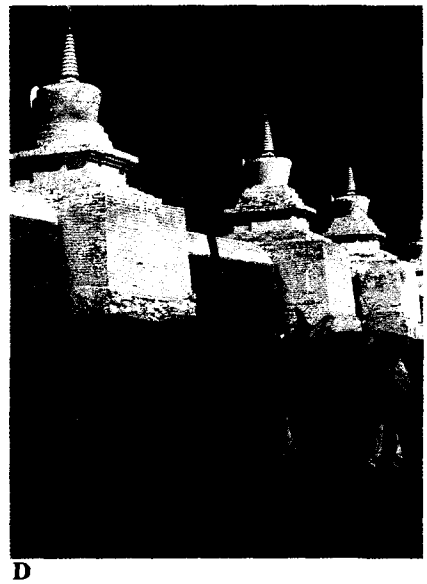
The palace above is one of hundreds of buildings that once comprised a forbidden city. Nowadays it's a museum and all are welcome. You'll know the name of the family that lived here—their name was given to the world's most famous porcelain.



C

- ☐ *Phoenix*
- ☐ *Portland*
- ☐ *Columbus*

This building has variously been called "the first real post-modern building," "a landmark," and "the funniest thing I have ever seen." Whatever—"unforgettable" is the word both "pros" and "cons" will agree on.



D

- ☐ *Siberia*
- ☐ *Tibet*
- ☐ *Mongolia*

Now only the site of a crumbling monastery, this location was once capital of half the world. Armies of fierce horsemen left here to conquer near and far.

(Answers on page 110)

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Christmas Wish

continued from page 61

and his daddy hugged and laughed and talked about all the things they planned to do.

When the family knocked on the door, Tommy's grandma invited them in for hot chocolate, and they all spent the evening together singing Christmas carols.

Later that night, as the family walked home, beautiful Christmas lights decorating the homes along the way brightened the street. Snow was falling lightly on their hats and coats.

As the children walked behind their parents, Elizabeth turned to Twinkle, and the smile faded from her lips. She whispered, "Twinkle, tomorrow's Christmas Day. Does that mean you will be leaving us when Christmas is over?"

"No, Elizabeth," Twinkle said as she glanced lovingly at the three children. "We're going to be friends forever!" Margaret and Elizabeth smiled at each other and David jumped up and down.

Margaret said, "You know, this is the best Christmas ever, and Santa Claus hasn't even come yet!"

Twinkle said, "Sharing love with our family and friends is what makes this the best time of the year."

The children joined arm in arm, and Twinkle flew along behind. Soon they would be in their beds asleep, waiting for Santa Claus to come.

It really was the best Christmas ever!

"Just as I had him backed into a corner on giving me the raise, he exploited my weak spot and I settled for a free pizza."

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MEDICAL FILE

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"We must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

—Benjamin Franklin

Lysine Experiment in Budapest

Dr. Lapis and his co-workers in Budapest, Hungary, have done an experiment with white mice which is related to the one we are undertaking in our mouse lab. At the Semmelweis Medical University, they injected mice with tumor-inducing materials. When the mice grew tumors, they gave them chemotherapy and lysine to determine if these mice would survive better than another group of the same breed of mice which were given only the chemotherapy. In addition, in another experiment non-cancer injected mice were given chemotherapy both with and without lysine supplementation. The chemotherapy agents they used were similar to those we use in the U.S. for cancer patients, including Vincristin.

They experimented with three different kinds of chemotherapy, and in each case, the mice which were given lysine with the chemotherapy had more survivors in their group, and those who succumbed had lived longer, on the average, than the mice who were given chemotherapy alone.

After reading the translation of their paper in *Neoplasma*, I called Dr. Lapis in Budapest. I invited Dr. Lapis to visit our mouse lab and told him about our experiment with AKR mice, which do not need to be given cancer, since they will get it at age 6 months to a year. He told me that they were unable to obtain the AKR strain of mice in Hungary. He will bring all the details of their experiment with him when he comes to Indianapolis next week.

In discussing the results of the Budapest experiment, Dr. Lapis stated that the treatment of healthy mice suggests that the lysine might be a useful factor in decreasing the toxicity of these effective cytostatics (drugs which cause cells to stop growing).

The question of whether the decreased toxicity does or does not influence the tumor growth inhibitory effect of the cytostatic drugs can be answered by the results of their experiments using tumor-bearing animals. According to the results obtained, lysine decreased the toxicity of the cytostatic drugs without decreasing their effect on tumor growth. In fact, a potentiation of the tumor growth inhibitory effect can even be suggested, according to the Hungarians.

Thus, simultaneous treatment of healthy and tumorous mice with lysine and chemotherapy indicates that these combinations are less toxic than the cytostatic drugs alone and do not influence tumor growth in an undesirable way. "Lysine could therefore be one of the so-called 'rescue' compounds already used in tumor chemotherapy," concluded Dr. Lapis. As a result of his encouragement that lysine is a safe substance to use as a cancer fighter, we are attempting to persuade some practicing oncologists to try it on their patients.

"And here's a lovely thank-you card from Acme Bandage Supply Company."

Let's Offer A Reward

The Society would like to encourage people to experiment with various diets to prevent cancer by offering a large reward to the youngster, student or investigator, of whatever age, who can keep the AKR leukemia strain *mice alive for two years.*

We would envision this reward as an amount in the area of $100,000. The research project would specify that the contestant would feed and keep alive no less than five AKR mice for this period.

The rules would state that the diet would have to be reproducible and the results would need to be duplicated by feeding mice in another laboratory. Of necessity, this would take a four-year period: two years to keep the mice alive and an additional two for the judges to verify the results.

The Society would like to know if there are any among our membership who would be willing to make pledges toward this prize.

The persons willing to pledge the award would not be asked to produce the award contribution unless the results were actually achieved and verified. If the results were achieved, it would be a highly significant advance in cancer prevention knowledge.

I must confess this whole idea came from reading about Dr. Armand Hammer, who offered a $1,000,000 reward to anyone who could find a cure for cancer. The Society can't afford a grant of this magnitude, but together I think we could pledge a substantial amount that would encourage school science project leaders and others to undertake various diets manipulated to prevent cancer from taking hold.

We would have four years at least to raise the money, and with this lead time, a lot can be accomplished.

We have spoken with leaders at the national headquarters for Kiwanis, who do a great deal with young high-school-age students. They were interested in helping

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inaugurate the experiments in high-school science classes.

If you want to start feeding mice even before the reward has been announced, please write to us and we will put you in touch with the mice laboratory and the mice-chow packager. We will also help you order the cages for the mice.

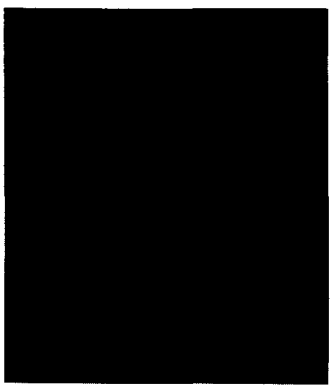
Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In your September issue is an article "Lose Fat With Fiber." It has three recipes with bay leaves; only one recipe says to remove the bay leaf before eating. Thought you'd want to inform your readers of this.

Marian O. Johnson
Stoughton, Wisconsin

Thank you for calling this omission to our attention. If any recipes fail to mention this precaution, our readers will now know that they should remove the bay leaves after cooking with them.

Two bay leaf incidents have been reported in the medical literature this year. One involved a 43-year-old woman who was admitted to the hospital with a two-day history of cramping abdominal pain that had localized to the lower abdomen toward the right side. There was a presumptive diagnosis of acute appendicitis, and in surgery it became apparent that there was a serious infection in her intestine and a perforation by a very large bay leaf. She later remembered that she had choked on a large bay leaf while eating spaghetti eight days before her hospital admission.



Don't serve the bay leaves! Use a spice ball or remove leaves carefully after cooking. If you accidentally bite into one, don't try to swallow it.

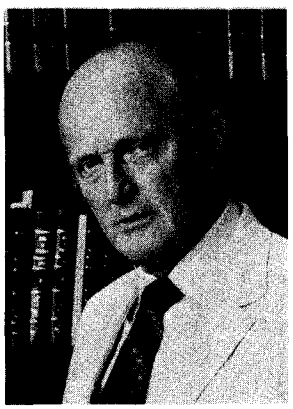
A 35-year-old man experienced sudden excruciating pain in the rectum which caused him to admit himself to an emergency room. He described the pain as the worst he had ever experienced and required an anesthetic to be examined. A large bay leaf stem measuring approximately 1½ inches in length was wedged transversely across the patient's anal canal, with the sharp portion of the stem embedded in the rectal lining. After the stem was removed the patient related that he had ingested bay leaves in a spaghetti dinner 48 hours before this event.

Toothpicks swallowed while eating hors d'oeuvres, particularly while drinking, have also been reported in the literature.

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Research on genetically programmed hamsters shows that a low-fat diet may help delay the onset of diabetes and lessen the severity of the disease once it develops. The research of Dr. George C. Gerritsen was reported in a recent issue of *American Family Physician*. Dr. Gerritsen (an Upjohn Laboratories endocrinologist) has bred a group of Chinese hamsters that are genetically pro-

continued on following page



We salute Robert E. Butt, superintendent of Loudoun County Schools, Virginia, for his innovative and humanitarian use of an ingenious device that tests breath for blood alcohol level.

Prior to the purchase of the Alco-Sensors there would be five or six alcohol-related student suspensions each year. Since the acquisition of the breath-testing equipment there has not been a single suspension or even an occasion to use the tests. Pupils in grades 6 through 12 who are suspected of having consumed alcohol will be asked to pass a breathalyzer test. "Parents and students feel good about this method of determining if the accused has been drinking," says Mr. Butt. He adds, "It's an honest way to find out, and they respect it. Before this, we would get a call that some kids had picked up a six-pack in a store during their lunch period, and no one would be able to follow through with it."

It took real courage to spend $300 for each of his 10 schools—$3,000 right out of the school budget. "It's such a small amount when compared to the value of its influence on the students," said Superintendent Butt.

Surely the country could use more men like Robert E. Butt, whom we are proud to honor with this month's Benjamin Franklin Award.

"Oh, come now, Mr. King, don't be impatient—these things take time, you know."

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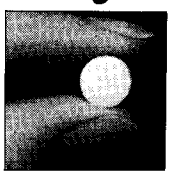
Relief for Fever Blister and Cold Sore Symptoms.



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grammed to have diabetes. Interestingly enough, Dr. Gerritsen was trying to solve a different problem when he made his discovery. Severely diabetic animals are often infertile, so Dr. Gerritsen fed them a low-fat diet in order to improve fertility. To his surprise, he found that the hamsters that were placed on the low-fat diet developed diabetes later in their lives, and showed less severe disease than was expected. Dr. Gerritsen thinks that altering the diet may alter the way that the genes act. The endocrinologist also suggested that if a way was developed to identify prediabetic human infants, a low-fat diet may have very similar effects in delaying and lessening the severity of human diabetes.

James Joseph Rybacki
Omaha, Nebraska

Dr. Gerritsen also discovered that on a high-fat diet, these hamsters produced babies that developed severe, early-onset diabetes. Babies from the same mothers fed a low-fat diet developed less severe diabetes later in life. His findings reinforce the work of Dr. James W. Anderson of the University of Kentucky, who has been treating diabetic patients with low-fat, high-fiber/high-carbohydrate diets for a number of years. See SatEvePost Oct. '83, "A Diet for Diabetics and their Families."

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read with interest your *SEP* article on salt and soda. Back in the '30s, while waiting for my "date," the gal's dentist father walked into the parlor (I suspect to see whether I had teeth!). In the brief conversation following, he managed to slip in quite a treatise on the value of using baking soda for the teeth! I took his advice forthwith, have never deviated. I am now 76, still have 95 percent of my home-grown choppers intact. Baking soda is great!

Stewart J. McClenahan
Hazel Crest, Illinois

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My family has recently come into contact with herpes II. Needless to say, we were all shocked, mystified and at a loss as to what to do. Besides that, when we questioned our family doctor and a gynecologist we learned absolutely nothing as to the cause, what to do or anything to relieve our anxieties.

Yesterday at the grocery store I eyed *The Saturday Evening Post* May/June '83 issue with your update on lysine and herpes. Needless to say, I made many calls about lysine, found that it is readily available and immediately sent for a supply and plan to put it into use immediately. Like others who have written to you, your explanations, etc., have been the only thing to help us. Thank you for your consideration in this matter.

A Friend
Garrison, Montana

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have been reading your articles regarding the possibility of a link between herpes zoster (shingles) and cancer.

For several years, I had a small benign cyst in my left breast. To rule out the possibility of a malignancy, I saw my gynecologist frequently and had several mammograms. The diagnosis was always a benign cyst.

In August of 1981, I had a severe case of shingles, involving the upper left quadrant—breast, shoulder and axilla. Within weeks, the cyst grew rapidly and I immediately saw my gynecologist. She sent me into the hospital for a mammogram and biopsy. The results of the biopsy showed cancer cells, so I entered the hospital and had a modified radical mastectomy. The diagnosis was a tubular malignancy with no involvement in the lymph nodes. After the surgery early in November of 1981, I made a rapid and uneventful recovery.

The scars, both mentally and physically, from the herpes are much more severe than those of the mastectomy.

Incidentally, I was never aware of having had chicken pox, but both of my children had severe cases of it when I was in my early '30s, so I possibly had the virus without being aware of it. However, I had always had cold sores and fever blisters during any illness.

My question right now—did the herpes trigger the malignancy or was the malignancy the underlying cause of the herpes?

I hope that this information will be of help in your most interesting research.

Mrs. J.T. Griffith
Hill City, Kansas

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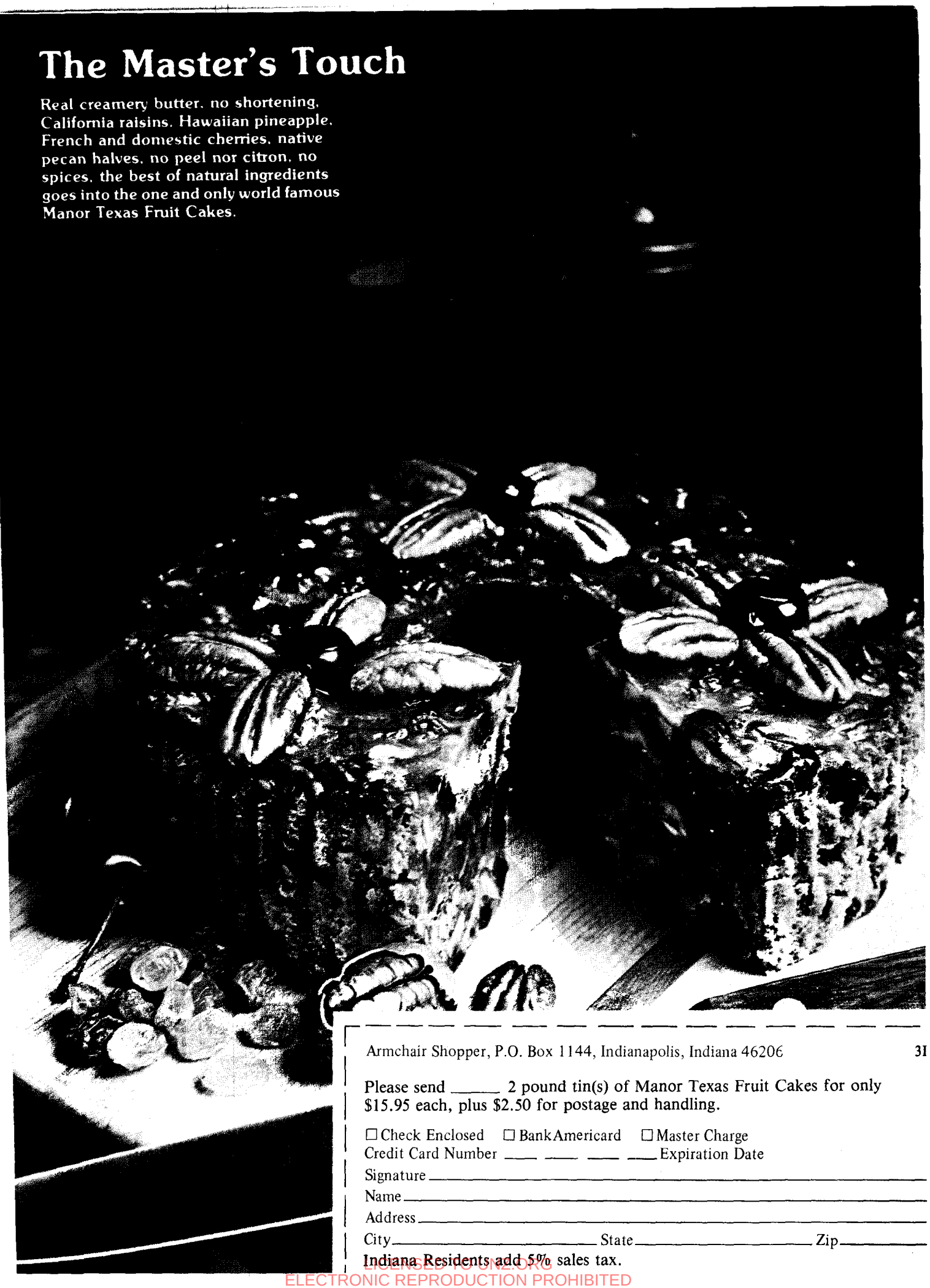
Real creamery butter, no shortening, California raisins, Hawaiian pineapple, French and domestic cherries, native pecan halves, no peel nor citron, no spices, the best of natural ingredients goes into the one and only world famous Manor Texas Fruit Cakes.



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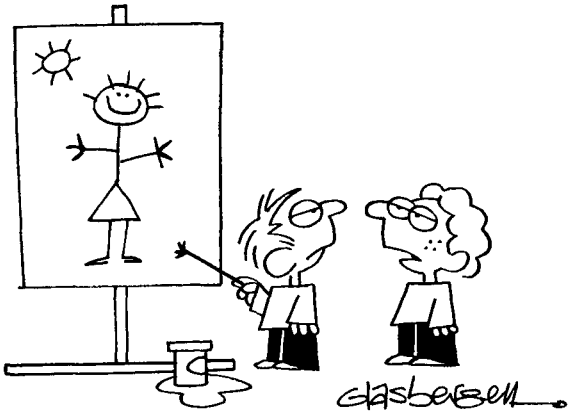
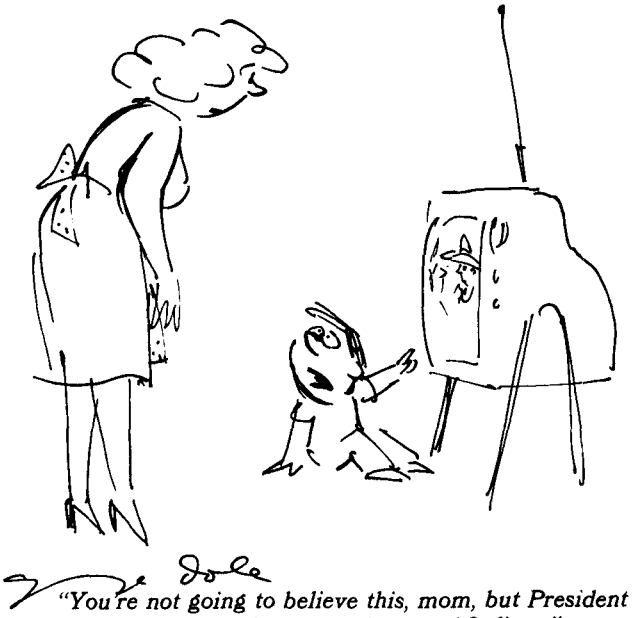
CHILD'S PLAY

"It's Mrs. Harris, my teacher, calling to give you her biased and slanted version of an incident at school today in which, though merely a disinterested and innocent observer, I was unfortunately involved."



"On the whole, your work lacks a true creative spirit and tends to be shallow and pretentious."



"You're not going to believe this, mom, but President Reagan is playing cowboys and Indians."

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. Arizona
2. Colorado
3. New York
4. Idaho
5. Bethlehem, PA
6. Louisiana
7. Maryland
8. Texas
9. North Carolina

WHERE IN THE WORLD

(Answers from page 104)

A. Le Mont-Saint-Michel is the lovely, world-famous abbey found in northwestern France, near the border between Brittany and Normandy. Begun in the eighth century, the abbey was never captured by enemies. It has not been a monastery since the 18th century. Le Mont-Saint-Michel is now one of the principal tourist attractions in France.

B. The Palace Museum in Beijing (Peking), China, was formerly called the Forbidden City and consisted of hundreds of buildings. Pictured is the Tai He Men gate, the entrance leading to the three main halls of the outer palace of the Chinese emperors. For centuries, the Forbidden City was the home of the dynasty of the Ming—a name now celebrated among china connoiseurs.

C. The Portland Building enabled the city of Portland, Oregon, to consolidate its agencies, which had been spread over 12 structures, into one building. However, the building has not produced a similar unanimity concerning its style. Michael Graves, the architect, says the building is intended to restore street life and present a less monolithic facade than most modern architecture.

D. Karakorum was the capital of Genghis Khan's Mongol empire. It only lasted some 200 years, and several hundred years ago this Lamaist monastery was built on the site.

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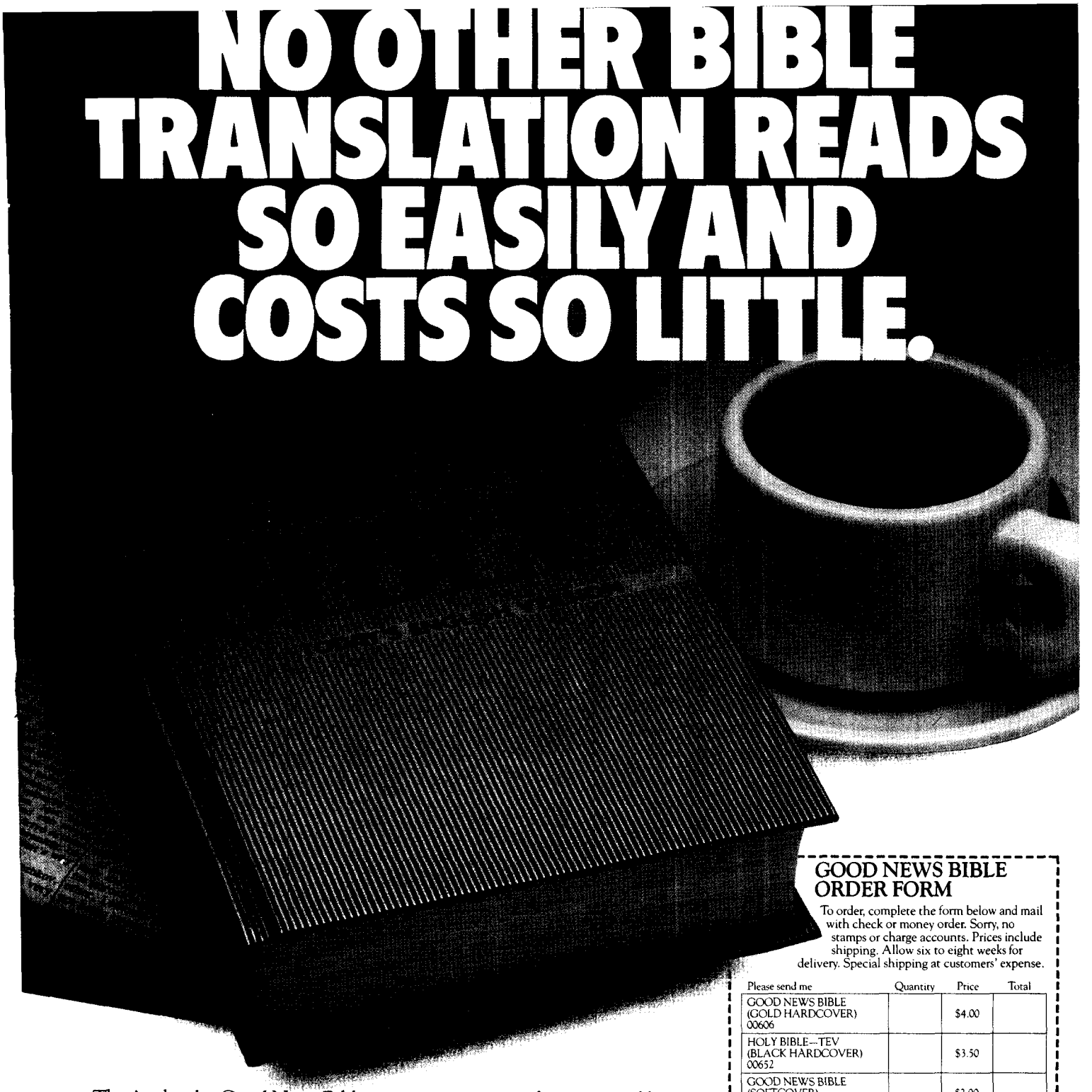

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Motherhood

continued from page 100

water a day through its face and was ridden 12 times." And the ping-pong table that held books, dirty laundry and stacks of old papers until it went to the garage, where it warped. And the inflatable swimming pool that was dedicated on the morning of July 5 and officially closed on the evening of July 5 "when it was noted that a small boy in the neighborhood had drunk five glasses of grape drink and had not left the pool in twelve hours."

This chapter concludes, "I try to be a good mother, a loving mother, a considerate mother, who wants to see her children happy.

"That's too bad. Shallow and unfeeling is a lot cheaper."

While Erma Bombeck may exaggerate slightly, her three children, who have never written a book about her, have nevertheless furnished much material for many of her three weekly columns to 900 newspapers and twice-weekly appearances on ABC's "Good Morning America." She holds ten honorary degrees, calls her mom and dad at least once a week and has a loving husband who comes home every day and asks, "So, what have you been doing all day?" The 1983 Christmas season will be the merrier because some of those days were spent writing *Motherhood: The Second Oldest Profession.*

Larynx

continued from page 55

fornia, makes a self-illuminating laryngeal telescope called Larynx-Vue™.

Karl Storz Company, Beverly Hills, California, makes the Rod Telescope.

Machida makes a six-ounce flexible Nasopharyngo-Laryngoscope that is about as wide as a thick shoelace.

Olympus of Hyde Park, New York, markets a fiberscope called a Rhino-Laryngofiberscope.

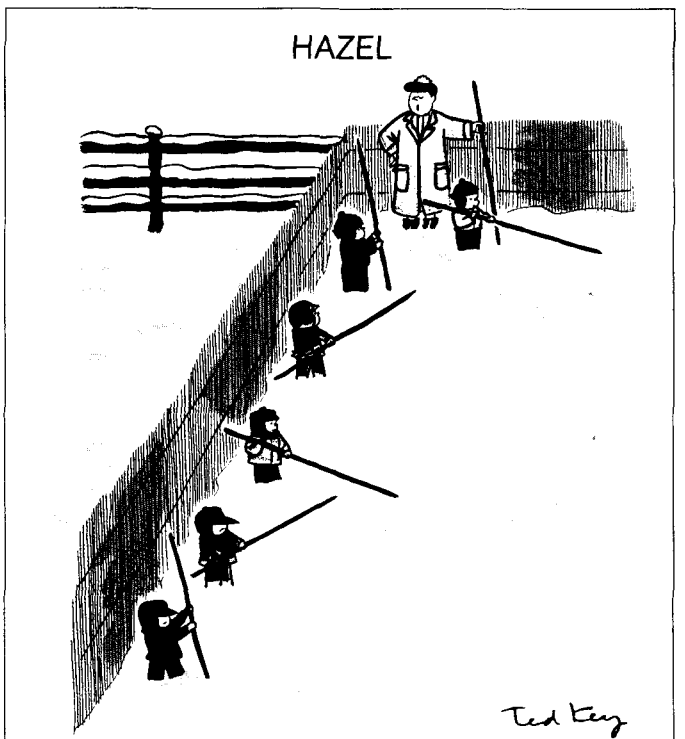
Most of these scopes can be fitted with Polaroid® cameras so that the doctor has a record of any changes between visits, not unlike chest X-ray comparisons.

Some cancers are almost impossible to detect early and before symptoms start. Cancer of the pancreas is one of these. But cancer of the larynx or pharynx is a cancer that can be growing for a long time in plain view.

Light up your larynx! "Look into every orifice as far as you can see" is our motto here at the *Post.*

Our Christmas wish for you is good health, and as you get very busy during this season when we celebrate Christ's birth, stop to think of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians (6:19) in which he said, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

Merry Christmas.



"Now here's the problem. Under this snow there lies a snow shovel..."

**15,122 of your names have now been entered in the computer. Of this group, 555 were heavy smokers and drinkers. Fifty-six people told us they have cancer of the throat, and of these only eight have never smoked and do not drink alcohol. Of our 15,122 respondents now surveyed, 7,449 smoked at one time, but at present only 2,316 still smoke. We're less than the national average!*

Corn Recipes

continued from page 17

provement over ordinary corn as a food.

It has the potential for eliminating kwashiorkor in countries where corn is the primary diet. Corn provides ample calories, but because it is inadequate in amino acids, primarily lysine, the children get bloated stomachs, large livers and red hair. They die unexpectedly.

High-lysine corn can have miraculous effects on these malnourished children. It was tested on an emaciated young boy brought to a Columbian hospital in 1967. The doctors gave him no hope. He had been existing on a typical poverty-level diet of corn gruel and corn soup. The hospital served him the same diet, but substituted corn high in lysine and tryptophan. His condition improved immediately. Not only did he gain weight, but his bones began growing again as well. In three months, he had recovered completely.

Dr. Mertz has continued his research on cereal grains at Purdue University, where he is working as a consultant to the Department of Agronomy.

Dr. Oliver Nelson is currently working in the genetics department at the University of Wisconsin.

For their tireless devotion to an idea and their contribution to mankind, we are writing to suggest the nomination of Dr. Edwin T. Mertz and Dr. Oliver E. Nelson for the Nobel Prize. Anyone wishing to help us in accomplishing this goal should write in behalf of their nomination to:

Nobel Prize Committee,
c/o C.G. Bernhard
Royal Swedish Academy of Science
FACK,
S-10405
Stockholm, Sweden.

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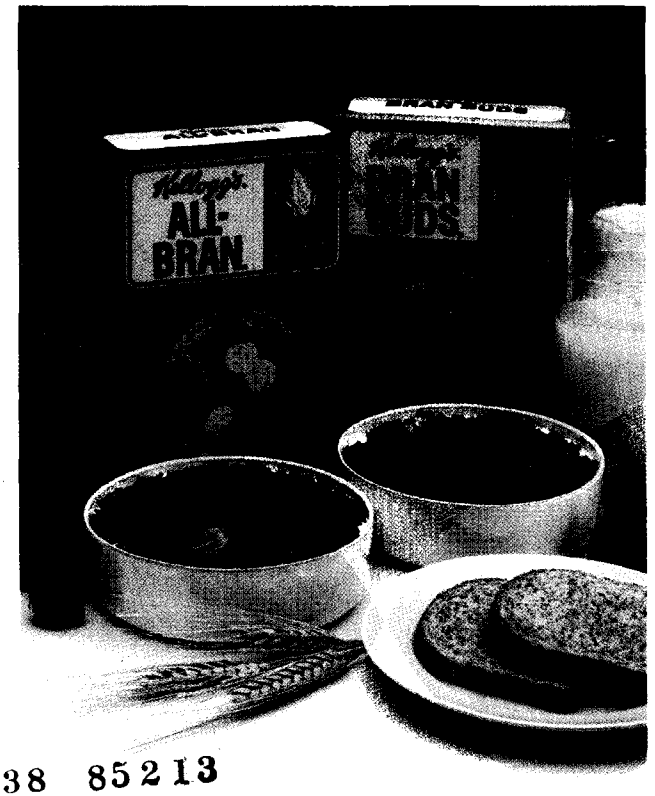

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